



THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

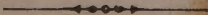
SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

ALONG

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE

COMPILED BY

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WITH THE HOPE
THAT SOME GLEAM OF SUNSHINE,
REFLECTED FROM THESE PAGES,
MAY ILLUMINE
THE DARK PASSES OF LIFE'S PATHWAY,
DISPEL THE SHADOWS,
AND GUIDE SOME WAY-WORN TRAVELER
ONWARD AND UPWARD,
THEY ARE GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

C O N T E N T S.

A.	PAGE	E.	PAGE
At Home in the Evening,	71	Evening,	129
A Pious Mother's Reward, . . .	96	Emma Moore,	182
A Bird Song,	120	Eveline,	192
A Few Things about the Mothers of Toungoo,	131		
A Jaunt to the White Mountains, .	161	F.	
A Mother in Heaven,	168	Frank Maynard,	29
A Day without Prayer,	169	Fashion,	59
A Mother's Influence,	177	Familiar Thoughts from a Mo- ther,	179
A Page from a Teacher's Expe- rience,	193	For Desponding Mothers, . . .	356
A Thrilling Scene,	226		
A Dream,	249	G.	
A Father to his Motherless Chil- dren,	263	Gathering Flowers,	191
Abigail,	285		
An Evening at Home,	299	H.	
A Family Sketched from Life, . .	312	Humility,	58
Alpine Valleys,	316	Human Hopes,	76
A Word about the Children, . .	325	Home Education,	110
A Word to Christian Mothers, . .	352	Home,	115, 253, 321
		Hymns for Maternal Associa- tions,	135, 306
B.		He is your Brother,	136
Behind the Curtain,	93	"Hope,"	190
Bad Company,	173	Home again,	235
Bury me, oh! bury me,	288	Hudson and the Catskills, . .	241
		Harmony of Science and Revela- tion,	370
C.			
Castle of Nature,	81	I.	
Christian Education,	145	I wish you a Happy New Year, .	8
Children's Books,	174	Is the Wife to Blame?	209
Changes of Fortune,	207	I mustn't hit little Harry, . .	239
Cultivation of the Imagination, .	260	Inconsistency,	266
Conversation with Death,	264	I want to go Home,	276
Clothing and Exercise of Infants, .	333	Importance of Thinking, . . .	364
Carrie's Lesson,	342		
		L.	
D.		Little Things,	57
Dreams of Youth,	141	Love's Yearning,	104
Departure,	167	Lying in Bed with the Head high,	175
Daily Duties,	197, 269		

	PAGE		PAGE
"Life is not all Sunshine,"	267	The Position and the Work of	
Lines to the Memory of C. B. P.,	280	Woman,	38
Little Laura,	324	The Light of Home,	50
Letter to a distant Friend,	338	The Child's First Love,	52
		The Orphan's Dream,	75
M.		The Wife of Samuel Pearce,	83
My Uncle's Blessing,	199	The Indian Missionary's Wife,	92
My Mother's Fears,	215	The Plate and Breakfast Cup,	100
Maternal Love,	220	"Thy will be done,"	103
My Sister,	221	The Demands of the Age,	116
Maternal Influence,	277	The Grammar of Life,	121
My Cottage Home,	302	The Fatal Choice,	127
Mary and the Visitors,	303	The Missionary Martyr,	138
		The Christian's Crown,	144
N.		The Manager is Dead,	178
New Year's Address,	7	Two-fold Affliction,	203
		The Last of Three,	205
O.		The Sick Mother,	222
Only a Penny, Mother,	78	The Formation of Character,	228
Oh! give me back my Flowers,	99	The Telescope,	230
Old-fashioned Education,	248	The Meeting Place,	237
Our Sarah,	357	The Eyes,	255
		The Rights and Duties of Mo-	
P.		thers,	281
Prayer for the Sailor,	27	The World we Live in,	283
Popular Instruction,	53	The Comets,	289
Passing away,	72	The Passage,	307
Pleasure,	206	The Philosophy of Society,	328
Power of an Endless Life,	214	The Faded Floweret,	331
Philosophy of the Human Voice,	346	The Old Man,	332
Patriotism,	362	To a Child,	345
Parental Duties,	373	The Blacksmith's Forge,	360
		The Sandwich Islands,	367
S.		The Stepmother,	376
"Spare us, oh God!"	51	Three Things to be Avoided by	
Scene in a Rail-car,	73	the Young,	389
Sympathizing with Children,	254		
Sabbath Morning,	341	W.	
		Way Marks to Honor,	11
T.		Wayside Flowers,	26
The Sale of the Pet Lamb,	37	Winter Evenings at Home,	43
		We shall Meet again,	126
		We miss thee at Home,	176
		Which should Rule?	245
		What a Saviour!	257

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

I COME, I come with the glad New Year,
With the grateful wish and the word of cheer,
For the gentle friends that have on me smiled,
From the Eastern coast to the Western wild.
I come with hopes of a brighter day,
With winning words to the pleasant way,
Where wisdom beckons the steps of youth,
To the shining paths of heavenly truth,
And the precious lambs of the flock are told.
The way that leads to the Saviour's fold.

I come to the mother whose anxious eye,
Looks o'er life's sea where her treasures lie,
Now calm, now safe, on the waves so mild,
The morrow may lash to a tempest wild,
And the idol bark that left the shore,
In the pride of hope, may return no more.
I come with a voice of an earnest heart,
To warn of the rocks where the billows part,
To point the way to the port of peace,
Where the loved may meet when the voyage shall cease.

I come to the mourner that sits alone,
In the nest of the cherish'd nursling frown,
In the home where the toys on the echoing floor,
Broken and scatter'd, are prized no more,
So treasured once by the tiny hand,
That folded lies in the silent land.

I come with the voice of heavenly cheer,
To whisper within her sorrowing ear,
"What God hath taken, He will restore,
Not lost, not lost, it hath gone before."

I come, I come with the glad New Year,
O welcome me to your friendship dear.
O give me room by the social hearth,
Where the holy joys of home have birth,
Let me come with love that shall ne'er grow cold,
As comes a friend that is prized if old.
Let me whisper of help from the Lord above
To the toiling heart in its work of love,
And point to the peace and bliss of heaven,
The crown to the faithful mother given,
Shining with jewels forever fair,
She won to the skies by her holy care.

I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THIS, truly, is an auspicious day. The first breath of the morning is freighted with wishes for the richest blessing that can come to the human soul. HAPPY NEW YEAR. It is whispered in the bedchamber, as the eyes of its occupants first greet its opening light, and bursts into a song as parents and children gather around the domestic board. It is echoed from friend to friend, from satcheled school-boy to the hoary head, from the grave and the gay, from the rich and the poor, till the congratulations rise from the Christian world, in one continued invocation for happiness to crown the new year.

It is a beautiful custom. The sentiment expressed in these simple words is so kind; and their combination so appropriate to every relation and condition. Playmates may wish each other "A Merry Christmas," and so may those whose object and enjoyments are merry-making and jollity; but it scarcely seems suitable for a child to greet his parents with the expression, much less his venerable grandparent, who is bowed by age and infirmity—or the man of God, who every sabbath stands in that sacred place,

the pulpit, and teaches the people to "live soberly and righteously:"—and oh! how discordant "I wish you a merry Christmas!" falls on the ears of those who are weeping over buried joys; or those who have no comforts, and certainly no sources of merriment! But, "I wish you a *Happy New Year*," flows like music from childhood's lip, full of kindness and respect for all classes. It is simple, dignified, and refined, and may appropriately be uttered under all circumstances. Whatever have been the cares, the sorrows, the privations, the follies, the sins of the old year, it is the desire expressed, that they may not come into the new.

Yet how little is the sum of happiness increased by these wishes! they are as a breath of kindness, a floating bubble which soon disappears;—and why? Because they are heartless, and are followed by no efforts for the real happiness of the recipients.

Do fathers and mothers wish their children a happy new year? Then let them seek to open before them all the sources of true happiness; by the cultivation of their minds and moral feelings; by reproving their faults, restraining their waywardness; forming in them habits of industry, of economy, of benevolence and self-control; and by making home the pleasantest, most alluring spot on earth. This done, it will be a happy new year to them.

Do children greet their parents with "A Happy New Year!" Father!—Mother? Let them remember that their conduct will make, by far the largest amount in the happiness or misery of their parents. Parents have little of life, but in their children. Oh! could the wayward child—the reckless votaries of pleasure or of sin, feel but one throb of the anguish of the father's and the mother's hearts, which the present holiday amusements and revels cause, it would stay their mad career, and be the commencement of a new year, and a new life of hope and happiness to each.

Do brothers and sisters wish each other a "Happy New Year!" and immediately disagree about trifles—speak unkindly, and make no sacrifices for each other's comfort and pleasure? If so, the new year will bring them no joy.

Does the husband greet the wife with the cheering "Happy New Year!" accompanied, perhaps, by some rare gift, a gilded

book, or some ornament for her person or parlor; and then turn to seek his enjoyments, and spend his hours of leisure with associates who set at defiance domestic peace, and estrange the heart from its obligations to wife and children, and home? Honeyed words, and ardently expressed congratulations will bring no permanent happiness to her heart, if indifference or partial neglect characterize his course of *action*. The new year will only bring new grief, and trace deeper the lines of sadness over the face, which the smile of confiding love, and the rose-tints of youth, made so charming to his eyes.

And then is there the wife, who, after uttering with seeming sincerity this kindest wish, and surprising her husband with a token of affectionate sympathy, it may be a tastefully wrought dressing gown, an elegant pair of slippers, a beautiful watch case, and the bestowal of a few extra attentions and smiles for the day, thinks she has discharged her duty toward the realization of her expressed desires? Does she imagine that these will purchase the indulgence of fretfulness, ill-humor, complainings, sharp retorts, and a carelessness and disregard of his interests and happiness? Be assured, oh wife! that the year will pass with leaden tread, leaving a weight on thy spirit, and crushing every rising hope and aspiration.

Do we wish the aged, the laborer, the wayfarer, "a happy new year?" Let sincerity be its accompaniment, and respectful kindness and benevolence, mark all our future conduct.

The New Year! God has made us, to a great extent, the almoners of its happiness to ourselves and the circle in which we move:—for if we scatter blessings arounds us, they will surely reflect their image on our own spirits.

Then, go forth, and in the soil of human hearts,
Sow with a liberal hand the seeds of truth, and love,
And charity. They shall not perish, for they grew
On heavenly trees; but anon, when spring time comes
They'll greet thine eye with living shoots; and along
Thy summer path they'll shed the grateful fragrance
Of their flowers; and in thy sere and yellow autumn,
Thou may'st fill thy hands with fruit, and shout
The full harvest of thy smiles and deeds!

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

WAY MARKS TO HONOR;

OR, WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. H. C. FISH.

THE Scriptures nowhere discountenance self-respect, nor the desire to be respected by others. When one loses a respect for *himself* his condition is indeed deplorable, he is already on the way to the lowest point of degradation. And unless one desire to enjoy the respect of others, he is nearly in the same condition. "*I don't care what men think of me,*" is an ominous remark from any one.

When he can really cast off all regard for the esteem of mankind, he has lost one of the most wholesome restraints from vice, and an important stimulus to the practice of virtue. I do not mean by this to minister to an unlawful ambition. The love of applause, and a thirst for honor, has been the ruin of not a few. Thousands in courting *fame* have been wedded to eternal *disgrace*. In these instances, a principle implanted in us by our Maker has become perverted. That which was designed for good, has been abused and made the means of evil.

Ambition, in the sense of a wish to deserve well of our fellow-men, is a virtue, and not a vice. It is however like anger, and many other passions, oftentimes sadly prostituted; and thus a virtuous principle becomes vicious. While therefore, I would not be thought to commend a spirit of mere sordid ambition, and a time serving policy to secure the honors or adulations of men, nor foster a thirst to stand on the pinnacle of mere human glory, I would recommend that you, young friends, *desire* and seek to *deserve* the esteem and respect of all—that you imbibe such principles, and lead such a life as to *merit* the honors bestowed on men of real worth. It is in this sense that I use the term *honor*. I accept Plutarch's definition. "True honor and distinction" says he, "consist in the sincere esteem and affection of the people, founded

on real merit and effectual services." You should aim at this. It is commendable in every one to desire to be beloved, respected, and honored of mankind. He who desires it, will seek to render himself worthy of it. And there are certain features of character and life which ensure it to those who possess them. Proceed with me then, to consider some of the WAY-MARKS TO HONOR.

1st. Let your aim in life be one of an elevated character. Determine to do something worthy of your noble nature. Set up before you a high standard to which it shall be your constant endeavor to attain. If you will analyze the character of the men who have filled a large place in the world's eye, you will find that it was *some exalted purpose*, *some eminent point of attainment*, that made them what they were. This was the case with Cæsar, who figured so largely in Roman history. During one of his journeys in Spain he came upon a statue of Alexander the Great, that adorned an edifice in the city of the present Cadiz. He stood before that statue and remembered that Alexander, though he died at the age of thirty, had made himself master of the world. He reflected also that he himself was already thirty-five, and that though he had lived five years longer than Alexander, he was yet the *second* in a single province. He felt himself rebuked. His ambition was aroused, and he there became so fired with his zeal for glory that before his time expired, he returned to Rome fully bent on acquiring power. It is probable that the standard of greatness which he then determined to reach, and which was as high as that to which Alexander had attained, more than anything else made Cæsar what he at length became. But for this elevated aim he might have ever remained but second in power, and that in but a province.

Cicero might also be mentioned, as another character illustrating our remark. One has doubtless testified truly of him when he says, "it was the grand conception of eloquence which perpetually revolved in his mind. That idea of *aliquid immensum infinitumque*—of something *immense and noble*, which always haunted his thoughts, that drew forth those splendid displays of genius which the world continues to admire, but cannot rival."

The same was true of the Grecian orator. Had not Demosthenes aimed to be nothing less than Callistratus, by whose elo-

quence he was so much effected, he had not attained to his exalted eminence. Lord Nelson testifies that there was a time in his youthful days when he was on the point of yielding to despondency. "I felt impressed," said he, "with the thought that I should never rise in my profession. At length a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled in my bosom, and presented my king and my country as my patron. Well then, I exclaimed, I will be a hero." From that time a radiant orb, as he expressed it, was suspended before his mind's eye, which urged him on to honor and renown! Here was the secret of his greatness.

It is told of Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, when found by a friend in a state of despondency he pointed to his statue of Christ and exclaimed, "that his genius was decaying, as it was the first work he had felt satisfied with, nor should he ever again have a great idea." *It was the first work he ever felt satisfied with.* He was *satisfied* with it. He had reached his highest conception. He might well fear that his faculties were decaying. His "great idea" being wanting, he well knew he could no longer rise. Without a "great idea," many a bright name had never shone forth from the dim past.

Visions of an untold glory

Milton saw in his eclipse.

* * * * *

Holier Christs and veiled Madonnas

Painted were on Raphael's soul;

Melodies he could not utter,

O'er Beethoven's ear would roll.

When John C. Calhoun was in college, a classmate expressed his surprise that he should be found so ardently poring over "Malthus and Smith's Wealth of Nations," which he alleged would be of no use to him unless a member of Congress, which station he could not expect to attain to for the next twenty years.

"Twenty years! Twenty years!" returned he. "Why my friend if I did not believe that before ten years have passed away, I should be in Congress, I pledge you my word I would leave college this moment." In eight years he was there. That lofty purpose—that high mark of attainment—it was that led him onward and upward to his enviable distinction.

We perceive then that it is an elevated aim that, under God, renders one truly great. It is true of Christians, statesmen, scholars, and all classes of men.

Let me urge upon you, then, my young friends, the importance of forming to yourselves a high standard of excellence and real greatness. It is for want of this that thousands are almost cyphers in society. They never expect to be anything—they have no idea of rising higher than their fathers or neighbors, and of course remain on the same level. I would have you, instead of this, place before you characters of real distinction, and keep your eye upon them until you are inspirited by their example, and impelled to press with earnestness to at least the point of eminence they attained. Let there be in your breasts a commanding purpose, a fixed determination to be truly great because of real attainments. I would not have you aspire to be heroes, but *men*, men worthy of your noble natures and exalted privileges. The language of the venerable Dr. Nott, President of Union College, when once addressing his students, is much in point on this subject. “I have been young, and am now old; and in review of the past, and the prospect of the future, I declare unto you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would, from the very outset, live better. Yes, from the outset, I would frown upon vice, I would favor virtue; and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and adorn human nature, alleviate human misery and contribute to render the world I live in, like the Heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and felicity. Yes, though I *were* to exist no longer than the ephemera that sport away their hour in the sunbeams of the morning; even during that brief period, I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than creep the earth and lick the dust with the reptile, and having done so, bed my body with my memory in the gutter.”

Be your resolve, young friends, in keeping with this sentiment, without this lofty purpose, this firm determination to *do something*, and be *somebody*, because of a well spent life, you may abandon the hope of real greatness, and be content with the expectation of being but little known and esteemed in life, and soon forgotten when life shall end.

2. Closely connected with this, and not less important, is *self-independence* and *perseverance*.

Most young men have difficulties to contend with in rising to any higher sphere of influence than that which parents or guardians have assigned them, and that which is reached by most of those around them. Many are apprenticed early in life, so that their time is not their own; many are poor, and almost all, if they mean to be great in service to the world, have before them numerous and serious obstacles to overcome.

Let me say, then, that these difficulties will best enhance the merit of success, and that they are necessary to real greatness of character. If wisely improved and resolutely grappled with, they will become the architects of your celebrity. Your conflicts with difficulties are the exercises of the moral gymnasium, which develop and invigorate the moral and intellectual energies. Unless a man be thrown upon his own resources in his youth, he will rarely put forth the effort necessary to real greatness. Of what value are the brittle willows that grow by the side of the meadow brook? They have too many counterparts in the saplings of our family circle!

Give me the oak that, "springing from the hardy soil, amid the clefts of the rock, and battling with the storms, swells into giant proportions that defy the lightning and the cloud." Most men of eminence are grown under such circumstances as those of which I speak. They are seldom reared in the lap of luxury. Socrates, in early life, was entirely destitute of property, and once might have been heard saying in an assembly of friends, "If I had money I should buy me a cloak." Mr. Crabbe, of Maryland, once said to a young friend, "you will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer." "You may take" says he, "the whole population of the state, and select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all, every one of them, men who began in the world without a dollar."

I doubt not that his remarks as to that state would apply generally. Our greatest men are *self-made* men. One of our strongest and best men, member of a late Presidential Cabinet, re-

marked not long ago, concerning a former President of the college in Vermont, where he graduated; "I never heard him utter what seemed to me a harsh reproof but once, and that was when he directed me never to appear again in the recitation room *without shoes*. The harshness of the remark sprung from the fact that I *had no shoes*. I procured some, however, and for the sake of economy, carried them *in my hand* to the door of the recitation room and then put them on." From extreme poverty, he has arisen to honor, where he stood not "before mean men." Powers, the celebrated sculptor, once said, when speaking of the expense of supporting his family. "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me, than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero." Franklin and Jefferson and others, might also be instanced in our country's history, but it is needless. The same has been found true in other countries. Columbus was a weaver. Sixtus V. was employed in herding swine. Ferguson and Burns were ploughmen. Æsop was a slave. Hogarth an engraver on pewter pots. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Akenside was the son of a butcher; so was Wolsey. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Belzoni the son of a barber. Blackstone and Southey were the sons of linen drapers. Crabbe a fisherman's son. Keats the son of a livery stable keeper. Buchanan was a farmer. Captain Cook began his career as a cabin boy. Luther might have been once heard, morning after morning, passing through the streets of the city where he then lived, singing his familiar songs to procure a few pennies or a loaf of bread. Bowditch studied mathematics on shipboard, in hours snatched from service. Ferguson first studied astronomy while tending sheep in Scotland, lying on his back, and mapping out the heavens, by means of a string with beads upon it. Arkwright was a barber till thirty years of age, and Burritt, in our own New England, who can read fifty languages, was an apprenticed blacksmith, at which business he has always worked. Goldsmith was once so pressed for means when in college, that he sold out all his books to pay expenses, and wandered about for days, half alive and half starved upon his last shilling. Long

afterward a merry tune upon his flute was his resort to procure a supper and a night's lodging. He now lies in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. John Foster labored to procure knowledge, and became eminent, under the most depressing circumstances. He was not able to meet his expenses at an insignificant academy, but by laboring at his trade much of his time, and even then on the most niggardly scale. With similar difficulties, or those of a different character, I repeat it, most of the noted characters in every country, were, in early life, compelled to contend.

Be not discouraged, then, ye who must needs overcome serious difficulties in order to become prepared to exert an honorable influence in the world. There is no lack of illustrious characters that have had to do the same. Be brave, then, be *self-dependent*, grapple manfully with opposing influences, and success is certain.



WAY MARKS TO HONOR.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER essential pre-requisite, is decision of character, or *fixedness of principles*.

For want of this, whole multitudes are ruined. No one destitute of it can attain to eminence. The world is full of temptations, and the flesh, and the great enemy of mankind, are leagued to render man belittled and besotted by causing him to indulge in practices forbidden alike by the word of God, and the laws of our

nature. Hence the need of cultivating established rules or principles of life, from which we will not depart. It was this which saved Joseph in Egypt when tempted by an infamous character to do evil. He replied *nay*, how can I do this wicked thing? and fled as for his life from the tempter. But for this he had not reached the glory to which he afterwards was exalted. It was decision of character, too, that makes the name of Daniel shine out so conspicuous in the holy writings. Though in the very hot-bed of vice, in a heathen land; though threatened with death in a *den of lions*, he swerved not an hair's breadth from the rule of duty he had resolved to follow. He still entered his house, raised his window toward Jerusalem and prayed, as always, three times a day, though forbidden to pray to the King of heaven. God delivered him, not only, but both God and men, even his enemies, honored him.

You will find this same firmness of character necessary, oftentimes, in life, and for want of it you may have already suffered much injury.

My advice then is, go to the word of God, and learn what is right, what is duty, what are the laws of God which govern us, and when you have ascertained them, *abide by them with an undying determination*. Do what is right, let the consequences be what they may. Of what worth in society is the man destitute of this decision of purpose and character?

He is driven about by every wind that may chance to blow. He is unfit for business, he cannot succeed in it because too vacillating; he is unfit for service in his country's cause, he cannot be depended upon, and besides this he is so much the sport of circumstances, the easy prey of every tempter, that he is not, nor can he be himself happy and contented with life. He is a poor, imbecile, pitiable, contemptible creature. And all because he has not firmness of principle. Let him serve, at least, *one* good purpose, let him admonish and warn you of such fatal indecision.

I would advise you to read Foster on Decision of Character, and other works of like nature, as means of incitement and instruction in acquiring this feature of character. Without this, depend upon it, you will live to little purpose; your attainments will be at best but moderate, and even these may not save you

from infamy. *Let your ways then be established.* Heed the admonition of one of years and experience. The wind and waves may beat against a rock planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, ye young.

Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware; stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation and conquered.

I have no hope of eminence in attainments on the part of any unstable, double minded, unprincipled youth. A hundred chances to one that he will make shipwreck somewhere in his passage o'er the treacherous sea of life. But present to me one of fixed principles of action, of unbending purpose to adhere to such rules of life as wisdom dictates, one

“ Who does as *reason*, not as fancy bids;
 Who hears temptation sing, and yet turns not
 Aside; sees sin bedeck her flowery bed,
 And yet will not go up; feels at his heart
 The sword unsheathed, yet will not sell the truth;
 Who, finally, in strong integrity
 Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
 Uplifted calmly sits, and hears the waves
 Of stormy folly breaking at his feet.”

Show me *such* an one and you have found the youth that will yet be honored and esteemed, be his condition now what it may.

Industry is another way mark to true honor.

It is a sad misconception of things, that which is sometimes entertained by the young, that it is *degrading* to *labor*—that it is inconsistent with a life of gentility and refinement to have any particular employment at which they are found *working*; that it is disgraceful to bear the marks of hardy toil.

O for the return of the simplicity of ancient times! when a Rebecca and a Rachel, a David and Paul, wrought with their own hands—when a Homer would sing of princesses who drew forth water from the springs and washed the linen of their respective families—when the sisters of the greatest monarch and conqueror the world ever saw, and daughters of the most remarkable queen

known in other days, made with their own fingers the garments with which their brother, the world's conqueror, was attired, and when princesses themselves thought it no ignominy to descend from the throne and assist in domestic duties! Alas! that it is no longer the eulogy of woman that "she layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff," that "she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness," and that it has become disreputable in the esteem of some to live in keeping with the inspired injunction, "this we command you, that if any would not work neither should he eat," and that so "with quietness they work and eat their own bread." It is well, however, that a correct sentiment upon this subject prevails so generally as it does; and that industry is being more and more honored by the great and good.

An active life, of some kind, leads to honor; because this is necessary to the full development of one's mental and physical energies, as there must be some leading, commanding object of interest, to arouse, stimulate and ennoble the powers of man. I can heartily endorse the language of one who said, "I would rather have a child of mine begin life with nothing to rely upon but his own exertions, than be the heir to the richest estate in the country. Character and success depend vastly more in personal effort than any external advantages. With such efforts, the humblest cannot fail to rise; without such efforts, the highest cannot fail to sink."

And besides, industry is desirable, if for no other reason than to prevent from vice. Isaac Watts never sang truer lines than these:

"And Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Vice is almost always the sure concomitant of idleness. If one does not find himself something to do, the devil will. The historian tells us, speaking of Alexander's excesses, "he wanted action and motion, for he always, when unemployed, lost part of the glory he had acquired in war."

The record of the life of this wholesale murderer proves it, and verifies the remark that "the rust of idleness is far more de-

structive both to soul and body, than the *friction* of the most intense activity."

Would you, therefore, young friends, attain to respectability and usefulness in life, *be industrious*, whatever your circumstances or prospects as to wealth. Avoid idleness as the canker of worth, and the road to disgrace.

I remark, again, that *habits of morality* are necessary to the attainment of true honor. It is, I am happy in being able to make such a remark, it is becoming more and more necessary in one who is to be promoted, that he respect the Bible, and our holy religion, and at least externally conform to its dictates. Even one of our earliest Presidents (Jefferson) said, "were I to commence my administration again with the experience I now have, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate would be, does he use intoxicating drinks?" So highly did he value correct morals in this respect. It is related that Nicholas Biddle Esq., late president of the Bank of the United States, once dismissed a clerk because he refused to write for him on the Sabbath. The young man, with a mother dependent on his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment, by what some would call an over nice conscience. A few days after this, Mr. Biddle being requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, recommended this very young man, and mentioned this incident as proof of his trustworthiness. "*You can trust him,*" said he, "*for he would not work for me on Sunday.*" Here you will perceive how a man is compelled to respect correct morals, even though himself does not practice them, and how sure of honor is he who does what is right.

I exhort you then, young friends, cultivate correct morals.

Be *strictly honest*. Some of you have the opportunity, and are tempted perhaps, to take, it may be, money from the drawer of your employers, (it is a desperate temptation, and ruins thousands;) or in some way to possess yourselves of that to which you are not entitled. And hereafter, when you are acting for yourselves, by unjust charges, or unfair dealing, you will be tempted to take the advantage of others. But forget *never*, that honesty is, on all accounts, "*the best policy.*" "Riches got by deceit," it has been said, "cheat no man so much as the getter. Riches bought

with guile God will pay for with vengeance. Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mine."

Live or die, fall or rise, *be honest*. If you cannot succeed in business and be so, then leave your business. If you cannot be honest where you are, then change your position or employment. By no means be dishonest.

Cultivate also, an *unflinching integrity*. Speak the truth, though it be apparently at the greatest sacrifice.

"Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie,
The fault that needs it most grows tired thereby."

Besides this, maintain a strict observance of the Sabbath. It is of inconceivable importance that you remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Moreover, avoid profanity, that unprofitable, heaven-daring, God-insulting practice to which (I blush to say it) *many* young men are addicted. I thank our common Maker that no man can respect *himself* who is guilty of this wicked and foolish habit, and that even *swearers themselves cannot* respect those who swear! Few vices are more hideous and disgraceful to the character of rational beings. It insults God—it dares his vengeance—it defies his law, which says—

"*Thou shalt not take my name in vain.*" It is a sin against one's own soul, against the laws of his being, against all the interests and social relations of life.

There is another immoral practice to which the young, particularly young men, are exposed; I mean *the use of intoxicating drinks*. I warn you against this habit. Time was, when the use of strong drink was so universal as not to detract from the respectability of those who indulged in it, in the esteem of men generally. It is a bright mark of the progress of the age, that this is true no longer. It is not now true that one can use strong drinks as a beverage, without tarnishing his character. The young man who does it, is virtually excluded from the purest and best of society, and with most who seek men for employment in office, as it was with Jefferson, the question is, "*does he use strong drink?*" An answer in the affirmative is, in the main, of itself, considered a sufficient cause for giving him the "go by."

I know that Bacchus still has his devotees. I know that some

young men there are, who are simple enough to suppose that it is "*fashionable*," and the mark of a "*gentleman*" to strut before a bar of splendid decanters, and call for the glass of sparkling poison. But let him go with his blood-shot eyes and tainted breath into the presence of the virtuous of the gentler sex—let him seek employment in the first mercantile or other houses—let him aspire to the offices and honors of the town, county, or state, and he will find that the odds are fearfully against him. What lady would choose him for a companion? what house would have a drinking clerk? what man would cheerfully promote him to offices of honorable distinction? And let me here remark that "*wine is a mocker*," as saith the Scriptures. It is deceptive. You do not *intend* to be ruined by it, it does not threaten you with injury, it is inviting. But the more important because of this, is *entire abstinence*. It is the only safe course. To touch it at all, is playing with the tempter. To use it now, when young, even occasionally, and moderately, *is almost the certain pledge of a drunkard in after life*. Would you preserve the immortal mind "*clear and unclogged*"—would you breathe the pure air of freedom, and maintain the dignity of a being formed in God's own image"—would you seek to enjoy the respect and approval of the wise and the good, dash from your lips, if it be even there, the cup whose mingled ingredients are wormwood and gall, and poison and death. And if these motives of honor and self-respect be not sufficient, O, ye young, then turn ye to the picture of the inebriate which the pencil of heaven hath sketched, in the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and by the terrors of this miserable and wicked creature, flee even the slightest intermeddling with this great destroyer.

Yea, my young friends, I most earnestly entreat of you, that you will abstain *wholly from that which intoxicates*. And be assured that each of these habits of morality, which I have mentioned, honesty, veracity, chastity of speech and temperance, are necessary features in a character of acknowledged, eminent respectability. The vicious cannot attain to greatness. In Longfellow's beautiful lines—

“The low desire—the base design,
That makes another’s virtues less ;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will ;

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.”

And finally, I observe, would you attain to true honor, *serve the generation in which you live, and live for generations yet to come.* In other words, *usefulness* is a pre-requisite to true honor. If you serve your fellow men, they will honor you. A life of real usefulness is *always* one of respect, even in the eyes of the worst of men. More than this, in loving and doing good to your race, God will honor you. Doing it with right motives, is serving God, and he hath said, “he that serveth me will I honor,” and the “righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”

Begin then when young to be useful—seek out ways now in which you may do good, and make it the great object of life to exalt and bless your fellow man.

Of Sir Christopher Wren, it is inscribed in St. Paul’s, in London, “*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*” “If you inquire for his monument, look about you.” Aspire to such an inscription at your departure. Leave *everywhere about you* the monuments of your usefulness, the sure pledges of a well spent life.

Remember that—

“We live in deeds, not years ; in thought, not breath ;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
For man, for God, for duty. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.”

These, respected young friends, are the prominent *way marks* that I would set along beside the road of *true honor*, or as already defined, the sincere esteem and affection of the people, founded on real merit and effectual services.

You will not fail then, to take note of these inscriptions that are to direct you in the way of its attainments. Here you will perceive as inscribed—an *elevated aim*—there *self-dependence* and *perseverance*—there *fixedness of principles*—there *sound morals*—and farther on, *eminent usefulness*.

Possessing such a character, and leading such a life, you will not, it is true, be exempt from the malice and envy, and perhaps the ill-treatment of the wicked; as they that will do good must suffer persecution, but their malicious endeavors will but brighten, instead of dim your shining virtues." Wither's poem, illustrated by an emblem representing a flame upon a mountain, driven to and fro by tempestuous winds, yet continually gathering strength and brightness, will be applicable to you.

" Thus fares the man whom virtue, beacon-like,
Hath fixed upon the hills of eminence.
At him the tempests of mad envy strike;
And rage against his piles of innocence;
But still the more they wrong him, and the more
They seek to keep his worth from being known,
They daily make it greater than before,
And cause his fame the farther to be blown.
Discourage not thyself, but stand the shocks
Of wrath and fury. Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despite.
Thou art above their malice, and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendors to their shame appear."

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

"And so I gather encouragement as I pass along, picking a few flowers here and there by the way-side, to cheer me in my path."

Oh ! gather the flowers by the wayside,
Oh ! gather the fresh springing flowers ;
They will cheer thee on in thy pathway,
They will brighten thy saddest hours.

There are thorns in a mother's pathway,
And her heart may be bleeding and torn,
But oh ! let her gather the flowers
Of childhood's dewy morn.

They are springing so fresh and fragrant,
Wherever our footsteps rove,
They are filling the heart of the mother,
With a sweeter and holier love.

Oh ! list to the guileless prattle
Of the baby upon thy knee ;
The flowers will spring up by the wayside,
And he'll be a teacher to thee.

He will make thy faith grow firmer,
He will strengthen thy hopes so dim,
He will bring the angels near thee,
If thou wilt but listen to him.

My path through life has been thorny,
With many an anxious care,
But all along by the wayside,
The flowers have been fresh and fair.

I have found them in early morning,
And at sultry noonday's heat,
And in the dim gray twilight,
They have sprung beneath my feet.

When my heart has been the saddest
 They have bloom'd with the fairest light,
 And e'en on the clouds around me
 They have thrown a rainbow bright.

And I thank my Heavenly Father,
 For these fragrant wayside flowers ;
 They have covered the thorns in my pathway,
 They have cheered my loneliest hours.

Let precepts of love and kindness,
 From the mother's lips distil ;
 Let her lead her babes to the Saviour,
 As a mother only will.

And the blossoms of early devotion,
 Will open before her eyes,
 And these germs of faith and submission
 Point her soul from the earth to the skies.

L. B. L.

PRAYER FOR THE SAILOR.

I HAD rather live on poor and scanty fare, and shelter my head under the meanest roof that ever covered a child of God, than be denied the privilege of praying for the sailor. Let me say why :

1. *My father was a sailor.*

I can remember, as though it were yesterday, how he used to go away. I was a little girl then. The little prayer mother taught me to say for him I shall never forget ; nor how glad we were, Rover and all, to see him come home. One night there was a dreadful storm. Mother had been telling us some days that he would come to-morrow. That night she came and spread another blanket over me, and I don't know how many times she came and tucked the clothes around me ; and I asked her what was the matter. All she could say was, " Your poor father ! " Two days after, I was told the vessel was strewed on the beach. Nine bodies were found ; but father never came home.

2. *My husband is a sailor.*

The minister on our wedding day said we should have some bitter with the sweet. He told us, too, that prayer could sweeten the waters of Marah. And just so I have found it. Sometimes I have felt as if my poor heart would break. I have gone to my neighbors, and come home sighing. But when I have gone to God, and told him my troubles; when I have committed my husband to his care; when I have believingly said, O, thou who didst still the winds and waves of the sea of Galilee, and protect the loved ones there, do thou keep and bring my beloved one to the desired haven—then have I found comfort come down like sunlight from heaven; then have I found .

“ There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven.”

Oh, how can I forego the comfort and safety for myself and mine found at the mercy-seat! Besides,

3. *My son is a sailor.*

This is another link which binds me to a throne of grace, and with more than cable strength, keeps me there to plead for those exposed to perils in the sea. I go there oftener and stay longer than formerly. At first I adopted the resolution of David, “Morning, evening, and noon will I pray;” but as my treasures afloat increase, my anxieties for their safety increase; so that many times in a day I find myself looking up to my Heavenly Father. Sometimes I have fancied myself like Hagar in the wilderness of Beersheba, the bottle of water spent, and the son cast under one of the shrubs to die. And then, like her, I have lifted up my voice and wept. But a night of sorrow has invariably been succeeded by a morning of joy; for the same voice which answered Hagar out of heaven has said to me, “Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.” Such an answer has been to my spirit like the breath of morning on the meadows. *My* treasures are in the care of Him who is faithful to his promises.

FRANK MAYNARD;

OR,

AUNT MARY'S WAY OF TREATING PASSIONATE BOYS.

"MARGARET," said Frank Maynard, as he entered the kitchen, after having been on an errand, "I have something here which I want you to keep for me a while;" and he began to remove some small parcels from the basket he held in his hand. "No," he continued, lowering his voice, "don't say anything now, nor move the bundles; there's Bertie coming," and as his brother entered the room, he sauntered to the window, and looked out into the yard. Margaret wondered what master Frank could have to be so sly about, but she asked no questions, and went on with her ironing.

After a while Bertie left the kitchen, and Frank hastened to remove the parcels, and, from the bottom of the basket, brought forth several smooth pieces of pine board, and some smooth sticks of pine, with four reels like those on which ribbon is wound. "Now, Margaret," said he, "I want you to put these in some safe place, where none of the children will see them, for to-morrow evening you know will be the last of December, and I am going to make a little wagon of these materials, for a New Year's gift to Willie. Won't Willie be pleased? He has wanted a little wagon so long, to draw his playthings about in. And it will be a great deal stronger than the little tin one which was bought for him at the toy-shop; besides, it will hold more, and I am going to fasten on the wheels, so they will not come off, as those did."

"Indeed, an' I'll take care of them for ye, Master Frank," said Margaret, and she mounted a chair, and reaching to the highest shelf of the closet, placed them out of the reach of busy little fingers.

"To-morrow evening after Willie goes to bed, and Mary and Bertie begin to study their lessons, I shall come down in the

kitchen to put the little wagon together—it will not take long to do it, for Mr. Blake, the carpenter, who gave me the boards, fitted the corners nicely for me, and showed me how to fix the axles.”

Frank was a very ingenious boy, and in his spare moments his knife was in constant requisition, provided a bit of soft wood could be obtained. To procure a box of tools was his strongest desire, but his father was too little acquainted with him to know what were his particular talents, tastes, or wishes, for he was at his business from early morning until tea-time, and when he returned home tired at night, he desired that the children should be kept quiet until bed-time. He wished Frank to apply himself constantly to his books, and his chief ambition was to see him make high attainments as a scholar. But to him Frank seemed little else than a proud, fiery, impetuous boy, who desired to have his own way. His own disposition was reflected in the boy with startling accuracy, and, impatient at the picture, he vainly tried with stern reserve, and peremptory commands, to subdue his impetuous spirit, and procure implicit and willing obedience.

His mother, who knew that kindness would sometimes secure obedience from him, when stern treatment only produced sullenness, failed in her government, by often hiring and coaxing him, and shielding him from his father's merited reproofs, thereby losing his respect, and weakening her own authority, when a mild firmness would have secured both his obedience and love.

All through the next day would visions of the little wagon completed, and Willie's surprise and pleasure, come between Frank and his books, and when evening came, he could scarcely restrain his impatience until tea was over, and Bertie and Mary were at their lessons, and his father occupied with his newspaper.

When his mother left the room with little Willie, to prepare him for bed, Frank followed her to the entry, and whispering in her ear, “Please don't let the children come down in the kitchen, for I am making something that I wish to keep a secret,” he hastened down stairs, and having his treasures brought from their hiding-place, proceeded to his work.

“Now, Margaret,” said he, “if you hear any of them coming, you must tell me quick, so that I can slip this out of sight.”

“That I will; but is your task learned yet, Master Frank? for your father'll be askin' ye,” said the girl.

"Oh, I've only one lesson to prepare," said he, "and that I can easily do in the morning. School only keeps half the day tomorrow, as it is Wednesday, you know."

The work went on merrily. Mrs. Maynard came down after Willie was safely in his crib, and stopped a little while to note the progress of his work. She was pleased to see how neatly he was doing it, and sympathized warmly in his anticipations of Willie's delight.

"When it is done I am going to carry it up and put it in the crib, beside Willie," said he, "so that he will see it as soon as he wakes up in the morning. And mother, oh! if I could only have a box of tools for a New Year's gift! Have you told father how much I want them?" he continued.

"No, my dear," said his mother, "I do not think he would buy them for you,—indeed, I know he would not, he would think it a useless expenditure, which would take your attention from your books."

"If I only had the right things, I could learn to carve beautifully, mother; and I would study ten times as hard as I do now, if I were sure of having a box of tools," continued Frank, earnestly.

"Well, dear, we'll see what can be done about it," said the indulgent mother,—and hearing Willie's voice, she returned again to her chamber.

In the meantime silence reigned in the parlor, broken only by the ticking of the little clock upon the mantel, until Bertie, looking up from his book, said, "Mary, do you know where Frank is?"

"I don't know," she answered, "he went out when mother did."

"I'm going to see where he is," said Bertie, leaving the parlor. Frank heard him coming, and slipping the little wagon into a chair, Margaret threw over it an old shawl of hers, which was within reach, and when the little boy entered the room, Frank was whittling a stick to a point.

"Why don't you come up and learn your lesson, Frank," said he.

"I'm going to learn it in the morning," he replied.

"What are you making?" inquired Bertie.

"Don't you see, I'm sharpening this stick; it will be like a Chinese chop-stick, I expect, when it is done." Bertie went up

stairs again. "Frank is down in the kitchen, whittling out chopsticks," said he, "and he is not going to get his lesson till morning."

Mr. Maynard threw aside the newspaper, with a gesture of impatience. "I'll see," said he, "whether work or play is to be done first," and he proceeded to the kitchen. Frank was driving a nail, and did not hear his father's step, until he was looking over his shoulder. "What child's play is this for a great boy like you?" said he, "whittling out toys, when you should be at your books. Have I not said enough to you on this subject? Away with such nonsense!" and gathering up the pieces of wood, and among them the little axles of the wagon, he threw them upon the burning coals in the range.

The crimson flush had mounted to Frank's forehead, and his heart beat violently, as he attempted some explanation or rather vindication, but as he saw part of his cherished work fall before the flames, the words died upon his tongue, and with flashing eyes, he dashed the little wagon and the wheels furiously into the fire.

He watched the curling flames wreath around the precious fabric, and then slowly gathering up his hammer and nails, he laid them away; while his father, who had seen similar ebullitions of passion in his boy, stood eyeing him with scarcely less of anger depicted upon his own countenance, and grasping Frank sternly by the arm, forced him up stairs, into his room, and saying, "I'll settle with you, sir, for this, to-morrow," he left him for the night, a prey to rage that admitted of no tears.

The sky was scarcely reddened with the first glow of dawn, when Frank was awakened by his father's voice, not wishing him a "happy New Year," but calling him to attend to the hitherto neglected lesson. He went down stairs, cold and uncomfortable, and with the memory of last night rankling in his breast, attempted to learn the lesson. He was in too sullen a humor to return the "Happy New Year," of his brother and sister, when they came down, and, indeed, it was any thing but a *happy* new year to him. A new book each, for Bertie and Mary, lay upon the table, and a toy for Willie, but nothing for himself. He well knew the reason, and asked no questions.

His father took no notice of him, except to give him a bill with

directions to carry it to Mr. Wilton's immediately, on his way to school, to which place he escaped as soon as possible. The merriment of the boys dispelled in some measure the cloud that rested upon his spirits, but in the midst of the morning recitation, the thought flashed upon him sudden as a thunder-clap, that he had forgotten to leave the bill at Mr. Wilton's, on his way to school. His confusion caused a failure in the lesson, and he was detained at noon to recite it, after which he went to Mr. Wilton's, and then walked moodily homeward.

Turning a corner, whom should he meet but Mr. Blake, the carpenter, who had interested himself so much about the little wagon. "A happy New Year to you, Master Frank," said he, "how did little brother like his present?" Unlucky question! The color flew to Frank's face, and as he attempted to stammer out a reply, Mr. Blake perceived that something was amiss, and passed on.

Frank came to the dinner table with a down-cast face, and a perfect tumult of anger, disappointment and wounded pride, raging within, which was in no way diminished by the prospect of being "settled with," after dinner. He dreaded his father's inquiries concerning the errand to Mr. Wilton, but not a word was said until after dinner. Mr. Maynard had especially desired the bill to be left in the morning, as at eleven o'clock Mr. Wilton was to start for New York, and he had been very anxious to have the bill settled before his departure. As no message came from Mr. Wilton, Mr. M. rightly concluded that Frank had not performed his errand punctually; and highly incensed at what he considered another proof of the boy's wilfulness, he rose from the table, and in a voice of sternness ordered Frank to go to his room.

He obeyed; and his father taking a slender cane from its place in the hall, followed him up stairs. He was just turning the key in the chamber door, when a violent ring at the door bell was followed by a message from his office boy, that Mr. Wilton was at the office and desired to see him. With a hasty order to Frank to remain where he was until tea time, and to Mrs. M. not to go to him, nor allow the children to do so, he left the house. Mr. Wilton had been detained by pressing business, and had called to settle the bill, previous to going in the afternoon.

Frank's room was comfortable, and books lay upon his table,

but the conflict in his breast would not allow him to read, and in a spirit of vindictive defiance, he sat uttering mental anathemas upon his father.

An hour passed and he had not stirred, when glancing into the street, he saw his Aunt Mary approaching the house. Dear, kind Aunt Mary, with her sunshiny face! The very sight of her softened his heart, and when, after a brief chat with Mrs. Maynard, she learned that her favorite Frank was in disgrace, she ran up stairs and tapped gently upon his door, he could hardly command his voice to return her kind greeting.

He knew that of all persons in the world Aunt Mary best understood him, and as she sat down beside him upon the edge of his little bed, and putting her arm around him, kindly inquired the cause of his troubles, the pent up torrent of feeling gave way, and leaning his head upon her shoulder, he burst into a flood of tears. She did not attempt to check it at once, but as his emotion subsided, she drew from him a full confession.

"I know it was wrong to get so mad, Aunt Mary," said he, but before I could even tell father what I was doing, he threw part of my work in the fire, and then I didn't care what I did. George Wilton's father would have inquired what it was, and been interested in it, and—oh! dear, Aunt Mary, I don't believe father loves me at all, he treats me as if he thought I tried to be just as bad as I could!"

"Hush! hush! my dear," said Aunt Mary, "have you given him reason to think you have tried to be just as *good* as you *could*? Ought not the lesson to have been learned first?"

"Yes, but then it would have been bed-time, and I could have learned the lesson in the morning, but I could not make the wagon in the morning."

"Then, under the circumstances, would it not have been better to have told father your plans, and obtained his consent?"

"I used to ask him to let me do such things, but he would say, Nonsense! a knife and a stick is all you care for—and it takes all your attention from your books."

"But, Frank, you admit that you were wrong in neglecting the lesson, and in getting in such a rage, and in not charging your memory more faithfully with the note?"

"Yes, Auntie, but I should not have forgotten the note if I had not been so unhappy."

Aunt Mary felt that negotiating between father and child was a delicate business, yet she did not despair of bringing about a better state of things. She had the advantage of many years' experience, and had trained her own head-strong boys, admirably. She knew her brother's disposition well, and saw with pain, that his efforts to subdue violence by violence, were ruining the disposition of the boy.

"Frank," said she, "I think things can be much pleasanter between you and your father, if you will promise me two things, which are these; to do your utmost to meet your father's approbation, by studying his wishes; and, when he reproves you, even if it seems harder than you deserve, to control your temper."

"I will promise *you* anything, Aunt Mary, you are always so kind. I wish I *could* be good to please *you*!"

"Be good to please God, and pray for His assistance, and you will succeed in being good and pleasing me," and with an affectionate kiss she left him. He spent the remainder of the afternoon strengthening his good resolutions.

When the tea hour arrived, Frank's countenance wore a gentle expression and his voice was soft and mild.

The children had retired, and Aunt Mary was considering how she could best approach her brother on so personal a subject, without being obtrusive, when he suddenly exclaimed—"Mary, what *shall* we do with our Frank? He is getting perfectly unbearable! I doubt not you will say there is some defect in our government, and perhaps there is, but we have no trouble comparatively with our other children. Frank resents every reproof and punishment as a flagrant act of injustice."

"I think," said Aunt Mary, "he may resent the manner of the reproof which wounds and irritates, when his moral sense acknowledges the justice of it. Frank is of entirely a different temperament from your other children. Would it not be well before administering punishment, to inquire into the reasons of the course he takes, mildly point out the error, and then punish, not according to your own amount of irritated feeling, but so far as you can ascertain, according to the amount of his wilfulness."

"In other words, you would have me stoop to inquire into my child's *reasons for disobeying me*, as if a child *could have* a sufficient reason for disobeying a parent," said Mr. M., a little nettled at his sister's plainness.

"Since human nature is not infallible in adults, or children," replied his sister, "I do not think it will be a greater sacrifice of parental dignity to investigate these things, than to forfeit your child's respect and confidence by administering, even occasionally, an unjust punishment;" and she repeated what she thought proper, of Frank's remarks concerning the late occurrence.

"There is another proof of his temper," replied Mr. M., "he never told me the why nor wherefore of his course—"

"Because he had not the opportunity, before the destruction of part of his work threw him in such a frenzy of passion, that he rightly termed it 'madness,'" replied Aunt M., determined to urge the cause of her favorite. "To be candid with you, brother," she continued, "I think if your were to allow Frank to exercise his mechanical ingenuity after his appointed tasks are done, and interest yourself in his little plans, assuming that he means to do well, I doubt not you will find him a more dutiful son; and when he has given you cause of offence, perhaps a little patient investigation will, in nine cases out of ten, show the act to have been the result of boyish inadvertence, instead of deliberate wilfulness."

"If I had any hopes of seeing him as good a boy as your Arthur, I might be induced to try your suggestions," said Mr. M.

"Do you not think," interposed Mrs. M., "that the promise of some reward, a box of tools for instance, would induce him to govern his temper better?"

"Very likely," said Aunt Mary, with a smile; "almost any child can be *hired* to be good; but the goodness that is obtained by bribes, usually fails when the object is attained. And the practice of offering rewards will soon effectually destroy all voluntary obedience, and love of right, because *it is right*."

The conversation continued much longer, and at its close Mr. M. found himself secretly resolving to try his sister's plans; and Aunt Mary had another talk with Frank, before she left, in which he voluntarily renewed his promises.

Two months passed by. Mr. Maynard was surprised at the improvement in his boy; and Frank was equally surprised at the kind consideration and interest evinced by his father. On the morning of his tenth birth-day, he found in his room a beautiful box of tools, accompanied by an affectionate note from Aunt Mary:

"Dear, good Aunt Mary," he exclaimed, as he read the note, "if I am a better and happier boy than I was, I owe it all to you!"

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Oh! say not childhood's griefs are light,
 Its tears as morning dew-drops fleeting;
 Say not its sky is always bright,
 With clouds its sunshine never meeting;
 That sometimes it hath heavy woe,
 Those little troubled faces show.

What! sell their lamb, their pride—their joy—
 Their gentle playmate of a summer?
 To see him bound by that rude boy,
 What child could bear without a murmur?
 Oh! then the bitter grief *to part*,
 First fell upon each tender heart.

Years will pass by, and in their home
 Full many a cherish'd tie be broken;
 Sorrow and tears, and heart-break come,
 When last farewells are sadly spoken,
 Yet can life's billows ne'er o'erflow
 The memory of that earliest woe.

Then say not children's griefs are light,
 A lamb—a bird—a flower once cherish'd,
 Make spring-time life so warm and bright
 They can but weep when all have perish'd;
 But soothe with gentle words the heart,
 That mourns from aught beloved to part.

THE POSITION AND WORK OF WOMAN.

BY REV. I. BEVAN.

GOD has assigned to everything in the universe its place, and to everything in that place its beauty or utility, or both. This we find to be true in the world of matter, and no less so in the world of mind. And as in the physical and mental constitution of things, so is it in the social. Thus did the Creator design the existence and presence of order, and that from that order should radiate all possible forms of beauty, and that in the continuance of that order should be found all possible good. It is only as things are found to harmonize with this, the first great design of God, that they prove to us of true value, and is their real excellence made manifest. It is thus only that they are found in their true and natural positions, and are appropriated to their legitimate uses. Thus and to that extent do they answer the end of their creation.

In our system the sun has his place. So has our earth, and every other planet that with never-failing loyalty and beautiful allegiance acknowledges the sun as its liege sovereign and centre. Each body hath its own place, its pathway, its work to do, and end to accomplish. Thus do all combine in sweet and ceaseless harmony to present us with a complete and perfect system of surpassing beauty, grandeur and utility.

In our own physical constitution we find a necessity for the same consistent and symmetrical development. The human form presents us with an adaptation for varied and extensive utility when it is perfect in all its parts; no member nor organ wanting, and every one in its own appropriate place. It presents us with an image of the beautiful when all the parts are symmetrical and perfect in their relations to each other, and the whole is cast in an exquisite mould.

The internal or mental possesses the same adaptation, and is invested with the same beauty, when we can easily detect the ob-

vious presence of each faculty of the soul, and all those faculties are well balanced, working with perfect regularity and order in their necessary relations to, and dependence upon each other.

In each case we have suggested to our minds the conception of a piece of mechanism perfect in each of its parts; complete in its adjustment and correspondence; harmonious and efficient in all its working as a whole.

All this may serve as an illustration of what is found to be true in the social relations of man. In all these relations God has wisely and benevolently assigned to each of the sexes a place and a work. And it is only for each to find his or her place, and to be cheerfully engaged with the appropriate work of that place, and the entire machinery of the social system will be perfectly orderly and harmonious. All in the social compact will be no less useful than beautiful. Each member will contribute in a natural way to the strength and efficiency of the other. In all there will be honor, beauty, and enjoyment. There will be no unnatural friction; no jostling of parts in the machinery; no defeat of legitimate ends, but a most delightful and uniform evolving of just and benevolent results. Man, the sterner and hardier sex, will have his position, and do his work. Woman, the frailer, but lovelier, will find hers, and do her work.

As in pristine loveliness and purity they came from the hands of their wise and benevolent Creator, they had their position and work in their relations to him and to each other, no less than to the world around them. While they were content with the sphere assigned them, and aspired to nothing beyond this, all was well. They were loving and earnest in discharging the duties of that sphere. All was harmony, all was delight in all their relations. All was radiated and animated with the life, the beauty and loveliness of the divine. But no sooner did they become dissatisfied with the sphere assigned them, and cherish the ambition to arrogate one which did not belong to them, than they found written, as with a pen of iron, and in letters of fire, upon their persons and upon all their relations—"Ichabod"—the glory is departed. The entire machinery was at once disarranged and thrown into confusion and disorder. From that time to this the whole social system has been suffering from the most grating and unnatural

friction and ruinous jostling. The consequence has been an untold amount of human debasement and misery.

Christianity is the divine system to reconstruct the machinery—to restore all the parts to their respective places and workings in relation to God and to each other. Its noble and benignant design is to restore all to order and usefulness, and again to establish all in perfect harmony, loveliness and beauty. All this it is accomplishing in a quiet, noiseless, but truly efficient and successful manner, in regard to all that concerns the social as well as the civil relations of man. In this it proves to be pre-eminently the friend of woman, as it everywhere elevates and restores her to her true position, and as it gives to her the appropriate work of her hands. It makes her at once the meet *companion* of man; the sweetener of his toils; the sharer of his joys and sorrows; the presiding genius of gentleness and love in his home; the almoner of his bounty, and the angel of his mercy to the suffering and the destitute. Home is her place of power, and there she finds as a wife, mother, or sister, her first and most appropriate work. As she is, in her love and estimate of home, and as she cheerfully and faithfully devotes herself to its duties, and adorns it with her womanly virtues and loveliness, so is her influence for good. It is thus that she proves the greatest blessing to society. It is thus only that she can retain her true power over man, and secure the homage of his highest respect. Her position here is elevated, and her work, though toilsome, most important and ennobling. This is her high place. It is that of her true womanly dignity. Here, while fully discharging the duties of her station, she reigns as queen, and proves to her husband, her sons, or brothers, their greatest earthly benefactor. She possesses a power to reach and control, to mould and influence them second only to that of God himself.

Let her never be unnecessarily drawn away from this her high place of power and usefulness. As she would value her own honor and happiness, and as she would prove of the highest benefit to her race, so let her steadily resist every temptation to forsake this her own sphere for the pulpit, the arena of debate, or any other which more legitimately belongs to the other sex. The moment she travels out of her own appropriate sphere, she parts

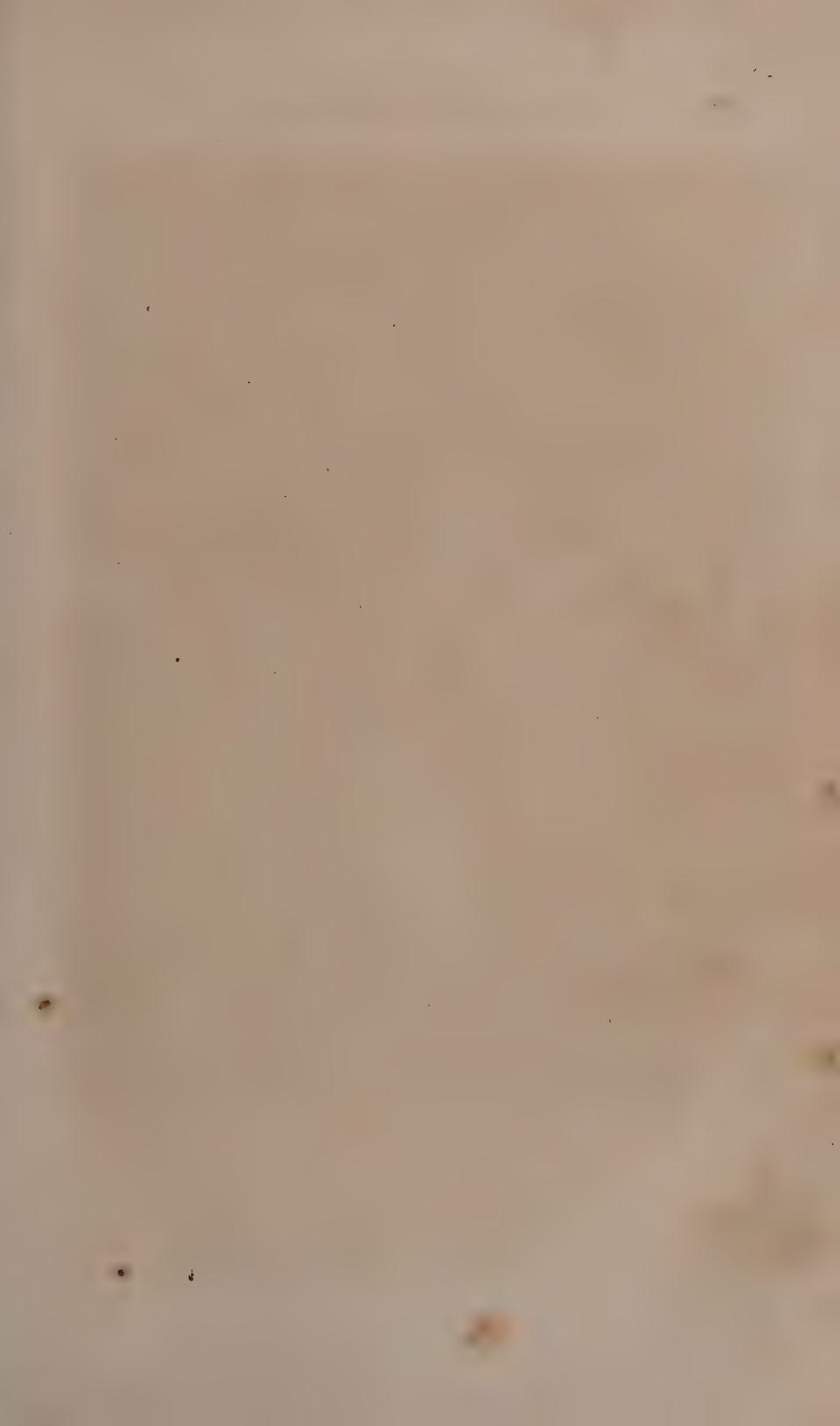
with the true sceptre of her womanly power. As far as she does this, she unsexes herself and degrades her position. As she becomes ambitious of parading herself before the public in ways that are not natural and feminine, she will necessarily acquire a distaste for home duties, and subject herself to the contempt of man. Let her see to it then that her own true position of home is well maintained. Let it be fortified and made strong by all that is potent and lovely in piety, by all that is attractive and beautiful in virtue, and there will be no limit to her power for good. She will do more for the family, the state, and the world at large, than any other created agency. As she in the spirit of the Saviour sustains her character in the home sphere, and with gentleness and fidelity does her work there, she will become pre-eminently the educator of the race.

As woman yields her heart fully to the teachings of the Bible, and her character is moulded by its influence, so does she find her position elevated, and her power for good increased. So does she become contented with her position, and her heart delights in all its important work. Give to the religion of the Bible its time and legitimate working, and it will restore to woman all her rights. It will give her in all the relations of life her true place and work, and will qualify her for them. It will make her everywhere an honor and a blessing. It will do all this in a noiseless and natural way. It will do that which all the "Women's Rights Conventions" of the world will but abortively attempt. It will do this, as it fills her heart with the purity, the love and the meekness of the Saviour; as it will make her a "keeper at home;" as it will attach her to all its relations and duties, and as it will invest that home with ever increasing sacredness and dignity. As it will lead to the higher and better education of woman, it will give her the power to make that home the nursery of the Church, the paradise of earth, the vestibule of heaven.

Under the influence of a pure religion, woman is rescued from positions and work that are degrading and unnatural to her sex. In every heathen country her position is more or less degrading, and her work is made to correspond with it. There she is despoiled of her beauty, and robbed of her true power. Generally her education is not only neglected but inhibited, and her position

is little, if any thing better, than that of a slave. In some nominally Christian countries, it is very much the same. In such countries Christianity being unnaturally wedded to the state, is so fettered and corrupted that it does not exert its genuine influence upon the social relations of the race. How monstrously unnatural the incident described by Horace Greely, when traveling in Norway, of the girl walking on foot and driving the ox cart, and her brother lazily lying down on the straw in the cart. This was given as a fair illustration of the condition of woman in that country. But it is not her condition in this, nor in any other where Christianity exerts its true power. There it draws woman away from all labour that is degrading, and from all scenes and amusements that prove injurious and destructive to the purity and loveliness of her womanly nature. It leads to her retirement within the privacy and sacredness of home to fortify herself in virtue, and to cultivate all the sweet and attractive graces of her nature. It leads to her abandonment of all those public exhibitions of herself, by which the gentler and finer sensibilities of her nature are so sadly blunted, and by which she becomes so extensively a panderer to the lowest passions of the other sex.

It endows her with a womanly heart, refines and beautifies her entire nature, and from her high place at home, sends her out on works of mercy. As the milder and lovelier part of man, she goes with noiseless foot to the abode of poverty, with a gentle voice she speaks the words of sympathy to the distressed and smitten, and with a soft hand she wipes away the tears of sorrow. At the bed of suffering and death she is ever welcomed as a ministering angel, and a messenger of good. Whatever of time and strength she can spare from the necessary duties of home and the Church, she can usefully and happily employ in ways of mercy and benevolence among the poor, the ignorant and the suffering. Here she may find a most appropriate sphere, and can accomplish a vast amount of good to the suffering of her race.





Engraved for the Mother's

"I HAVE COMMANDED THE RAVENS TO FEED THEE THERE." 1ST KINGS. 17.4

WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. I.

"OH! now mother's going to have a light," said Henry, as he observed her spreading the stand-covering. Emma, who had been at school through the day, and had brought home a good report from her teacher, and of course, a happy heart, was standing by the window with her little brother Johnny, watching in the deepening twilight, to see the bright stars appear. They lingered a few moments at the window, and looked up into the broad expanse, which was soon to be studded with countless myriads of these beautiful gems of the night, and then joined Henry, who had already taken his seat by the lamp. He had a book-mark which he wished to finish before Christmas, for a dear aunt. Emma was making her a nice case for her scissors, of perforated paper, with a pretty vase of flowers on one side, and "To my Aunt," on the other. And even little Johnny, was trying to make a book-mark. Emma was the oldest, and was very anxious that her brothers should do something to show their love for their Aunt Mary; so she was ready to assist them, and was very patient and gentle if they made any mistake.

But *all work, would make dull children*, surely. So when Mrs. Ingalls had dropped the curtains, she seated herself with her children, to devote the hours of evening to the culture of their minds, as she had spent the day in necessary cares for their physical comfort. They were her all—and her life was bound up with them, and theirs with her. *The life on earth*. They all realized, that there is a higher spiritual life, for which this, with all its vicissitudes, is a preparation. The beloved father, and four of their precious children, had already entered upon that unseen, but, to the eye of faith, no less certain state of existence. And Mrs. Ingalls felt that her ambition craved no higher station in life, than to be the guide of these remaining lambs to the fold of the Good Shepherd. To this end she endeavoured to cultivate

habitual cheerfulness; to make home the happiest place on earth, and to blend instruction with delight.

The *winter evenings*—the long, quiet, social winter evenings. It almost seems as if they were made, for the purpose of cementing in bonds of enduring affection, the different members of a family. Through the busy, bustling day, how much there is to wean the heart from home and from family ties. The mother is busy with a thousand cares, which sometimes ruffle her spirits, and make her almost feel that life is a burden—the older children are away at school with their young companions—the little ones are enjoying their out-door sports, and sometimes the different members of the family almost forget their mutual dependence. Let there be no gathering around the domestic hearth at night-fall, and how easily and surely would the young be seduced to seek amusement, not from the pure fountain of home affection, but from the vitiated resources of fashionable life.

NO. II.

To return to the family who had gathered around the work-stand. As they were all quietly seated, Mrs. Ingalls took the "Life of Isaac T. Hopper," and read to them. They had heard some of the anecdotes of his boyhood and early life, and they had listened in other evenings to some of the stories of his efforts in behalf of suffering humanity; and now they were very eager to learn more. This evening the story was one of interest, which showed his coolness and calm perseverance in maintaining what he thought was right, in spite of severe threats, and apparent danger. On this occasion, the angry man whom he encountered, attempted to intimidate him, by presenting his gun. After this was taken from him and thrown into the water, a sailor raised an axe to strike a deadly blow. "Thou foolish fellow," said Friend Hopper, "dost thou think to frighten me with that axe, when thy companion could not do it with his gun?" They all laughed, and Mrs. Ingalls said it reminded her of those mischievous lads, who, when they meet a small, timid boy in the street, will open a jack-knife, and threaten to take off his ears. She told them this was only done to frighten the little ones, and if they had a parti-

cle of Friend Hopper's intrepidity, they would pass along with a manly indifference, and these unmannerly boys would soon desist from teasing them. This was a timely hint for Henry, who had been very much annoyed in this way, and being naturally timid and sensitive, felt an extreme reluctance to going into the street alone, even on an errand for his mother. He seemed to feel the force of her remarks, and as he glanced a moment from his book-mark into his mother's face; she noticed an unusual expression of heroism in his clear, blue eyes, which led her to hope that her gentle boy would learn to treat, with the indifference it deserves, the low language of the street.

When this story was finished, as little Johnny did not like very well to hear such stories, they made his heart ache so, Mrs. Ingalls put down the book, and took Mary Howitt's sweet little volume of *Natural History in verse*. She read to them first, about the "Sparrow's Nest" blown down from an old elm tree. They were much amused to think that out of such a variety of apparently worthless materials, the sparrow could fashion a home for her little ones,

"Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small things may lodge and board."

Then she read about the handsome Kingfisher,

"Who lives where the fresh sparkling waters are flowing,
Where the tall heavy Typha and Loose-Strife are growing,
By the bright little streams that all joyfully run,
Awhile in the shadow and then in the sun."

Mrs. Ingalls said she thought they had now had about reading enough for one evening, and as she had some sewing to finish, she closed the book. But not so thought the children. They plead earnestly for one more. So Emma took the book, and read a sweet little poem on Spring—then another about the Lion, the undisputed king of beasts—and lastly, a very pretty description of the innocent little Wood-mouse, eating his dinner under a mushroom. And when she closed with the following verses:—

"I wish you could have seen him there,
It did my spirit good,

To see the small thing God had made,
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that he regardeth them-
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!"

Mrs. Ingalls felt as if a spirit of love to God and all his creatures pervaded the little circle.

And now came the time for recreation. Emma had been away from her brothers through the day, and Mrs. Ingalls had been engaged in her various duties. The little boys, when their lessons were done, had enjoyed their rides on the rocking-horse, or their run in the garden, or their mimic railways, and steamboats built with blocks. But now all these things were put away, and the family were together—mother, sister, and brothers. And Mrs. Ingalls felt that upon her devolved, not only the care of their work and reading, but also of their amusement.

NO. III.

SEVERAL things are essential for evening entertainment. It must be of a nature so simple as to please the youngest, while it calls into exercise the intellectual powers, sufficiently to interest the oldest. It must also combine cheerfulness with quietness. And may I not add, it should be conducted with such a spirit of conciliation, as to awaken and cherish the best affections of the heart? And as the children always expect their mother to join them in their evening play, it must be something in which she can participate while engaged with her needle.

So Mrs. Ingalls taxed her ingenuity to contrive something new. They had had "Crambo," and "Social Game," and "Come as I Come," till they were all tired of them. This evening, they wanted something else, and mother must invent it. Mrs. Ingalls thought a moment, and then said, "I have a new play to propose. I will think of some animal, and then mention some of its peculiar traits of character, and you may tell me if

you can, what its name is." This plan pleased them all. So Mrs. Ingalls said, "I'm thinking of a very large quadruped that can live either on land or in the water, in other words an amphibious animal." Emma looked very earnestly at her mother, with her brow contracted by the effort to recal the long hard name of the huge creature. But Henry, whose memory always serves him as a faithful steward, said suddenly, and without any apparent effort, "Hippopotamus." Emma felt a little chagrined, for she knew she had the right animal in her mind; but she soon cleared her brow, and said, "you may have it, Henry."

So Henry said, "I'm thinking of an animal that's very useful to man." As this was rather indefinite, Mrs. Ingalls asked if he could not mention some *peculiar* trait. Henry thought if he did, they would all guess at once, but he finally said, "It has a hump on its back." Emma said immediately, "the camel." And Mrs. Ingalls mentioned some of the most remarkable traits of the camel, such as its docility and endurance of fatigue, also the fact, that it can supply itself when starting on a journey, with sufficient water to last a long time, which makes it exceedingly useful in crossing the long, sandy deserts of tropical regions.

Then Emma mentioned the graceful giraffe, and little Johnny said, while he laughed all over his face, "I'm thinking of an animal that the farmer wouldn't like to have come into his doorway, especially if he kept hens." Of course they all knew he meant the sly fox, and joined heartily in the laugh with him.

Then Emma said, "I'm thinking of an animal that sometimes washes his face in wet lime." This puzzled them all. Mrs. Ingalls could not recollect any such account in any work on natural history she had met with. So Emma was obliged to explain herself. "It is the monkey," said she; "I have read somewhere, that when men wish to catch wild monkeys, they prepare some lime and water in a dish which they set near the monkeys, then they take another dish of water and commence washing their own faces. The monkeys, to imitate them, wash their faces and eyes with the lime and water, which for the time renders them blind, so that they are easily caught." Mrs. Ingalls was pleased to find that her little daughter remembered such facts in natural history, and particularly so in this instance, as it added to her own stock of knowledge.

NO. IV.

THUS the play went on, till Henry, who is the first to be sleepy in the evening, and the first to wake bright and playful in the morning, turned to his mother, saying, "Please let us say the evening hymn, for I'm very tired, and wish to go to bed." Mrs. Ingalls then drew the dear image of his father near her, while he rested his cheek against hers; Emma and Johnny softly repeated with him the following beautiful hymn, with which they had been familiar ever since they could lisp the words.

"Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care,
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

- Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whatever I have done amiss,
And help me every day I live,
To serve thee better than in this.

Now while I sleep be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care:
And condescend for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer."

Then Henry lighted the little lamp, kissed, and bade them all good night, and retired to his bed. When he was in bed, his mother, as usual, went in to see that all was right, to take his last kiss for the night, and to remove the lamp. But the evening had been so pleasant, that the contrast of a dark room made him feel lonely. He called to his mother, and desired her to come in a moment; "I feel lonely," said he, as she entered the room; "I

want Johnny to come to bed." Mrs. Ingalls told him it was early, only seven, and Johnny was not sleepy, and kissing him again, she bade him good-night. When she went out, she called little Johnny to her, and told him that his dear little brother felt very lonely without him, and wanted him to come to bed. "O," said he, "I don't want to go to bed yet, but I'll go and stand by Henry 'till he goes to sleep." Mrs. Ingalls kissed him, and called him a dear kind boy; and he went to his brother to perform this office of love. But, by this time, Henry had begun to feel the soothing influence of approaching sleep, and did not wish Johnny to leave the family, and stand in the cold beside him. So Johnny went out, and Henry was soon in a quiet sleep. At half-past seven, Johnny bade his mother and sister good-night, saying to his mother, "I want to give you lots of kisses," and then in a few moments, was away in the land of dreams.

"Now, mother," said Emma, "I wish you would think of some town or city, and describe it to me, and then see if I can tell what it is. That will help me about my geography." Mrs. Ingalls felt fatigued with the cares of the day and the efforts of the evening, but, by-and-by the children would all be asleep, and then she could "let down her wings," and so she assented to Emma's proposal. "I'm thinking," said she, "of a city, in a state which was originally purchased from the Indians, by a peaceful negotiation; the person who made the treaty was a Quaker, and the state bears his name. The city is laid out very neatly, and is sometimes called 'The city of brotherly love.'" Emma thought a moment, and then said, "Is it Philadelphia?" "Now another," she said, "and still another," till eight o'clock came, which was Emma's bed-time. She retired quietly, after having committed herself to the guardianship of her heavenly Father, and imprinted a warm kiss on her mother's cheek.

And now Mrs. Ingalls sat alone. Her thoughts were busy with the past, present, and future—lingering a few moments over the graves of buried hopes—then pausing to consider the present, so full of anxiety, and encouragement—and then by a natural transition, passing to the unknown future. She arose, with a heart full of emotion, and went into the room where her little ones were enjoying the sweet and quiet sleep of innocent childhood. As she

looked upon them she felt strengthened to bear privation, if need be, for their sake. What, to her, at that moment, were all the allurements of the world? ay! what were the nobler enjoyments of intellectual society, for which she sometimes pined? what was even the fellowship of kindred minds, compared to the high trust committed to her charge? Would she incur the risk, of proving recreant to this trust, for the sake of any of those enjoyments? Would she envy those, whose means enabled them to leave their children in the care, and under the influence of hired attendants, that they might enjoy the society of their friends? No! she felt that from her heart of hearts, she could answer, No! Though they may have less confinement, and of course more opportunity for that collision of equal minds, which is necessary to awaken the latent energies of the soul, and cause those scintillations of genius which the possessor sometimes has not even dreamed of—yet they lose what seemed, to her, far better—the opportunity to mould the characters of their children, when in that impressible state, that their minds are, not unaptly, compared to wax, which may be stamped with any image, that you choose to imprint upon it. And when she bowed in prayer that night, before the Father of Spirits, she felt a hope almost amounting to assurance, that her life was not being spent in vain—but that God would bless her efforts, and would graciously fulfill his promise to the widow and the orphan.

L. B. L.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

Mr boy thou wilt dream that the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.—MRS. HALE.

"SPARE US, OH GOD!"

THE present is a momentous time! The political and moral world is all in commotion. Questions involving the dearest interests and rights of nations and individuals, are being agitated, and the anxious inquiry is heard on all sides, "What will be the end?" Conflicting opinions are disturbing even the peace of Zion, and she trembles as with the upheavings of an earthquake. Yet, by an irresistible force, the world, nothing daunted, rush onward with an accelerated speed, making new discoveries, devising new schemes for business and benevolence, and laying bare the secrets of all past ages, as if making preparations for the opening of some grand drama. And as events thicken, the inquiry rings louder still, "What will be the end?" The mother looks upon her children with undefinable feelings of fear and hope, as she thinks they, perhaps, will be actors in that scene,—and "What will it be?" What can she, a feeble woman, do to avert its terror, or enhance its glory, or prepare them to act the part that shall win the prize?

You can do much. If you do not wield the arm of state or sit in the nation's councils, you can touch the arm that moves the world, and amid the lightning's glare, and the boding thunders, send up that one prayer to heaven, "Spare us, oh God! let not thy people perish." In your quiet unobtrusive path, at mid-noon, or in the gloom of night, when storm seems leagued with storm, that prayer can reach the throne of Him who is turning and overturning the nations, "Spare us, oh God! let not thy people perish." Besides, it is a prayer in which every Christian mother—every Christian heart, whatever the name, and whatever sectional or party prejudice may control their opinions, can fervently unite, "Spare us, oh God! let not thy people perish," with firm faith, assured that He who sent his Son to earth to redeem to himself a people, will not let them perish.

To this covert—this *strong-hold*—let us resort. Thither let us take our children, to equip them for the future. The holy influences and armor obtained at the mercy seat, will make them valiant in fight, and will shield them from the fiery darts of the adversary.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

THE CHILD'S FIRST LOVE.

BY CHARLES W. DENISON.

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."—TUPPER.

"I LOVE my fader—I love my moder"—
Said an infant in her glee,
Sporting in playful innocence,
Upon her parent's knee.
'Twas the first love of childhood,
Gushing, and bright, and pure,
Fit emblem of the sweet delights
That round the hearth endure.

"I love my fader—I love my moder"—
How much that saying meant,
Breathed from a childish bosom
So true and innocent!
She gathered fondly other loves
Within her little fold—
But "I love my fader—I love my moder"—
Was the first her breast could hold.

Oh! precious is an infant's love!
Through all life's fevered hours,
It falls upon a father's heart
Like dew on morning flowers;
It gleams within the mother's soul
Like vestal stars at even,
And mirrors in the fountains there
The joy and peace of Heaven.

ON THE NECESSITY AND ADVANTAGES OF POPULAR INSTRUCTION IN REGARD TO THE TEETH.

BY A. HILL, D. D. S.

EVERY member of the dental profession who has been in practice a few years, must have been conscious again and again, of laboring under many disadvantages, arising from the ignorance of his patients in regard to their own teeth.

How many cases of absolute deformity resulting from the premature removal, or *non*-removal of the temporary teeth of children at the proper period, might be prevented, if parents understood a few simple principles connected with this department of knowledge.

How many cases of irregularity in the teeth, not indeed so great as to amount to absolute deformity of the face, yet sufficient to induce bad habits of speaking, and an unpleasant play of features, might be avoided altogether, by the same means. But farther than this—if the mother could feel assured that the simple washing of the gums of her infant child with a soft linen cloth dipped in *pure* water, *every day*, would not only prevent that common disease of infancy, termed “*children’s sore mouth*,” but materially assist the healthful development of the *deciduous* teeth, a vast amount of suffering might be prevented, which is now endured, and parental solicitude and anxiety greatly relieved.

Nor is this all. The *more* alarming indications which often accompany that critical stage of human existence, the *first dentition*, would suffice the watchful parent, to summon to her aid those means, which, when properly attended to, would change the alarming aspect of almost every case, and annul those fatal symptoms at once.

But, for the want of such information, thousands are perishing around us. Again, if parents could be made to understand that the *thorough* and *habitual* use of the tooth brush, and *pure water alone* is sufficient to preserve *entire* the temporary teeth of

children, until nature displaces them with a new and more permanent set, we would not be confronted as we now are, with such sorrowful looking mouths. But, instead of denuded teeth, and swollen and inflamed gums, a beautiful string of brilliant pearls would gladden every smile of infancy and youth with which we are greeted.

The premature and rapid decay of the human teeth, as presented in the children and youth of this country at the present time, must be regarded as a fact of great importance. And it would seem that the causes, whatever they may be, producing this state of things, seriously challenge the attention, not merely of the dental and medical professions, but of parents, who can but be interested in the well-being of their offspring. Now, it seems obvious, that either *nature* herself is greatly at fault, or else there is a want of care, or information in regard to this matter, amounting to, or nearly approaching criminality. We might as well suppose that nature would refuse to fulfill the necessary conditions upon which the other parts of the osseous structure of the human system depends for its completion and development, as that she should be found so faulty or negligent, in regard to the teeth *alone*. And if hers be not the fault, then we must turn our attention elsewhere for its discovery.

Constitutional causes, beyond question, give to the teeth of different individuals, their distinct and peculiar characteristics as related to temperament or diathesis, and in a great degree govern their structure as to *solidity*, *form*, and *color*, and thus render them less, or more liable to destruction from external causes, in proportion as their constitutional formation is frail or otherwise. Yet experience demonstrates that even very delicate teeth—teeth of the most fragile structure, may be preserved for an indefinite period by due attention to cleanliness alone, and where the care and attention bestowed upon them is proportionate to the necessity of the case, such care cannot fail to be rewarded in the preservation of those very delicate, yet exceedingly useful appendages. Whatever the agent or agents of decay of the teeth, may be, it is admitted on all hands to be *external* to the tooth, and capable of being either removed or neutralized, and whatever may be said in favor of dentifrices and gum-washes of va-

rious kinds, it is absolutely certain that *pure water* is sufficient of itself, in a great majority of cases, to remove the offending substance, or prevent its destructive action. These facts, therefore, being admitted, it will not be necessary to protract the discussion, as to the cause of dental decay, nor yet to argue the advantage of popular information to any considerable length, as such advantages are obvious to every reflecting mind.

But the means of communicating such instruction, is a question demanding at least a passing notice. The circulation of brief popular treatises upon these subjects, by different members of the profession, in their several localities, is *one* mode by means of which some have sought to obviate the difficulties above referred to.

It is doubtless well known, that until quite recently, physiology, as a distinct branch of science, has been almost *exclusively* confined to our medical colleges, and highest literary institutions, and that it has been deemed quite improper to teach it in a *popular* form. But, thanks to the enlightened spirit of the age, this feeling is fast giving way before the indomitable and persevering energy of those who have been highly successful in bringing this science, in a popular form, before the public, not only in books and periodicals, but by able and interesting lectures. And these lectures have been listened to, by thousands of our citizens, with the highest satisfaction, and the consequence is a demand for it in our seminaries, academies, and even public schools. And we certainly anticipate the time, and that not far distant, when popular instruction in physiology will be considered *indispensable* in all our educational institutions.

But as yet this instruction has been *too general* to cover the ground under consideration. We need, therefore, a *special* department in this branch of physiology, which *our own* profession are competent to supply.

And why may we not have these lectures? Are they not essential to the welfare of the present and future generations? Are they not intimately allied to the objects sought in all our female seminaries and schools of popular education?

We humbly conceive that the time has now arrived, when members of the profession should take hold of this subject, and

popularize it, to meet the exigency of the times, and the pressing wants of the community. Nothing could more successfully tend to dissipate the darkness and superstition that now envelope the public mind in reference to many important physiological truths, than the course here suggested. Nothing would more effectually tend to elevate the standard of professional character, or indicate more truly the line of distinction between the really meritorious and the unworthy professors of our art.

Nothing would so effectually expose the empirical pretensions of nostrum venders, and vile, yea villainous, quack advertisements with which our newspapers are constantly teeming, as to throw open the door for correct information upon this subject. Let it be carried into our female seminaries and common schools. And when the value of the teeth is once appreciated by the public as it should be, and their intimate relation to the *health*, *comfort*, and *convenience* of every human being, explained and enforced as it should be, then our professional services will be more highly esteemed, as a natural and necessary consequence, and those disgusting "*tricks of trade*," by which the prejudices of the public are kindled against the profession, will be exposed, and the merited chastisement meted out to such as most evidently deserve it.

Popular lectures on physiological subjects, to which we have occasionally listened, do not meet the wants of the community in this regard. And however valuable they may be in other respects, this speciality has not received that attention that the subjects merit from those by whom such lectures have been delivered. Indeed, they have scarcely touched upon this great theme at all. And yet the amount of human suffering, to say nothing of the inconvenience and discomfort arising from irregularities, and the premature loss of the teeth, can scarcely be estimated.

LITTLE THINGS.

CHARACTER is made up mostly of small items, and individual happiness is the result of a multitude of little influences conspiring to produce it. No one person ever does many great things, or has his own condition materially affected by the great deeds of others. In the multitude there are little vices and little virtues, and it is their preponderance that determines the character. Is your friend occasionally profane, especially in vulgar society? Does he sometimes warp the truth to avoid censure? does he often neglect his regular employment, when it suits his pleasure or natural disposition better to be idle? does he, in short, practice a thousand trifling digressions from the strictest rules of morality and religion? You must find the *sum* of all these before you estimate his real worth. One crime may be outweighed by a thousand virtues, and the balance still entitle the person to respect; but a thousand faults, linked to one virtue, would doom him to the opposite scale. Indulgence in any act of immorality, according to its importance, renders the character questionable; but there are a thousand little peculiarities not perhaps entitled to public reproach, which make the person disagreeable. Disagreeableness commonly springs from selfishness; it may arise from bad taste. Selfishness is a strange quality; it is rarely felt, but always seen. We are seldom conscious of its existence in ourselves, but quick to discern it in others, and sure to recognise its odious features. Hence it is a dangerous possession. It tinges all the character, and keeps out of sight the better qualities, so that the individual is liable to enjoy less credit than he deserves.

Outside appearance has much to do in forming the impressions which others have of us. Our friends may understand our real worth, and pardon a thousand trifling faults; but the world at large will entertain us with less liberality. On the other hand, courtesy and kindness are just as sure to win favor as selfishness is to repel it. He who always largely manifests these virtues is

certain to command universal respect, although his talent does not entitle him to applause. Such a person always carries about him, in his actions, a certificate of good character; for these qualities are supposed to spring from a generous heart. A thousand little acts of good, will often compensate for the want of a larger share of intellect, and bring the individual into more favorable notice than he who has more talent lying behind a repulsive exterior. Moderate ability, well used, is always respectable, when not associated with too conspicuous faults. True policy, then, would lead to the careful cultivation of all the pleasing and noble traits of character, and the constant suppression of all the disagreeable features. Practice daily all the virtues, and let the vices die out from disuse. Remember that nature makes but few great men, and the multitude must base their title to respect, on something short of illustrious deeds, or the claim will be invalid. Persevering labor, with ordinary strength, may rear a pyramid of pebbles. Better do that, than fail altogether from an overestimate of your powers.

A TEACHER.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

THE saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends,
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

MONTGOMERY.

FASHION.

BY MRS. THOMAS P. SMITH.

FASHION! fashion! who does not bow to its dictates? Who does not yield to its imperious claims? For fashion's sake, what sacrifices are daily made? From the time when her husband received her at the Hymeneal altar, through all her married life—the training and educating her children—regulating her household, and conducting herself, how many a woman seems to make comfort, convenience, health, happiness, and her peace of mind, completely subservient to the idol, fashion. Her husband's purse, time, and intellect, are all taxed to please—whom? Himself? No. His wife? No. His God? No. Who then? *Strangers, lookers-on, the world!* This, or that must be bought, done, or left undone, because, forsooth, “it is the fashion.”

This truth was so plainly exhibited, in a certain family with which I became acquainted in New York, I thought I would transcribe the history. Not that I think the correct customs of society, or of a refined taste, should be set aside, but, that the higher interests of the soul and religion should be thought of *first*.

It was a beautiful morning in January; the sun shone resplendently in the heavens, and the weather was that of summer in mid-winter: I was walking in Broadway, when the sight of two beautiful girls in close conversation, and a few words which met my ear, arrested my attention. “Pray, Maria,” said one of them, “why does not your mother let you go to balls and parties, as mine does?” “Because,” said Maria, “she does not approve of them.” “Oh, well, *my mother* belongs to the church, and she says she does not approve of them, but she lets us go: she goes to prayer or church-meeting, and we go to the dance. Now, you tease your mother to let you go to the ball on Monday next; tell her I am going, and mother is willing, and says we never shall be thought any thing of, if we don't mingle a little in the world.”

"No—good-by, Anna," answered Maria, "I might as well try to move this block of granite, as to try to swerve mother from her principles"—and the young ladies separated. Anna stopped and gazed in at jewellers' and other windows, where I left her, and hastened to the house of a friend, with whom I was to spend the coming spring.

Mrs. Morrell and myself were schoolmates together, and very much attached: the intimacy had been kept up though we lived in distant cities; and though I had not seen her for several years before, when she spent some weeks with me; yet when, after the lingering sickness and death of my husband, she wrote a pressing letter, and urged me to spend a few months with her, *en famille*, I felt no hesitation to go. She and myself were made subjects of Divine grace, as we hoped, at the same time, and had ever since sympathized in our joys and our sorrows. I had rejoiced in hearing that she was considered one of the pillars in the church, and was looked up to with great respect.

Not being able to recall the name of the street in which she lived, I ordered the carriage to a hotel, and, finding that I was but a few steps from her house, I was walking thither when I overtook the two young ladies. On the door being opened, I was shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. M. soon joined me. Very glad she seemed to see me, and in a short time I felt as completely at home as if I had been one of the family. Three of Mrs. M.'s children were with her—all girls: she had three others, two sons at college, and another daughter at school. The little girls were sweet, interesting-looking children, the eldest about twelve years of age. Their clothes, I observed, were fine, yet I could not help remarking a want of neatness about them, which was to me very unpleasant; but I supposed something had occurred that morning to hurry their toilette.

After taking a cup of coffee, I retired to my room to rest, and did not go down till summoned by the dinner bell; when, on entering the room, great was my surprise, to have the identical *Anna*, whom I encountered in my morning walk, presented to me as the eldest daughter of Mrs. M.! Mr. Morell was there also; the same pleasant, generous, gentlemanly man he ever was,—the only difference of manner observable in him, was a slight petu-

lance at times to his family, and a sarcastic tone and expression occasionally, when on any subject connected with religion; this he had not in former years, and I could not account for it, when Mrs. M. was so eminent a Christian.

Anna and myself were soon friends: I found her a warm-hearted, sensitive girl, with a mind enriched by science, but whose moral training and domestic habits were very deficient. Being *at home*, seemed to be an excuse for negligence in personal appearance, and carelessness of speech and manner, except when visitors were present, then, Anna was elegant in speech and appearance. Her father often spoke to her about neatness; but, much to my astonishment, the next breakfast would find her with the same torn frock, or anything she happened to catch first. One morning, however, as I descended to the breakfast-room, I overtook Anna, dressed with extraordinary neatness, and looking very smiling and happy. Mr. M., as she took her seat, noticed it too, and I was puzzled to perceive a slight shade of sadness pass over his face; but breakfast was no sooner over than I comprehended the whole.

“Father,” said Anna, “I want you to let me have a new set of jewels for the ball,—now do, father,—will you?” And she ran on, with the unfashionableness of hers—and the beauties the other girls had—and how cheap she could get a particular set—and how neat and attentive she would be to his wishes, to pay for them, until she really thought he would give her the jewels, and wound off with, “Now, father you will, won’t you?”

Her father spoke gently, but firmly, “Anna, I cannot afford to; the sum I gave you last week, for this ball, was all I can afford to give you; and more than I felt willing to take for the purpose, but I did it to gratify you; I have lost a great deal of money lately, and we must economise awhile, in such things, till I make it up. These ornaments are not so necessary, my dear daughter, as you think just now; the good opinion of the wise and sensible does not depend upon the jewels a young lady wears; a cultivated mind, and the grace and refinement an education like yours should have conferred, are by far the best ornaments; nevertheless, if I had the money to spare, I would give you the trinkets to please you.”

Anna seemed to think the matter ended; she burst into tears, and was leaving the room when her mother's voice was heard:—that mother, whose example was to train her for domestic life, and whose teachings would, in a great measure, fit or unfit her for the life to come—that mother's voice stopt her retreating footsteps: "Now, Mr. M., I think you had better let Anna have the jewels; indeed you must let her have them, for nearly all the girls have had new ones since she has, and now I remember, one of her bracelets is lost, and instead of replacing that she had better have a new set." A sharp retort escaped Mr. M., and after I left the room, I heard the words "beggar," and "wrong principles," uttered in quite a loud tone. I returned to my room with a sadness and perplexity I could not shake off.

At dinner, all was moody and morose: none of the sunny smiles and gladsome converse of gratified and happy hearts. Mr. Morell swallowed his dinner as quick as possible, and hurried off to his business, saying, as he threw a roll of money on to the table, "At the rate we go on, I shan't be able to eat at all, with digging and delving; but that is a small affair so that we are in the fashion."

When the door closed, Mrs. M. turned to me and said, "I don't know what has got into Mr. M: lately; I know he is able enough to give, if he has a mind to; he never used to speak so—it really worries me; he is not only cross, but he almost ridicules religion itself. Alas, poor man, I wish he was a professor of religion himself, then he would sympathise more with me."

Anna was delighted with having the money for the jewels, and she was counting it out; but I perceived a scrutinizing glance of her eyes at her mother, then at me, as if she thought something more "was meant than met the ear"—then resumed her counting, and made arrangements with her mother to go out and purchase the ornaments.

The next day was quarter-day; Mr. M. was a very punctual man, and required all his house-hold bills to be handed in at the regular quarters. Upon looking them over, he came across two or three he did not understand, and brought them to Mrs. M. to explain. One enormous item of "figured velvet coverings to furniture of drawing-rooms and library," (which being covered

up he had not observed,) was got when Rev. Dr. N.'s wife came to stay a week. "You know," said Mrs. M., "we wanted to look decent before her." Mr. M. said nothing this time, but a deep-drawn sigh, which escaped him as he replaced the bills in his pocket, said more, and sunk deeper in my heart, than any words would have done.

The Sabbath came, in all its quiet, and a lovely day it was. Anna was excused from going to church in the morning, her mother saying that "to-morrow would be a fatiguing day, and Anna's health was rather delicate." In the afternoon they all went. As they left the house Mrs. M. remarked, "to-day is the collection for the Bible Society; my dear, give the children each something to put in the box: it looks pretty to see children put in, and all the children round us have something to throw in—I hear it very plain." Thus instructed as to the object for which the money was given them, each child received a piece of silver to deposit in the box.

The next day was the ball. After Mr. M. went from the house, he returned for a strap-button to be put on: he called up stairs for Anna. Anna answered, but did not come; after waiting, he called in a more impatient tone, when his wife answered, "do you want Anna very much? she is deciding with the dress-maker about her trimmings." "O, I wont keep her a minute—send her down to sew me a button." After a long, long delay, Anna appeared with a cross look, saying, "Mother thinks you might have gone without just now, I am so busy." "Sew away," said her father; but Anna's mind was on anything but pleasing or obliging her father—the button was put on in a wrong place, and would not button. After detaining him to take it off, it was at last right, and he went off to his business; but she had done it so grudgingly, he did not kiss her—he could not thank her—he did not even look pleased with her. Alas! that love, kindness, and the domestic graces should be sacrificed to the fashion of a ball-dress! But enough has been said to show the influence shed in that family by a compromise with *fashion*—in many instances, the truth itself was set aside, on the score of *expediency*—and manœuvring and prevarication took the place of openness and honesty. But we will skip over a few years, till

the period of Anna's marriage, which occurred in the winter of —.

Charles Horton, her choice, was of excellent moral character, energetic and accomplished, and a member of the church; but inasmuch as he was not fashionable and wealthy, was of course, not agreeable to Mrs. M., who had a great deal to tell Anna about the genteel Mr. S., and the rich Mr. M., and how much more she would be thought of as the wife of Mr. B. But Anna had chosen and gave her hand to Charles H., saying, in her enthusiasm, she had rather have one room and a crust with him, than a palace with either of the others; and even, when in talking of their establishment, she found him averse to laying out all they could afford, saying, "Now, Anna, let us be independent, and begin small; we can easily add, and in the mean time, the pounds will be accumulating," she felt perfectly satisfied. Ah! how little did she know the power of habit and early training! Eighteen years of precept and example, inculcating gentility and wealth as the basis of worth, could not be blotted out at once; and though she had everything comfortable and tasteful, yet the syren fashion, had so long sung her soul to sleep, she could not break the spell, and the marriage was scarcely consummated, ere she began to sigh for what she needed, not for comfort, convenience, or even luxury, but merely because it was "*the fashion.*"

FASHION.

CHAPTER II.

THE disastrous winter of 1837 was almost over—the year that blasted the hopes and ruined the prospects of so many in mercantile life—the year, when extravagance seemed to be at its height, and the rich merchant in his palace to-day, was the penniless outcast to-morrow.

Charles Horton had not troubled his young wife about his affairs, yet his care-worn look and decided answer, when she chided him for thinking so much more of business than of her, “I must, Anna; it is my love for you that urges me; these are troublous times, a man must be at his business early and late,” spoke very plainly.

As I have shown before, the deficiency of Anna’s domestic training was so great, she could not be satisfied with domestic and social enjoyments, but sighed for the blandishments of a more expensive household, and a gay equipage. This became evident to her husband; first, by gentle hints that *such* and *such* a change would be “delightful,” then by her fretting and finding fault with this, or that, and last, by her open murmurs after calling upon some of her more opulent and elegantly established friends; or finding that such or such a rich family, did not visit her, as when at her father’s more splendid home.

Charles said nothing upon the subject, but often commented upon the charming evenings they enjoyed together, reading or with a few friends, when Anna, who had really a fine mind and kind heart, would seem to be perfectly happy. But the “aching void,” and the ambitious worldliness would come again, nor was the tender and holy influence which her infant son had upon her heart, sufficient to draw her mind off, and when she, one day, told her husband she had a proposition to make to him, it was no more than he expected.

"I want, dear Charles," said she, "to have our parlor furniture changed; it is all too plain. I have tried to like it, but I cannot. This vile Kidderminster carpet! why there is not another among all my friends; every one has Wilton or Brussels except me—and I *must* have a set of marble-top tables, and a divan and a few ottomans to match some curtains. Now husband, I want to go right about it this week; Deacon E. of Boston is coming to the convention, week after next, with his wife and daughter, and mother was here to-day, and says if I can spruce up and look nice, she will send them round to stop with us; but she says, they are very *genteel people*, and live very handsomely at home, and she hopes I will not disgrace the family by being mean."

Charles was going out to the store, but seeing the troubled state of his wife's mind, and that she had no other friend to counsel her faithfully and religiously, he sat down again. "Now, Anna, dear, let us talk this matter over." "I don't want to talk it over," answered she, quickly, "*that's* the way you always say; let us *act* now, not *talk*; before we were *married*, you used to let me have my way." "Well, my dear, so you shall now; I promise you *carte blanche* to fit the house as you please, after you listen to me."

"Anna, I have no object in life but *you*, next to my God, and doing right, your happiness is my aim and object; and notwithstanding your remark about marriage, I love you and would make sacrifices for you tenfold more than ever before marriage; but I want to explain my wishes. I have been in business now four years, and notwithstanding the losses of last winter, have cleared about ten thousand dollars; with this, I can now go on, and do a quicker business; it will soon, with God's blessing, double and treble; I have worked very hard, and I intend to do so still, until I get a substantial basis for future comfort; then, dear, I hope to enjoy your society more, and allow myself and you more gratifications; but even then, dear Anna, there are so many higher and more glorious objects to attract the attention of a mind like yours, so much suffering to relieve—so many literary and scientific objects to encourage—so many, *many* ways to do good—and of gratifications, merely, a valuable library, visiting foreign climes

and many other things, are much more calculated to give you lasting pleasure and advantage, than the mere residence in even a palace. More than all this, my dear wife, I long very much to see your immortal soul delighting itself in the revelations of a glorious mansion in the upper world. A little cherub has been given to us, to prepare for that world, and oh, how can we do this, unless we feel its power upon our own hearts? Our dear child is dependent upon you, Anna, under God, for more of his happiness here and hereafter, than upon all other earthly influences put together. How animating, how ennobling the thought, that we are entrusted with a precious little heart to mould and guide upward, and onward to a purer existence, to the abode of the blessed."

Anna burst into tears, and said "Oh, Charles, I have often thought of this, since the baby came—as I looked into his loving blue eyes, I have asked myself, what is my duty as a mother? but it is no use—I have never been taught myself these things you speak of, how *can* I ever hope to teach him? It is now too late to form new tastes and habits. No. I am fitted for the place I am to fill, that of a fashionable woman."

"O no, no," exclaimed Charles, "you have too sensitive a heart, and too sensible a mind ever to be happy there. It is *not* too late—all things may yet become new to you, and heavenly wisdom vouchsafed, sufficient to overcome all the habits of your past life, and make you perfectly happy."

Anna wept afresh, and was going to reply, when a fashionable visitor was announced, and although she sent word she was engaged, yet the current of better thoughts which had stirred her soul, was stayed: she became calm, and said, "Well Charles, all you have said is very important, but you know, a great many people, who believe as *you* do, act just as *I* want to."

"Alas! it is too true," said Charles, "Christ's nominal followers, follow anything but his example, too many of them, yet this will form no excuse for *us*." After some more conversation, Charles left the matter with her, to do as she pleased, and went out.

Anna loved her husband; and though she had set her heart upon the new furniture and determined to have it, yet now that

she found him so averse to it, and so reasonable and kind, she could not bear to get it. "No," said she, "I should not enjoy it, if he was not pleased, so good bye to my fine hopes." So she smoothed her glossy ringlets, kissed her babe, and on the return of her husband, threw her arms around his neck and said, "I have concluded not to have the new furniture, Charles; you are such a good husband, I love to please you; and besides, when you talk as you did to-day, the furniture looks somehow unimportant, and I don't care so much about it."

Several years passed, bringing with them many pleasant hours to Charles Horton and his wife, and a baby brother for the little boy playing around the house, but Anna said no more about changing the furniture. By the judicious teachings and correct example of her husband, Anna had been led to the Saviour, and though the world, and her own heart, made her many struggles, yet she had much enjoyment with Charles in religious subjects.

Charles' business had prospered, and at the close of a few years he found himself in the possession of what he considered a competency; and though this was lent to a great extent, or in the hands of debtors, yet making all allowance for bad debts, he felt quite sure he was at least independent of fear; but, alas! we know not what a day may bring forth. The next week he found some difficulty in getting in funds to meet some notes—the next, some heavy failures drew largely upon him, and finally, a large amount of borrowed money was wanting at the time promised him, and upon which he had depended, and he found himself in a vortex from which he saw no escape but to place himself in the hands of his creditors and begin anew. But how would Anna bear this? What effect would this unexpected blow have upon her? He went home and told her all—and asked her whether he should go on, or stop—face the disgrace of a failure, or go on building himself up upon borrowed money and toiling to pay the interest, till in years he might come out square.

A slight pallor overspread the countenance of Anna as she heard him, but she hesitated not a moment: "No, dear Charles, do not go on—do what is right, and God will bless you finally—what is the opinion of the world, so we have the approbation of our own hearts and of God. Let us begin again, we have, once, and have

we not been happy? and can we not again? Come now, cheer up dear, and be yourself again, have you not me, and the two rogues in the corner there, to comfort you? This was balm to the heart of Charles; the Providence was dark, but he could not help thinking good was to come out of it: lighter and happier he went about his settlement while every evening brought him to a happy fireside.

But, ah! Anna was mortal: she loved Charles, so she comforted him: she loved him, so she did not tell him all her feelings, but in secret she repined—she murmured against God; she thought God had dealt wrong with her husband, who had worked so hard and was so devoted a Christian; she thought of the thousands he had given to benevolent and religious objects, and she wanted them back—she thought of all the pretty things she herself had forgone in years past, and now it proved of no use, and she said in her heart “wherefore should we serve him?—is he not a God afar off?”

But though these rebellious feelings made her unhappy, yet day by day she received all the consolation she could have, in the good opinion expressed of her husband by those who were most acquainted with his affairs, and who stood high in the community, by the marked attention of many to herself, and what is a more sure test, by the refusal of all to have an article removed from the house for their benefit, and by offers of money and aid from various sources. True, there were a few narrow-minded despicable people, who shook their heads as Anna appeared as usual with a few ornaments; (mostly bridal gifts;) and there were a few fashionable friends who immediately became near-sighted, and overlooked her, but in the society she loved and respected, she was received with more than usual regard. Yet these comforts were not the “true comfort which cometh down from above.” Anna did not fully acquiesce in the Divine will; she had been tried and found wanting; early habits of thought had still their sway. But an event was approaching which proved decisive.

Charles, in consequence of his business troubles, had been overwrought, over-excited—and neglecting a slight cold, was prostrated by typhus fever—for five long days and nights, his life was despaired of—on the third night, the youngest child was

taken with croup—the next day the little cherub was worse—the next night, the physician told Anna, there must be some change before morning, and he could not tell whether it would be for better or *worse*. Anna bent over the crib of her dying boy, her heart throbbing with his every spasm, as none but a mother's can; the awful respiration of the croup convulsed her very soul, and as he turned his blue eyes upon her with a look which seemed to say "do help me, mama," she was agonized.

She went to her husband, and bending over, listened to his delirious ravings—she heard her own name pronounced, and a prayer ejaculated for her, and as the doctor felt his pulse and gave her no encouragement, she turned and went back to her child—and yet she was calm—calm in her agony; for she had given herself to God. The last two days had shown her to herself, and she felt she deserved all that had come upon her; the furnace of affliction was doing its work, and she resigned herself into the hands of God; and as she bowed her head upon the little crib, and seemed to see the eternal world opening to receive her loved ones, and leave her in loneliness behind, she vowed, by the grace of God, to live no longer for earth. "Not my will, but thine be done," she exclaimed, and the future of my life shall be dedicated to thee. Ah! amid the watches of that dismal night, the Spirit of God was hovering to bless and purify his child. The morning came—the crisis was past, and the child lived!

Mother, have you ever fretted at the care and trouble of your children? O could you have the discipline of such an hour, should you ever see one of the sweet little faces that has nestled so oft in your bosom, convulsed in death, snatched from your love, or even apparently near its end, you would never forget the lesson. Think of this then, when your little one wearies you, and love will render you patient.

But to return to Charles—judicious treatment, and a good constitution, with the blessing of heaven, finally conquered the disease; a long convalescence followed, with its trials and cares to Anna, but she felt them not—she was a changed woman—God had shown her the transitory nature of all earthly things—the folly of placing her affections upon money or friends, or anything short of himself, the fountain of true happiness; she had been

shown too the difference between losing riches and honors, and losing those dearer to her than life itself.

Anna was now happy. She sighed not for the gewgaws she once coveted, but her highest desire was to fit herself more fully to perform her part as a *Christian mother* and wife. After a time, Charles again became a successful merchant; they chose a residence a few miles out of the city. When I saw them, they were enjoying all that human beings can enjoy. Their friends are chosen ones, and valued for their piety, or their learning, or something more than merely their wealth; and Anna told me, while tears of joy suffused her eyes at her own escape, "God forbid I should ever bring up *my* daughters, to set an undue value upon gentility, wealth, or the 'fashion of this world,' which passeth away."

AT HOME IN THE EVENING.

ONE of the grossest neglects of a youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the spending of his evenings. Darkness is temptation to misconduct; suffering the youth to be out, when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seeding. Riots, mobs, crimes, giving fearful foreboding, are the results of youth becoming fit agents of outrage, by running, uncared for, in the evenings. What we see in these respects is deplorable enough—but what is this compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world, and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth, that pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to be a blessing is home; and, by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them.

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. C. H. PARMELY.

We are passing away—we are passing away
From the scenes that we love; passing on to decay—
Though we dream we may stay in their sunlight to roam,
Yet we haste ever on to our rest in the tomb.

From this beautiful earth and its soft sighing breeze,
From the gay birds that sing in its tall forest trees,
From the bright winged insects that sport in its bowers,
From its fountains and streamlets, its sunshine and flowers

We are passing away—we are passing away :—
Every pulse that we tell, breathes a note of decay—
Every sigh is a tell-tale of sorrow or care
That is hung round the heart, like a pall of despair.

We are passing away—we are passing away ;
And the hearts' fondest loves are the first that decay ;
Like some dear angel-form in our midst they arise,
And then turn them away to their own native skies.

As the sweet, tiny flowers, in their beauty decay—
As the light softly fails at the parting of day—
As the breeze dies away on the lullaby wave—
So we pass to our rest in the night of the grave.

But the morning will dawn, and we rise light and free,
Like a starry-winged bird o'er the billowy sea ;
When we turn us from earth, with the angels to roam,
By the river of Life, in our lovely sweet home.

And the loved and the lost, shall we greet on that shore
Where no farewell is heard, and its tear falls no more—
Where no sigh heaves the bosom with grief or distress,
And no sin and no death reach the home of the blest.

SCENE IN A RAIL CAR.

TAKING a seat in the cars, at the city of B——, we proceeded up the way, parallel with the beautiful Merrimac, till we reached one of the inland cities, without anything, unusual in a rail car, transpiring. While the hostlery of our iron horse was going on at the depot, passengers were leaving and entering the cars as usual, the latter monopolizing the recently vacated seats, as fast as circumstances would permit. About five minutes before starting on our course, a woman came in, leading a little boy, who might have been six years of age. She took a seat directly in front, and facing towards me. She must have been very beautiful when younger. She was so still; but the cheerful buoyancy of girlhood was gone, and gave place to a melancholy sweetness of countenance, which told of a heart ill at ease, and pained me to look upon. She might have been thirty-five years of age, or younger; for sorrow has a wonderful facility of adding the look and burden of years even to the youthful. I wondered if she were a widow! but no mourning weeds were visible outside of those lustrous, dark, and sorrowful eyes. Who could abuse a being so gentle! My surmises were brought to an abrupt close by the sudden entrance and hasty approach of a red-faced, thick-set man, who threw himself upon the same seat, and commenced an angry and reproachful inquiry of her, why she entered the cars before he came—did he not tell her to wait?—and now he “had run about everywhere searching for them in vain, till he was tired to death.” *Selfish man!* She had not been in the cars over three minutes, and he had fretted himself into a fever of passion, which he was now venting upon her. And for what was all this? The poor wife, in a gentle and pleading voice, answered—“the cars were fast filling up, and she feared she would not be able to obtain a seat.” That was nothing—she should have waited for him. She made no more answer to his continued ill-temper, but her fine eyes were filled with tears, and the pearly drops were just escaping from the fringed lids, when she drew her thick veil over her

face, and shut out the too earnest gaze of the intruder, to be alone with her grief. But the veil was lifted from *his* character, and the cause of her sorrow was revealed at a glance. It was no momentary weakness on her part, that caused the overflow of crystal waters; but her heart was torn and lacerated by constant and long-repeated unkindness, till the fountain was full to overflowing, and needed but the smallest pressure to cause them to go over all the barriers. She was wedded to a brutish, selfish man, who was neither able nor desirous of appreciating her worth; who trampled her under the foot of his desires, regarding her in no other light than that of a slave to do his bidding. In fact, there could not be a particle of real sympathy between them. They were mis-matched.

One thing puzzled me. How such a woman could love such a man, and consent to become *his*. I could think of but one solution. It was this: He was aware of her great beauty—might perhaps often have heard it spoken of, and resolved to make the prize his own; and to accomplish it, had used every art he was capable of. His earnestness she might have taken for an excess of feeling, and the human heart, ever ready to interpret beautiful devotion in its own favor, made a mistake in this case.

It was not all dark in her condition, however; there was a brighter shade, a light spot in the darkness, an angel of consolation lent her by heaven,—“God be praised for the loan,”—so that the heart was not utterly desolate: her darling boy. While my thoughts were busy coming to the above conclusion, he quietly crept up under his mother’s veil, and placing his soft lips to hers, whispered something. Dear little boy, how my heart blessed him for that kiss! She pressed him to her heart, and he slid down from her arms, and whispered to the other parent, who was swaying to and fro in his seat, wiping his face vigorously to remove the moisture, which had now become a new source of irritation. The three arose and passed into the saloon at the other end of the car, and I saw them no more; but my silent prayer arose to God—“Oh, spare the lad for its mother’s sake.”

The incident was a common-place one; no other one perhaps observed it but myself, and it left a strong feeling of sympathy in my mind, which does not pass away. I thought of the intimate

relation which subsists between parent and child; that this strong sympathy is in many cases mutual; but I fear parents are to blame in many cases, that it is not more general. I can overlook a great many faults in a child who shows a respect and consideration for his mother. It is one of the most lovely traits of character a child can be possessed of. It is natural and perfectly consistent for it to be so. On the contrary, I can but look with loathing and disgust upon any one, however accomplished in other respects, who is unkind or disrespectful to her. The child's happiness depends upon a prompt and willing obedience. And oh, mothers! remember this, and so train your loved ones, that "they shall rise up and call you blessed."

L. M. B.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

MOTHER, my sleep is sweet
Whene'er I dream of thee,
When my young thoughts so fleet
Upward to Heaven flee.

Last night I dreamed that thou
Hadst come to earth once more;
I kissed thy beauteous brow,
As I had done before.

I twined thy dark brown hair
Around my little hands;
And weeping breathed my prayer,
"Oh stay death's dread commands!"

I gazed into thine eye,
I pressed my lips to thine,
"O mother, do not die,
And leave thy Florentine!"

"No, I shall never die,"
Thy sweet voice answered me:
"My home is now on high,
And there is room for thee.

"Death never enters here
To take a friend away ;
No gloomy graveyard's near
Filled with the damp decay.

"Here songs of love are sung,
In strains that swell divine ;
Here golden harps are strung
To Heavenly music's chime."

Thy story makes me glad,
Dear Mother, up in Heaven,
I'll never more be sad,
When a harp to me is given.

O Mother, when I wake,
My spirit longs to come ;
Ask Jesus Christ to take
His little wanderer *Home*.

Then I will be with thee,
In that bright, happy land ;
And my dear Father see,
A blest, unbroken band.

FLORENCE FENWOOD.

HUMAN HOPES.

BY HENRY C. FORD.

THE gloomy darkness of night is fading before the advancing dawn, and gray beams of light steal gradually into a narrow apartment, where a fond mother reposes by the side of a lovely child. Brighter and brighter glance the rays through the half-drawn curtain, till a sudden burst of golden sunlight pierces even the closed eyelids of the sleeper.

The mother, roused from her repose, for a moment gazes affectionately on the confiding countenance of her little one, and imprinting a kiss on the passive lips of her sleeping child, breathes a prayer of thankfulness to Heaven for the protection of herself and only son. Alas for the *sunrise* of human hopes !

The orb of day has long since passed the meridian, and the crimson hue of the western clouds already betokens his departure to be near at hand. His fading rays illumine the same small room; but the dim chamber no longer echoes to the ringing laugh of the noisy prattler. Stillness is there; the solemn hush of living ones, hiding their grief, lest any unwonted sound disturb the uneasy rest of the dying child.

The mother bends anxiously over her boy, as if seeking to obtain some glance of recognition. In vain she listens; her ear catches no sound save the short gasping for breath, and the suppressed moan. With painful gaze she strives to read the thoughts concealed in the deep recesses of those mild blue eyes. The dull, vacant stare of unconsciousness, is returned for the intense glance of affection.

The breath grows weaker with the receding light. Darkness comes rapidly on. Reason returns to the wandering eye of the sufferer. One glance, one faint ray of light—the soul and the sun have taken their flight together. It is *sunset*, and a night of darkness and gloom overshadows all.

* * * * * * *

Kind and sympathizing friends condole with the bereaved mourner; they tell of a land where her child dwells in eternal happiness. Their words are unheeded—she hears them not.

Opening the door, she passes into the garden—and seats herself within a rustic arbor. She gives way to her pent-up agony—the silence of the evening air is broken by the low wailings of deep sorrow. She bends the knee, and gazing upwards, a ray of light rivets her attention—it is a star shining through the crevice of the roof.

The mourner hopes; she believes it to be a token from God, that her boy is an inhabitant of the shining realm above. Adoring Him for His mercy, she rises calm and subdued in spirit, and treads the path leading to her lonely home, rejoicing that she, by submission to her Father's will on earth, may hereafter meet her lost one in Heaven! And the faint, though steady glimmering of *starlight* whispers hope to the mourner's soul.

ONLY A PENNY, MOTHER.

CHARLIE OSMAND is an active little boy, ten years old. He has an affectionate heart, and loves his parents and all his friends dearly, and his playmates and schoolfellows too. He sometimes is out of humor and gets angry; but smiles and laughs more than he frowns, and really seems to pick up enjoyment almost everywhere. He learns rapidly, loves to read, and is generally able to give his parents and others a very correct idea of the contents of every book he reads.

But he does love fun and play; and if by any means he can get permission for an hour to join a group of boys on the sidewalk or in the open field, he is delighted. And he has withal such a coaxing, persuasive manner, that his mother sometimes thinks he has a little extra affection laid up in store, to manifest toward her, when he has some favorite point to gain.

The other day he came bounding home from school, with his history, arithmetic, speller and definer, closely buckled, and hanging at the end of a little strap, which his father had succeeded in convincing him would answer about as well (especially in these hard times) as a satchel, which would cost fifty cents or a dollar; and, carrying them into his mother's room, laid them down, saying with a tone of satisfaction, "I was all perfect to-day, mother!" Then putting his arms around her neck, said, "Mother, will you please let me go around to Mr. Burke's, and buy me a gungeon? —It will cost only a penny, mother."

Hark! do I hear a little boy in the country asking, "What *can* a gungeon be?" Just so Charlie's mother asked, and he replied, "Why, to play shinny with."

"And I would like to know what shinny is," asks another little fellow; and as neither gungeon nor shinny are to be found in Webster, we must tell him what we have learned from seeing the play. A "gungeon" is a hard ball, and playing "shinny" is beating this ball about on the ground. We suppose this play has some rules by which it is done, and that there is a victory won in

some way; at any rate, the boys seem to enjoy it wonderfully for a while. Now Charlie's mother had seen him for days, during his play hour, beating a little bit of brick, a block, or an old shoe about the yard, and had been somewhat annoyed with the clinking of an old tin dipper, on the brick pavement, as it had in turn been made to serve in place of a ball, so she granted his request, as "it would cost *only a penny*."

Off he ran, as brisk as a deer, and soon returned with his ball; and many an antic did that little ball cut about the yard. First, nestling in the grass, then rolling into the gutter, next hiding in a corner under the rose bush, and again stealing through a sly opening under the fence, making him give a close hunt for it every now and then. But what if it should be entirely lost? "Oh, it cost *only a penny*?" Happy, thoughtless child! How many are starving, who would call blessings on your head for a penny's worth of bread! and how many children are shivering with the cold, that the price of your ball, and a few other boys' balls might make warm and comfortable!

But we will track Charlie and his ball a few days longer, and see whether it cost him "*only a penny*." Not long after its purchase, he was, as usual after school, tossing and knocking his ball about the yard, when, in his glee, he unwittingly drove it through a pane of glass in the parlor window. Chink, chink, went the pieces of glass, inside on to the floor, and outside on to the pavement: and down went Charlie's face to its soberest length; for the panes of glass were large, and he knew that it would cost a good many pennies to get it replaced. His mother observed him from her window above, as he stood looking at the destruction his sport had made. He had been cautioned about the windows, and as soon as he saw his mother, said, as if that would make full reparation for the injury, "I'll pay for it, mother, out of my *own money*."

But do you not think that the settlement of the bill would have made Charlie a bankrupt, and obliged him to have made an assignment of his property as men do? for the glazier called for fifty cents when he had put in the new glass. Little did Charlie think how much his ball would cost somebody, and as little do men and women think how much their coveted pleasures and acquisitions

will finally cost them! Happy would it be for many if the desolation they cause could be repaired for money.

But we have not done with the boy and his ball yet. The danger of breaking another window, if he continued to play shinny in the yard, added to a strong desire he had to play with a few other boys, (who, he assured his mother, were good boys, for they had a rule, to play with no boy who was bad or said wicked words,) in an unoccupied lot near by, no doubt prompted him to ask, "Please let me go in the old lumber yard and play shinny a little while." As it was in full view of her window, and within call, his mother granted the request. When called to supper, Charlie appeared at the table, with a very large bunch swollen on his forehead and around one eye, and when asked the cause, replied, mournfully, "I was looking for my ball along by the fence, and fell over a stick of timber, and my head came on to a great rough stone." That night his head ached badly, and so it did for two or three days, beside making him look as if deformed, for the ugly bunch remained a long time, and after a little it grew black, and when the Sabbath came, he was ashamed to go to church, lest people would think he had been fighting. And when we saw him the other day, the bruise had turned green all around the eye, and his *ball*, which had first cost *one* penny, then *fifty* pennies, then a bruised and painful head, had been taken by a larger boy, and knocked so hard with a club, that it burst open and was good for nothing.

Now, children, do you suppose that Charlie enjoyed pleasure enough in those few days to pay him for all he lost and suffered? Remember this story, when you ask for some toy or plaything, and plead that it "costs only a penny, or a sixpence, or a shilling." And remember it, too, when you become large children, when you plead with your parents and consciences for a little indulgence in pleasure and sin: remember, it may cost you *more* than the *first* price. It may cost your health—your happiness—your reputation—your life—your soul.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.



THE DEER AND THE CASTLE

CASTLE OF NATURE.

WHERE wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof?—*Bible*

The constructions of human genius and ingenuity, challenge our admiration and praise. Our children hear with eager astonishment of the pyramids of Egypt; of the magnificent ruins of Greece and Rome; and of our own Central America. They trace with minutest care the halls and temples of Nineveh and Babylon which a Layard has disentombed, and gaze with delight on the representations of castles and turrets, which were reared for glory and defence, amid the chivalry and national strifes of past generations in Great Britain, and on the continent of Europe. Their eyes run from base to pinnacle of Westminster Abbey, St. Peter's at Rome, and the monument on Bunker Hill; and expand with wonder as they calculate their height from some human figures, or common building, shown in the picture.

The subject of our engraving is a rocky castle, reared by the Great Architect of the universe; which has withstood for ages the leagued forces of the elements. From its lofty battlements nature has looked down upon her undisputed broad domain of rock, and plain and river, calmly bidding defiance to art in her proudest structures, to equal her in grandeur and stability.

It is situated on the bank of the upper Missouri, near the Rocky Mountains, in a region where none but the wildest tribes of Indians rove during the game season, and where only a few trappers, and an occasional adventurer have ever explored. But there it stands in that wilderness, a monument of the handiwork of God, defying the elements and the wasting hand of time. A few stunted pines and shrubs have vegetated in the fissures of the rocks, and some grass grows in the deep ravines and gorges, to give food to the few buffaloes and antelopes that may chance to

stray thither in summer; and some delicate vines creep up the sides, and hang pendant from those rugged rocks, at whose base flows the softly gliding river:—so strangely mingled are the beautiful and the awfully grand in nature's works. There, as everywhere, they show forth the attributes of Jehovah—terrible power and infinite goodness. "He thundereth with his voice," and "maketh the earth to tremble," yet notices the falling sparrow, and "speaketh peace to his people:"—"Heaven is his throne, and earth is his footstool," yet he listens to the breath of prayer, and dwells with the contrite sinner, and calls him his son.

"His smile gives beauty to the flower,
His anger to the tempest power."

This range of rocky battlements on the Missouri, between the Yellow Stone and Marias rivers are called "Stone Walls," by the mountain men. They present every variety of shape and aspect, often sublimely beautiful, and then wildly terrific. The highest point of the castle is about six hundred feet above the river. The rock is a species of sandstone, of various colors in the same cliff, and appears to have been formed of earthy substance. The snows and rains of past ages have washed away all the loose portions, leaving the harder part, in the fantastic shapes of towers, ruined castles, and lofty spires in which they now appear.

Further down the slope of the mountains, interspersed among the peaks, are tracts of undulating land, of thin soil, which might furnish support for a population, which preferred pure mountain air and strength, to the wealth and unhealthiness of a richer soil. Or, those mountain fastnesses may yet prove the Piedmont of America, the wilderness to which the church shall be driven to hide from the last pursuit of her enemy.

But of the purpose for which they were reared, it is vain to search. In their lonely, desolate grandeur, like the gems in ocean's caves, they testify of a "Great First Cause." Who can look at them and not adore that Power, which "piled the mountains high!" Who so vain and impious as to ascribe such wondrous work to chance?

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

THE WIFE OF SAMUEL PEARCE.

BY REV. DR. BELCHER.

TENS of thousands of Christians in this country have read the Memoirs of "the seraphic Samuel Pearce," of England, written by Andrew Fuller, more than half a century ago; and little doubt can exist that they will be useful to thousands more, for generations yet to come. But who knows any thing of his "beloved Sarah," the wife of his early love, the mother of his children? She who made his home happy, who sympathized in his sorrows and joys, and who was united with him in desire to serve Christ in the Missionary Vineyard. She was worthy of the love fixed on her by very many of the followers of Christ. The writer of this page can well remember, though fifty-four years ago, the visit of this lovely woman, to his dying mother, but a few weeks after Mr. Pearce's removal, and the sweet words of comfort she uttered, and the tears of tenderness she shed, as she took him and his sister, with her own two children who accompanied her—William and Hannah, both of whom went in after life to labor in the missionary field of India—into another room, apart from the dying mother, to offer prayer to the Father of mercies for their happiness. Nor can it be doubted that those prayers were answered.

The excellent lady of whom I am now about to write, was distinguished for devotional piety, amiable disposition, and constant discharge of the duties of retired life. Like the lonely lily of the valley, the fragrance of her character diffused itself where she was not seen. If to appear as president over public meetings, to address crowded assemblies, and constantly to appear before the eye of her husband's church, had been the expectation of the people of whom her devoted husband was pastor, then would they have been disappointed; but if tender regard to the interests of her husband and family, deep sympathizing spirit with the afflicted, and attractive and affectionate conversation with all with whom she came into contact, might be considered her duty, then was she

a model pastor's wife. It is certain that her holy example effected much good while she lived, and has made her name fragrant even till now.

Sarah Hopkins was the daughter of eminently pious parents at Alcester, about twenty miles from Birmingham, where both her husband and herself died. Her early life was lovely and retiring, and her extreme jealousy of her heart caused her long hesitation before she could venture on the solemnly important duty of professing her faith in Christ,—a duty, indeed, which was not discharged till after her marriage. With trembling anxiety she ventured to accept an offer of marriage from Mr. Pearce; candidly expressing her fears that she was unfit to be the wife of such a minister. Happily no one thought so but herself, and delightful indeed to the whole church was the day which witnessed, a few months after her marriage, the public dedication of herself to Christ and his people. Her heart most cordially embraced the truths of the Gospel; ardently did she love the revealed character of God, and constantly did she cherish the doctrines which humbled the sinner before God, and promoted holiness of heart and life. Whatever she could do to promote the prosperity of the church to which she belonged, or to extend the kingdom of Christ abroad, was most cheerfully accomplished.

What heart does not beat quicker in reading a passage like this, in a letter from Mr. Pearce to an intimate friend, but a few weeks before marriage:—"The last morning that I spent at Alcester, was the most pleasant by far. We entered on the useful subject of experimental heart-religion. I was joyfully satisfied that Miss H. was no stranger to it. That half-hour's converse added tenfold strength to the bands of my attachment, and sent me from Alcester, forgetting the pains of parting, in ardent gratitude to my heavenly Father." Nor is our interest lessened,—even though the event occurred sixty-three years ago, and the parties have long passed from earth,—as we read another line to the same friend:—"The occasion of my writing is a source of joy inexpressible to myself—a joy in which I know you will participate. I am no longer a bachelor. Your amiable friend permitted me to call her my own yesterday. One dwelling now contains us both, and Paul's Square contains that dwelling."

All who have read Mr. Pearce's Memoirs, must have been delighted with the letter he wrote to her when he was absent from home; in which may be seen how entirely as one with him in devotion and piety, he was assured she felt. Here is one short specimen:—"From a pew in the house of God, at Kettering, with my cup of joy running over, I address my beloved Sarah, by the hands of brother Simmons. Had it pleased Divine Providence to have permitted your accompanying me, my pleasures would have had no small addition; because I should have hoped that you would have been filled with similar consolation, and have received equal edification by the means of grace on which I have attended. Indeed, I never remember to have enjoyed a public meeting to such a high degree since I have been in the habit of attending upon them. Oh that I may return to you, and the church of God, in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ! I hope, my beloved, that you are not without the enjoyment of the sweetness and the supports of the blessed gospel. Oh that you may get and keep near to God, and in Him find infinitely more than you can possibly lose by your husband's absence! Mr. (Robert) Hall preached last evening from 1 Pet. i. 8. A most evangelical and experimental season! I was charmed and warmed. Oh that Jesus may go on to reveal himself to us as altogether lovely! I am unable to write more now. To-day I set off for Northampton, and preach there to-night. The Lord bless you."

My readers will remember, that in less than eight years after marriage, Mr. Pearce was removed by the hand of death. Consumption had long marked him for its victim, and October 10th, 1799, was his last day on earth. Standing by his bedside, Mrs. Pearce repeated:—

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

He repeated, with an inexpressible smile, the last words, "The conqueror's song!"

He said once, "Oh, my dear! What shall I do? But why do I

complain? He makes all my bed in my sickness." She then repeated the lines:—

‘ Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

“Yes,” he replied, “he can, he does, I feel it.”

The reader will not be surprised that eleven weeks after this sad event, Mrs. Pearce thus wrote to a lady Christian friend, at Bristol:—“In vain, alas! in vain, I seek him whose presence gave a zest to every enjoyment! I wander about the house as one bereft of her better half. I go into the study—I say to myself, ‘there is the chair he occupied, there are the books he read; but where, oh where is the *owner*?’ I come into the parlor—there my tenderest feelings are awakened by four fatherless children. The loss of him with whom I have been accustomed to go up to the house of God diminishes, ah, I may say too frequently *deprives* me of my enjoyment while there. *Ichabod, Ichabod*, seems written upon all my former pleasures! But let me no longer sadden you by dwelling upon a subject too interesting to my tender feelings ever to be forgotten by me. Nor would I arraign that all-wise and benevolent Being, who has a right to do what he will. No, my dear friend, I wish to love, adore, and praise, though I cannot discover his designs, or suppress painful feelings at his dispensations towards me. Oh that I may indeed ‘know him’ in all his ways, and feel my mind more immediately devoted to him, and resigned to his will! I desire to be thankful I have not been altogether without those consolations which true religion affords.”

The reader will have observed that Mrs. Pearce speaks in this letter of her *four* children. She had, indeed, *five*, but William, the eldest, afterwards an excellent missionary, had been taken into the family of a valued minister, who sustained him for many years. Death soon again visited the widow and fatherless.

THE WIFE OF SAMUEL PEARCE.

CHAPTER II.

OUR first paper relating to this admirable Christian lady, closed with an intimation that death, not long after Mr. Pearce's removal, again visited the mourning family. Mrs. Pearce shall herself furnish an account of the sad event, in a letter to her dear friend, the wife of the late Rev. F. Franklin, of Coventry. The reader will kindly remember that the writer was now from home, visiting her relatives, and that the letter was written just nine months after the death of her husband:—

“After an illness of a few days, it hath pleased the great Arbiter of life and death to bereave me of my dear little boy, aged one year and six months; and thus again to convince me of the uncertainty of all earthly joys; and bring to remembrance my past sorrows. He was in my fond eyes one of the fairest flowers human nature ever exhibited; but ah! he is dropt at an early period. Yet the hope of his being transplanted into a more congenial clime, there to re-bloom in everlasting vigor; and the reflection that if he had lived, he had unavoidably been exposed to innumerable temptations, from which, if my life were spared, I should yet be unable to guard him, make me still. Though I feel as a parent, and I hope as a Christian, yet I can resign him. Oh, could I feel but half the resignation respecting the loss of my beloved Pearce! But I cannot. Still bleeds the deep, deep wound; and a return to Birmingham is a return to the most poignant feelings. I *wish*, however, to resign him to the hand that gave, and that had an unquestionable right to take away. Be still then, every tumultuous passion, and know that he who hath inflicted these repeated strokes, is God; that God whom I desire to reverence under every painful dispensation, being persuaded that what I know not now, I shall know hereafter.’

Who can be surprised that feelings like these long continued? Five months after this she again writes to the same friend, and

though the letter is long, yet there is so much that will interest and instruct the reader, that I will transcribe it:

"My dear children gone to bed, a clean hearth, a cheerful fire, but a dejected mind,—what will have a greater tendency to dissipate that dejection than to converse awhile with my dear friend Mrs. F.? Yet she must prepare herself for Ezekiel's roll. You will not wonder at this, when I tell you, that within the last half hour I have been comparing my present evenings with those two years ago, when my beloved Pearce and myself were accustomed to sit together, and talk over the events of the past day, and look forward to the probable ones of the next; and when he would give the gentle caution where necessary, and direct me when in difficulty. But now, alas, a sad reverse succeeds! A solitary fire-place, and a necessity of acting alone; and whatever difficulties arise, there is no one to direct me. But God is just; and let me not repine, though I must needs *feel* the change.

'Why sinks my weak, desponding mind;
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind;
Am I not safe if God be nigh?'

"Oh yes, if he be nigh, I want no more. This storm, though violent, will be but short. A few more blasts, a few more sighs, and I hope to arrive where sighing, sinning, and parting from those we love, shall be done away. Oh glorious anticipation! 'Tis this, 'tis this supports thy friend while steering the tempestuous ocean of widowhood.

"I was glad to hear that your dear babe was nearly recovered. May you long enjoy it, and may it be an increasing comfort to you. But do not do as I did—love it too well to part with it with cheerfulness when God calls. Oh, that dear loved name, *Samuel*,—how many pangs has it since cost me! There is no SAMUEL PEARCE now! But why do I thus complain? Oh, my rebellious passions! Often do I exclaim,

'You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?'

"Since I saw you my heart has been rent with passions that are indescribable, and which I shudder to reflect upon. But let

me speak it with unfeigned gratitude; I have felt for this last week, a degree of resignation, to which, ever since I lost my beloved Pearce, I was before a stranger. From comparing my own insignificance with the greatness of the hand that has visited me, and who, though he smote me, as I fear, in wrath, yet hath remembered mercy, my spirit has bowed to his sovereign will. I have also felt that it is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed. I had said, by my thoughts and actions, 'Let all go: there is nothing worth keeping.' Why then was I not deprived of every comfort, seeing I made so light of what was left? To what a state should I have been reduced, had the Lord taken me at my word! But oh, cheering thought! He is a God full of compassion, who does not afflict willingly; and I believe I shall see, in the end, that all which has befallen me is for my profit!"

In 1794, during an absence from home, Mr. Pearce wrote to his wife in reference to one of his children:—"I long to know how our dear Louisa's pulse beats: I fear still feverish. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be infected with a mental fever on this account. Is she ill? It is right. Is she very ill dying? It is still right. Is she gone to join the heavenly choristers? It is all right, notwithstanding our repinings. Repinings! No; we will not repine." The dear child then recovered, but alas! not to attain to maturity. In April, 1801, Mrs. Pearce thus wrote to Mrs. Franklin:—"My dear Louisa is so ill, that I have many fears on her account. Oh, my dear friend, a prospect the most distant of another bereavement, involves my mind in gloom. Pray for us, that my heart may be fortified for the worst. She has been to me an interesting child; and my fond heart has been pleasing itself, that in a few years I should find in her a companion. Are you not astonished, that after so many disappointments, I should still be cleaving to creatures? Yet so it is. No sooner am I deprived of one comfort, than I grow insensibly to another,—till disappointed again of this, I am compelled to feel the vanity of all below. I want to have my will entirely absorbed in the will of my heavenly Father; and at times it is my most earnest prayer, that he would not remove his chastising hand till the end is accomplished for which it is laid upon me; and that he would give

me strength to endure his will. But surely I must be an untoward child to need such repeated and severe discipline. Pray for me."

But I fear I am extending this memoir beyond its due limits, and so will leave several letters untouched. An extract from one more, however, may be permitted. Its date was October 12, 1801, two years and two days after the death of her husband, and just at the period of proclaiming what was afterwards called the short peace between England and France, which was followed, soon after, by many years of sanguinary war:—"No doubt you have joined in the general joy occasioned by the sound of *peace*. Never did I experience such sensations as on last Saturday and Sabbath day. You may perhaps recollect that Saturday, October 10, is an ever memorable day to me. I do not know that ever I spent a day more devoted to sadness. My situation is retired—no friend came near me—every painful feeling was again recalled—I indulged it, and my whole heart took its fill of grief. You may suppose I was ill prepared for attending the service of the sanctuary next day; and for awhile I felt a desire of staying at home, but did not think it right to indulge it. At length I summoned resolution and went. While on the road, '*peace! peace!*' was sounded in my ears. Every eye beamed gladness; but my poor harp was hung upon the willows. Oh, how I wished to hide myself in a corner, where no eye could see me. I was, however, considerably relieved in the morning, from a sermon by Mr. Giles, of Dartmouth, on our light affliction, which is but for a moment, working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. My burden was in some measure removed."

Such was the general state of the mind of this estimable woman, who gradually, however, became more resigned to the afflictions she suffered. She found, as she said, that "time and reverence for the divine character does that for us which no human power can effect." Early in the month of May, 1804, she became somewhat ill; for eight or nine days, however, no apprehension of danger seems to have been entertained either on the part of herself or her friends. But on the 20th of that month, the fever increased to such a degree, as to induce delirium, which

continued till the 25th, when she gently passed to heaven to re-join her husband before the throne of God and the Lamb; where also she has since met nearly the whole of her family. She died in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

One or two sentences relating to her character shall close our sketch. She was remarkable for her warm Christian attachments, in which she was a fit companion for the devoted man who was a few years her husband. Nor was she less devoted to the house of her God; where, in all weathers, though she lived a mile from the meeting-house, and never enjoyed robust health, was she always found. But the most prominent feature of her character was love to the cause of God in connection with Missions. When her husband was seriously contemplating entrance on the Missionary field, she rejoiced his heart by saying, "I hope you will be no more uneasy on my account. For the last two or three days I have been more comfortable than ever in the thought of going. I have considered the steps you are pursuing to know the mind of God, and I think you cannot take more proper ones. When you consult the ministers, you should represent your obstacles as strongly as your inducements; and then, if they advise your going, though the parting from my friends will be almost insupportable, yet I will make myself as happy as I can, and God can make me happy anywhere." The Missionary field was never blessed with their labors, but as long as she lived, she was often able to write passages like this:—"I am just returned from hearing two more of our friends declare, before the church, what God hath done for their souls; and my dear Pearce was the instrument of bringing them out of darkness into marvellous light. Rejoice with me, that the seed so long sown, springs up. Gratitude excites a desire to praise my God, the gracious Giver of every mercy."

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

"THE graves of Harriet Newell and Mrs. Judson are hallowed as the shrines of saints, and their memory made a watchword among Christians; yet the Western Valley is full of green and nameless graves, where patient, long-enduring wives and mothers have laid down, worn out by the privations of as severe a missionary field, and 'no man knoweth their sepulchre.'"

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

IN the far away West, in the land of the stranger,
Where the wolf has its den, and the panther its lair,
Where the shout of the red man, the wild forest ranger,
Exulting in carnage, is borne on the air.

Where the car of the storm-king by whirlwinds is driven,
And is heard from afar the loud cataract's roar;
Where the pride of the forest by tempest is riven,
And the floods roll their tribute to old ocean's shore.

To this gloomy region of deep moral blindness,
A messenger, heaven-sent, wended his way,
Constrained by His love who, in mercy and kindness,
Came to light up our darkness with heaven's bright ray,

With him too was one who her friends had forsaken,
Who shared in his toils, wiped the tear from his eye,
Who whispered hope's cheer when his courage seemed shaken,
Spoke of faith's final conquest, of glory on high.

E'en the heart of the savage was tamed by her sweetness,
When she talked about heaven and a dear Saviour's love,
And, forgetful of earth, and time's gliding fleetness,
Sat enchained by an eloquence warmed from above.

The fallow ground broken, 'gan to spring Eden's flowers,
Where lately the thorn and the briar appeared,

And the song of Redemption to rise from wild bowers,
Where the song of the war-dance, and the revel was heard.

But to this happy circle came sorrow and anguish ;
For this herald of mercy, with disease was laid low,
On a bed of affliction, oh ! long did she languish,
And the tear of affection down her cheek oft did flow.

Her husband, her children, behind she was leaving,
For heaven, sweet heaven, her mansion above ;
And while for these loved ones, her bosom was heaving,
She gave them to God, and died, singing his love.

Far, far from the land of her fond recollection,
Her friends dropped the last tear of grief o'er her tomb ;
But in the great day of the saint's resurrection,
Bright convoys of angels will carry her home.

Inscribed on no marble, and unknown in story,
Are the deeds which thy "patient endurance" has done ;
But around thee shall blazon a halo of glory,—
When the warfare is ended, the battle is won.

ELPIS.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

I PASSED my childhood in an old-fashioned house, amply furnished with wide halls and staircases, but quite limited in those convenient resources so highly prized by house-keepers, good closets. But necessity leads to invention. To remedy the deficiency, and meet the wants of a growing family, my mother hung a large curtain across the remote extremity of the upper front hall, and thus provided a substitute.

She originally intended it should serve as a kind of wardrobe where clothing could be kept safe and secure from dust. But in a very short time the ever ready wit of childhood discovered that

behind the curtain was a very nice receptacle for various odd treasures; and accordingly, apples, books, nuts and toys were gradually insinuated, and slyly deposited at intervals, in the boxes and baskets and bundles stored away in this unique wardrobe, to the frequent annoyance of the maternal power. Soon, if anything was lost or mislaid by the young people, the question was asked, "Have you looked behind the curtain, you will find it there?" and the advice followed, was almost sure to be rewarded. The old curtain was continued in its useful office until I had outgrown my childhood, and I had seen the mourning garments which I had put on for my dear father and mother hung up behind its ample folds. I was young when they died; when the curtain of their life was dropped, and they were obscured from my earthly vision forever; but often in my thoughtful moods, as I gazed upon the old faded drapery, a crowd of reflections would force themselves upon my mind, until I seemed to behold in it no longer a simple, homely, but useful receptacle for domestic articles, but a type of the various ways in which things are concealed from human eyes.

Behind the curtain; the veil of the human soul. What strange mysterious workings are there, where no eye but God's can penetrate. Good deeds and evil are there conceived, checked, strengthened, destroyed, perfected, and brought forth in accordance with the desires of the will. Deeds truly noble and pure in their nature, and deeds also whose controlling motives, unseen, like the hidden wires of a puppet-show, behind the curtain, are selfish and unworthy. Too true it is man is not always what he seems, the veil of his spiritual nature shrouds his internal sense in an impenetrable fold, and only by that which is outward may we esteem or condemn. But saith the Scripture, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known;" the day will come when the great Searcher of the human hearts will lay bare the secrets of the soul and test its inmost workings by his written word.

Much, very much of life is artificial and assumed. Smiles hide tears, and the outward semblance of joy conceals grief, as bright gilding and tinsel hide often that which is mean and worthless. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." Could the veil of

many a gay and careless spirit be lifted, the eye would fall upon some secret grief or trouble, that like a consuming power would be preying upon the very strings of the harp that was delighting the ear with bursts of light-hearted music. But he who has the grace of God strengthening him inwardly, need never know the pangs of such internal conflict. The grace that is sufficient for us all in life's darkest day, will enable us to rise above the severest trials, and like the flow of a calm, deep river, the channels of the soul will be pervaded by a heavenly serenity.

But equally mysterious with the curtain that veils the human soul, is that which is lifted when we enter upon our earthly existence, and falls when the sands of life are spent, and the vital spark extinguished forever. The great curtain of life! behind which death ever stands, and stretches it across our pathway in the hour of his triumph. Loved ones vanish behind its dark folds and are seen no more. No voice comes back—no sound is heard, but oftentimes a bright light, as of some unseen glory, flashes upon us when mortality lifts the veil, and the freed spirit is borne heavenward by invisible hands.

But if death is behind the curtain of human life, heaven is there also. For the righteous, joy unspeakable and full of glory. There shall we find those who disappeared from our longing eyes, that, blinded with tears, vainly strove to pierce the darkness of death and the grave. There too shall we see the faces of angels, and above all, the precious countenance of Him on whom no earthly eye could look and live; and who once wore the crown of thorns and the martyr's robe, and bore the cross for our redemption. We shall see him as he is. Glorious thought! O, how the trifles, the cares, the troubles, the vanities of life, that so enchain us like enchanter's spells, dissolve, fade, and become powerless, when faith imparts to the soul one heavenly glimpse of those transcendent joys which shall be ours when the curtain of death divides us from the living, and we enter upon the true life of the soul.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S REWARD.

A FEELING of discouragement too often steals over the heart of the Christian mother, as she views the magnitude and importance of the work before her. Precious souls are entrusted to her care. How much depends on her instruction and influence! She remembers those encouraging words: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." But she looks around her, and she sees many children of pious parents swelling the ranks of the ungodly. She sees many whom she believes to have been early trained to walk in wisdom's ways, treading the path of the transgressor. Her heart sinks within her, and she exclaims—"Who is sufficient for these things?"

We might urge many considerations, drawn from God's holy word, to encourage, to strengthen, and to cheer. But the power of example has often proved more effectual to incite and encourage, than either precept or exhortation. We look "to them who by patient continuance in well doing" have obtained the reward; and as we gaze, we become fixed with holy emulation, and strive to imitate their bright example.

We offer the following brief sketch of the life and labors of a Christian mother, with the hope and the earnest prayer, that many a mother may be incited by her example to "go and do likewise."

Mrs. W. was the daughter of pious parents. She was early led to feel her need of the Saviour, and to put all her trust in Him. At the age of nine, she publicly professed her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and united with the people of God. Her subsequent life bore witness to the sincerity of the profession she had made, and to the ardor of her love to Christ and to His cause. Her memory is respected and cherished by all who came within the sphere of her influence. And who can estimate the power and extent of the influence exerted by an earnest, faithful Christian woman? But it is of her efforts at home—among her children—that we would now speak. Faithfully and perseveringly she trained her children in the ways of the Lord, and bright and glorious was her reward.

Before she was called to enter on her eternal rest, this devoted

mother had the unspeakable joy of seeing her nine children, and her beloved husband, members of the church of Christ, and rejoicing in a hope full of immortality.

What were the means which, by God's grace, led to this blessed result?

Earnest, unceasing prayer. She laid hold by faith on the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive;" and she asked of the Lord the conversion of those whom she so ardently loved. And this was not merely an occasional prayer, or an evanescent anxiety. The salvation of her children was, amid all the turmoil and cares of life, the chief object of her anxiety. She felt that this was "the one thing needful;" and continually her "heart's desire and her prayer to God" was, that her children might be saved. The children knew and felt this. They saw that their mother considered their eternal salvation as an object of the highest importance. And thus, even in childhood, their young minds became impressed with the reality of religion, and its superiority to every earthly blessing and every worldly attainment.

Religious instruction. This wise and pious mother embraced every suitable opportunity of impressing the minds of her children with religious truth. Her instructions were not confined merely to set and formal lessons. Every passing event—many an occurrence apparently trifling, was made a means of leading their youthful minds up to their Creator and their God. Her own heart was so deeply imbued with the love of Christ, and her desires for the salvation of her children were so ardent and intense, that it was often *impossible* for her to restrain the expression of these feelings. Her children saw and felt—(children are quick observers)—that she spoke to them of their eternal interest, not merely because she considered it her *duty* to do so, but because her heart was filled with such longing desires for their salvation that she could not keep silence. They saw that their mother felt that it was of infinite importance that they should have "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." They knew that it was the continual feeling of her heart that all earthly good was trifling, indeed, compared with this inestimable blessing. And how can children lightly esteem an object which they know and feel that their mother considers as of priceless value! Ah, do we not too often err, and err greatly, in this respect? Do we not by

our conduct and conversation, too often impress our children's minds with the conviction, that dress, or social position, or domestic cares and comforts, are of higher importance in our estimation than the vast concerns of eternity? And need we then be surprised if we see them following our example, rather than our precepts?

This faithful mother lived, as well as prayed, for her children's conversion. They often heard her prayers; they were the constant witnesses of her daily home-life. And the blessing of God descended, and this gentle, holy influence was made the means of leading these children of many prayers unto the cross of Christ.

Punctual attendance on the worship of God in the sanctuary. The return of each Lord's-day morning found this faithful mother busied in preparing herself and her children to appear in the house of God. No frivolous excuse, or fancied indisposition, was allowed to detain any member of the family at home. When the house of God was open for prayer and praise, and for the proclamation of the blessed truths of the Gospel, thither she went, and thither she conducted her children. Thus, under the guidance of this loving and judicious mother, the children early learnt to love the house of God, and to love and reverence His holy day. And the influence of their departed mother's example and precept yet remains. Three of that happy band of young Christians have been called away from earth, to join in the song of the redeemed above, and unite in the praises of the upper sanctuary. But those who yet continue here on earth, are found in their places in the house of God on each returning Lord's-day. No trifling excuse can ever detain them from the worship which their mother loved, and which she early taught them to love also.

And when the earnest desire of her heart was granted, and she was permitted to see one after another of her children repenting of sin and trusting in Christ our Saviour, she encouraged them to offer themselves to the church, and to make that public profession of religion which the Saviour has enjoined on all who truly believe on Him. She never would hold back a child on the plea of youth, from devoting himself publicly to the service of his Lord. The evidence of true conversion once obtained, she rejoiced with exceeding joy, and her encouraging language was, "Go forward, and may God's blessing go with thee, my child."

Her nine children all professed their faith in Christ in early

youth; two of them, like their mother, when only nine years of age. Often, now that years have passed away, do their thoughts revert to a mother's example, and a mother's prayers. Ardent and unceasing are their thanks to God who gave them "a praying mother;" and in the last great day they will "rise up and call her blessed."

M. F. A.

OH! GIVE ME BACK MY FLOWERS.

BY H. J. CROSS.

THE day was bright and lovely,
The air was soft and mild,
When by a streamlet lonely
Reclined a darling child.
Her lap was filled with roses,
Of every varied hue,
And all the mountain mosses,
Still wet with pearly dew.

Her gentle hands were twining
A wreath of buds and flowers,
While, on the bank reclining,
She passed her joyous hours;
And dreaming not how swiftly
The moments passed away,
Reclining there so sweetly,
She passed the sunny day.

Just as the sun was sinking
Below the distant hill,
She started from her dreaming,
To view the sparkling rill;
When one by one her flowers
She threw into the tide,
And, like her joyous hours,
Away she saw them glide.

The stream, so gently gliding,
Bore all the flowers along;
She heeded not their passing,
Until they all were gone.
"Oh! give me back my flowers,"
In accents strange and wild,
"Oh! give me back my flowers,"
Exclaimed the darling child.

THE PLATE AND BREAKFAST-CUP.

M. WHAT nations were famous for "pottery?"

Ion. I remember them, mamma. The *Egyptians, Greeks, Rom—no, Etruscans, Romans, Peruvians and Mexicans, and the Chinese.*

W. And I suppose that the *English* come next.

M. Yes—to-day we will talk of the English pottery; but you must understand that earthenware plates and cups have only lately been generally used in England. In the olden time *wooden* plates, (some of them curiously carved,) and bowls, and spoons, were used; pewter plates also were much used; even last month I saw in the kitchen of a farm, a bright row of pewter plates.

Ion. Well, they would not *break*, that is one good thing.

M. And as for cups—our ancestors' cups and jugs were made of horn and leather. I have seen many an old drinking-horn, and a *black-jack* made of leather for holding the beer.

W. And now we are going back to the old times again, for I have seen jugs, bowls, and cups made of *gutta percha*.

Ion. Yes; papa says that everything is to be made of *gutta percha* now. He bought baby a *gutta percha bib* yesterday, and a *gutta percha apron* for mamma.

W. They can't make *gutta percha meat*—that would be a failure.

M. Come, let us proceed with the lesson—"English earthenware."

Here is the map of England—the two counties we shall notice are this one, *Staffordshire*, and this one below it, *Worcestershire*. If you travel to the north of the first county until you reach this town, *Newcastle-under-Lyne*, you will then be at the beginning of a district ten miles long, called "the Staffordshire potteries." This district is divided into many villages or towns, such as *Bruslem, Etruria, and others*—but really the rows of houses are so near to each other that the towns seem to be all joined together, and they form one long street.

You would soon distinguish the manufactories from the dwelling-houses by "the large, lofty, dark-colored buildings, of a shape something like a sugar-loaf or a bee-hive." These buildings contain the kilns where the earthenware is baked—they are called *hovels*.

You would next notice, perhaps, the *Grand Trunk Canal*, opened about seventy years ago, for the purpose of conveying the goods to the two northern ports—*Hull* and *Liverpool*, but this was before the time of the railways. And again, you may observe on the banks of the canal, and around the buildings, 1st, Heaps of *flints*, which have been brought in barges from *Gravesend*, &c.; 2ndly, Clays and stones from *Dorsetshire*, *Devonshire*, and *Cornwall*; 3rdly, Coarser clay from another part of *Staffordshire*, to make baking cases for the earthenware; 4thly, *Plaster-of-Paris* to make moulds for the different shapes; and 5thly, Heaps of coals for the baking fires.

Now, let us see what is done with these things. The flints are taken to a kiln and burned until they are quite white; they then break more easily, and are taken to a flint mill, where they are broken into a coarse powder by a machine with heavy hammers, called stampers. The powdered flint is then mixed with water, and with some of the *Dorsetshire* clay. It is next ground in a number of mills, each of which grinds it finer than it was before, and strains it through a fine silk sieve. After a time the powdered flint and clay become so fine, that, with the water, they form a thick smooth paste like cream, which is called *slip*.

This slip is heated until the water evaporates, so that it becomes stiff again like dough. It is then passed on to the *throwing-room*, where men shape it into plates, cups, dishes, &c., upon a wheel called the "throwing wheel." You could not, by any description, well understand how quickly and well these men work; you must see them do it.

These articles, when made, are in a soft state; they are then called "*green ware*."

The green ware is placed in cases of the shape of a drum, and carried to "the biscuit kiln," where it is baked until it is very dry and crisp. It is then called "*biscuit ware*."

The biscuit ware must next be colored. Look, Willie, at your

blue plate. Plates could not be bought so cheap if each one had to be painted. See how much work there is on the surface.

W. How is it done, mamma?

M. It is taken to a woman who knows how to do it. In the next room to hers is a man printing patterns for blue plates on thin paper, from a copperplate press. Directly he has printed a pattern, she takes it from him, and turns it over with the printed surface on the plate. After fixing it on to the edge and middle of the plate, she takes a round-headed rubber and rubs it violently; then, as the "biscuit ware" is absorbent, the rubbing makes it absorb the wet ink from the paper.

The plate is then passed over to a younger girl, who dips it in cold water, rubs off the paper, and finds that the pattern on the paper has been *transferred* to the plate's surface.

After being sent to a kiln, for the oil to be dried out of the ink, the plate is then glazed with a preparation of salt, and is ready for use.

Ion. Ah, mamma, it would not be so useful without the glazing.

M. No, the plates could not be washed so well. The use of salt was discovered accidentally. A servant in the pottery neighborhood, who was boiling in an earthen pot some very strong brine for salting pork, happened to leave it on the fire for a few minutes. When she returned, she found that great part of it had boiled over the vessel, and covered it with a hard shining substance, which, when it was cold, she could not rub off; and a potter to whom it was shown immediately saw its great use.

At one time, only brown and coarse red earthenware was made at Staffordshire. The improvements which have been made are owing to the discovery of the use of flints, which was also accidental, and to the great skill of a gentleman named *Wedgwood*.

The finer kinds of earthenware are called *porcelain*, or *China* much of which is made at Worcester.

Pleasant Pages for Young People.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

I would not forget thee, my Saviour, my friend;
Whose mercy so often I prove,
But receive thy rebukes, and submissively bend,
To the chastening rod of thy love.

In all the afflictions thy mercy has sent,
Thy promise has still been redeemed;
And thy grace has prepared me for every event,
That, to sense, overwhelming has seemed.

Amid the loud tempest thy voice have I heard,
Saying—"Fear not, my presence is here,
Oh be not dismayed; for you I have cared,
In your sadness, and sorrow, and fear."

My idol is taken—in mercy I know—
That my love may all centre on Thee;
And though my heart bleeds, and fond hopes are laid low,
My Father, in all I can see.

How sweet are afflictions when thus they divide
Our hearts from the idols they love;
And raise our affections, that they may abide
On our Saviour and portion above.

PILGRIM

LOVE'S YEARNING.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"ARE they all here?"

"Yes, all but one, and she has just waked up from a nap—she will be down soon."

"Isn't it a beautiful sight?" exclaimed a fashionably dressed woman, sinking languidly into a seat—and smoothing the folds of her thick satin.

"Beautiful, but exceedingly sad," replied another, whose lip trembled, and in whose eyes stood unrestrained tears—"the little darlings are motherless."

"Yes, but how well they are provided for! Just look at that sweet little thing with the auburn curls. Isn't she pretty?"

Pretty she was, indeed; nay beautiful, with her little round limbs full of dimples—the short frock hanging archly over the plump ankles. A sight worth seeing was that band of motherless children. There was one they called Matty, with bright, crisp curls and dancing eyes—another who answered to the name of Lilly, with eyes as blue as heaven, and brow as fair as unstained snow. Some were plain and sickly, but most had the rosy glow—the smute unconscious, yet happy, of confiding infancy.

"Many years ago," said Mrs. Eastman, turning to the matron, "I promised a dear friend that in the event of her death—if she left daughters, they should be taken to my heart and home. She was unfortunate after that, I heard—though I lost sight of her—and died miserably poor. I traced her to this city, and here they tell me is her only child—a girl.

"The name?" asked the matron.

"A plain one—Mary Harson; her mother was beautiful," she added, running her eye along the group, and among the sparkling faces and curly heads.

"Bring Mary Harson down," said the matron to an assistant,

and Mrs. Eastman, startled from her composure, uttered an exclamation of surprise as the child entered.

She was a little odd figure, with large eyes almost preternaturally bright, thin in form, neither elastic in limb nor rosy of cheek. She came forward with painful timidity, and laid that small, shrunken hand in the gloved hand of the lady, holding it there as if it were not a part of herself—but something she was obliged to offer.

"She's a strange child," said the matron, reading the glance of her visitor, "but intelligent. Her great fault is her sensitive temperament; she never ceases mourning for her mother—that for so little a child is singular, you know—and she dead so long."

Mrs. Eastman had fully expected that one of the most beautiful of that little group was the child of her early friend. Much she was disappointed at the diminutive figure and plain features of this little stranger, and her looks showed her regret. She strove to master it, however, as she gazed at the downcast child—the weak frame so eager to shrink out of notice.

"Will you be my little girl?" she said.

The pale under lip quivered, and the diminutive thumb sought shelter in her mouth, while her eyes were cast towards the floor; but she answered not a word.

"Certainly you will like to go with this lady," said the matron, encouragingly—"you will love to live in a fine house, and have plenty of dolly babies, plenty to eat, and every body to love you. Say yes to the lady—she is going to be your mother."

That word broke the loosed fountain—a long drawn convulsive sigh, that must nearly have broken her little heart, dilated the child's whole figure—then the tears fell fast and copiously, and she sobbed so violently that Mrs. Eastman exclaimed, pettishly—"why, what a queer child it is"—at which the little one sobbed harder than ever—and the matron led her from the room.

* * * * *

"Tiney, my love, be quiet, and get your lesson—Christmas is coming, you know—and you must do your best. Mary, your eyes are constantly wandering—why *will* you not heed what I say? Are you dreaming?"

The little one started, cast a long, mournful look in the face bent above hers, and with a deep, oldish sigh, gathered her brows and resolutely applied herself to her book.

The parlor was beautiful, and well supplied with luxuries. The rich red of the coal glow brought out innumerable pictures of rosewood carving, and struck into vivid light the rare pictures on the walls. Tiney, a girl with bright black eyes, set in a roguish face, held in her hand a little silver pencil, with which, though her mother did not see her, she was making pictures on the margin of her books. She was the child of wealth—any one might have known that, for the garments folding over those polished limbs were of fine and dainty material. A rich necklace of coral with golden clasps circled her neck, and her little shoes, neatly laced, shone in a casing of the brightest kid. The little girl at her side was not a whit the less beautifully attired; but from her brow the innocent joys and loves, and sweet surprises of childhood seemed permanently banished. Even the rose-light of health looked only dimly through the transparent cheeks, and her large, sad eyes always made one think of something mournful. A chubby babe, almost ready for the nursery, laid quietly upon the lounge, drowsily playing with his blocks, and crowing in an undertone.

"How now"—that voice was all heart—"how long have you been dumb—all of you—come; I'm for a game—rouse up—look something like life"—and Mr. Eastman threw his great frame into an easy chair, holding out his arms for the now wide-awake baby.

"Tiney, do you know your lesson?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the child, hastily concealing the pencil she had made her plaything.

"And you, Mary?"

"No, mamma," timidly replied the more conscientious Mary.

"Then you must not expect to play," said Mrs. Eastman, sharper than was wont. "There, no crying—I'm tired of it."

"Don't be harsh to her," exclaimed Mr. Eastman, softly, "perhaps she isn't well."

"Then if she isn't well, she may go to bed," added the lady, impatiently; "but I know better, she is well—and she will be

well—and she will look like a funeral all the time, notwithstanding all I have done for her—I hate ingratitude.”

“Never mind, Molly, you’ll try harder to study to-morrow—won’t you?” But the child shrieked convulsively, as his kind voice touched her heart, and laying her head low on her hands, sobbed as she had not for many days.

A bitter look crossed Mrs. Eastman’s face. Just then a servant came in. “Take Miss Mary to her room—where she can stay till she feels better;” she said sternly, and her husband, who could think of no cause for such strange conduct, silently acquiesced.

“I shall dislike her by and by, I fear,” said the lady, half communing with herself, “I don’t see what it is—she has every comfort. I’m sure poor Mary, her mother, was one of the most amiable beings that ever lived. How little her child takes after her. She is forever weeping, notwithstanding all I can do. I’ve loaded her with toys, and anticipated all her wishes, yet she *will* be sad and miserable. I don’t understand it. I’m out of all patience.”

Ah! kind mother and gentle friend, you know not that little tender heart. You could not touch its quivering strings but to wake discordant notes. The spirit so sensitive, shrinking if a breath brushed it too harshly, needed at least something akin to a mother’s love. It yearned for the good-night kiss; for the arm placed involuntarily about the slight form; for the gentle pressure sometimes given when least expected. This, that little sensitive one longed for—in the far dark distance she looked back, remembering how it *had* been with her.

Tiney and Mary slept in two small, adjoining chambers. Twice, before bed-time did Mrs. Eastman send up to know if Mary could come to her supper; but the servant returned, saying she was still “in the sulks,” she called it—but she did not know. So the babe was laid sweetly sleeping in its cradle Tiney was carefully disrobed before the warm, shining fire—her snowy night dress put on—and kneeling, with her white hands raised, and clasped in those of her mother—her little body swaying to the measure of her good-night hymn, she happily prepared for slumber.

"O! dear, oh! dear, dear, dear," sobbed a small, childish voice, "will God please take me home to heaven?"

Mrs. Eastman paused in absolute astonishment before she entered Mary's room. The door was slightly ajar—the full moon laid lovingly over little Mary, its beams brightening the white objects about the bed, and making her, with her grieved, upturned face, clasped hands, and streaming eyes, seem like an angel sorrowing over some mortal's untimely sin.

"O! I am *so* lonely," sighed the little thing, still talking to her father in heaven—"this mother don't love me—I know she don't—she loves her own little girl, for she kisses her a great deal, and she *looks at her happy*; but, oh! dear God, she don't love me like her—please take me right to heaven."

Mrs. Eastman swallowed her emotion—pity swelled at her heart—she remembered how quick the rebuking word sprang forth at any of *her* faults—how often she called her "lazy little thing," because she turned dreamily away from her book—and how frequently she sent her to her slumbers without one word of praise, while she almost smothered her own child with caresses.

All this while the child was sobbing as she prayed—"don't let me cry so much, dear God, because, because they say I'm cross and wicked—oh, God! *do* let me think of my own dear mamma, without feeling so very bad—and don't let me think what nice times we used to have when little Willy was alive, and mamma used to smile on us so sweetly—oh! dear, good God, if I might only go to heaven with my dear mother, I never *could* want to cry again."

Mrs. Eastman hurried down stairs, and, going by herself, bitterly wept. She saw all her error, and how sorrowful she was making that young life. Drying her tears, after a prayer for guidance, she hastened up stairs. Little Mary had undressed, and with all a woman's precision, had laid her clothes carefully aside.

"Mary," said Mrs. Eastman, in a soft voice.

The child looked round, alarmed.

"Mary, sha'n't I hear your prayers, love?"

Not a word said the child; but with her great eyes wide open, she came slowly towards her foster-mother, and dropped on her

knees; nor did she take her wondering glance from that gentle face till she had repeated the last amen.

"Now kiss me, darling," said Mrs. Eastman, with trembling voice.

There was the pause of a moment—the child caught her breath—then flung her arms passionately about the neck of her mother, kissing her again and again. With a new impulse the foster-mother strained her to her bosom, and so held her, while the hot tears fell like rain down her cheeks.

"And do you think you can love me?" she murmured, disengaging herself from the rapturous embrace.

"O! yes, I *do* love you; I love you like my *own* dear mamma—oh! you never were so good to me before."

"And you will not cry so much, my darling, and make me sad."

"No, I will never cry, for I think my own mamma has come back from heaven—my *sorry* has all gone—how kind you are, mamma!" and the beautiful head reposed lovingly, and without rebuke, against the heart beating with such new and sweet tenderness; and when Mrs. Eastman again looked down, the child was sleeping, with an angelic happiness playing over her serene countenance.

From that time little Mary was like a new creature. It was *love* she yearned for; her tender nature, like the flower for the dew, pined for its sweet nourishment. Never more she wept without cause—never went alone to her Father, and in agony, cried—"dear God, please take me home to heaven."

I HAVE not wept for many a week—
 'Tis almost wrong to weep;
 But there's one fountain in my heart,
 Cold reason *cannot* keep!
 Sometimes a book unlocks the seal—
 Sometimes a cradle song—
 Sometimes a single tender tone
 Upon a mother's tongue.

Mary Irving.

HOME EDUCATION.

WHERE can our children be best educated? How can they be shielded from temptation? How escape the influences of evil associates, and be secure from imbibing bad habits, and wicked principles? These are questions which all judicious, affectionate parents are constantly revolving in their minds; and are objects, for the attainment of which they are ready to sacrifice themselves and all their possessions. They study every proposed plan, and resort to one expedient after another in the hope of attaining the desired end.

There are some parents who resolve that they will educate their children themselves at home. They have the qualifications and the means to do so; and what place can be better for the proper training and development of the mental and physical powers of a child than home? The parents can give just such instruction as they wish their children to receive; they can cultivate and prune the native propensities as they are developed, and give direction to each aspiration of heart and genius. They can choose for them just such amusements and recreations as they please, and say when and where they shall be enjoyed. They can indulge or restrain, caress or punish, just as their own judgments dictate ought to be done; as well as decide in respect to books and associates. Thus the whole physical, mental, and moral education can be under their control and guidance. Surrounded by such favorable circumstances, it hardly seems possible that there can be a loophole for error to insinuate a seed into the heart; or for a tainted vapor to breathe upon a single faculty of the mind. What plan more feasible can be devised for the right education of children than this? The harvest from such seed and such cultivation, certainly promises to be rich. "My child will be all I can desire," says the careful mother, as day after day she instructs, chides, guards and counsels. And does she realize her fond anticipations? In some instances she may.

This theory has its bright side full of hope and promise; and, carried into effect with some few children, who would be model children under any circumstances, it works well. But such children are few, and "their names," as a late writer says, "are almost always on grave stones." The mass of children, in order to be qualified to live and act their part in the world, must be educated with the world. If they are to be in sympathy with the world when they come into active life, their feelings must be educated for it in childhood. Their estimates of character—their principles—their habits of intercourse should commence (we had well nigh said,) with life, and should be made a part of their education as much as reading and writing: all, it is true, as far as possible under the eye and control of the parents. Every power and faculty which will be called into requisition in after life, to meet its high and important duties, should now receive their proper discipline and cultivation. If the little world of home—of father and mother, perhaps of brother and sister, of uncles and aunts, of grandfather and grandmother, and a few cousins, and fewer prejudiced friends, were to constitute all their future life-world, then by all means give them the home education; but the real world on whose stage they are soon to be ushered, will be divested of all these loving eyes, and forgiving hearts, and will subject them to an ordeal, to pass which will require the experimental preparation of all their previous years.

Says one mother, "I detest the school airs and school phrases which children acquire."

But, I ask, which will be likely to prove the most deleterious to your child, the school airs and school phrases which your own counsels and example can modify and overcome, or the contaminating words and manners which will come like an avalanche upon your inexperienced child, when it may be far removed from home, or you perhaps have ceased to speak? And, again, after all the care and pains-taking, the child that is unaccustomed to mingling with others, often appears, even in the eyes of its doating parents, less agreeable in behavior and disposition, than many who have seemingly had much fewer advantages. Children will assimilate in manners and words to those with whom they associate. Their childish intellects will put on the garb of

maturity, and their ways and expressions will be as much out of place, as if rigged in father's boots, with his hat and cane, or with mamma's long dress, and grandmother's cap and spectacles. The simplicity of childhood, and its unstudied language, almost entirely hidden under unnatural drapery. They may improve faster in some respects, if those premature developments can be called improvement; but it is not a symmetrical improvement of all the faculties, necessary to form a perfect character. They will become selfish, and regard every child that occasionally comes into their circle, as a marauder who will rob them of their privileges; or otherwise, in the exuberance of joy at the idea of a little foreign companionship, they will leap over all bounds, and be entirely unmanageable, to the great annoyance of all concerned, besides affecting seriously, not unfrequently, their nervous systems.

Then half the pleasure of childhood is lost, if the associations of school days are not formed. The sympathy of kindred minds is just as sweet in childhood as in maturer years. And there is an inspiration in the struggle together, to master the abs, and to show on the black board how many are four times twelve, which urges them on to the accomplishment of what would be to them a hard task when alone. Competition is just as necessary to success in the attainment of a good education, as it is to life in business. True, a person alone may pick up gold when it lies in his path; but if there is no one to dispute his right, or claim a share, he will soon become indolent and careless. So very few make any considerable proficiency in education, unless brought in contact with other minds which are laboring for the same result.

But, ask some, is it not our duty to shield our children from temptation, and keep them from evil influences, just as long as possible? Certainly, so far as is consistent for their good; but how are they to be prepared to resist the temptations and allurements of sin, if their power of resistance is not tested, until brought to some severe trial? Because the atmosphere often becomes the vehicle of infection for disease, do we exclude our children entirely from it, and expect they will become strong and vigorous? Because a child in its first attempts to walk is liable

to fall and injure itself, or will at least make very uncertain steps, do we keep it lying in the cradle, where its feet can have no chance for exercise in that direction, and expect that its muscles will grow strong, and that by-and-by, when its judgment is matured, and its ingenuity trained, it will walk of course? As well may we expect the oak to attain its giant growth, striking deep its roots in the earth, and assume its hardy nature, whereby it can resist the blasts of the wintry wind and the tornado, in a hot house, as to expect that children can be fully prepared in the nursery, to withstand the evil influences that must inevitably gather around them in every walk of mature life. How can they acquire wisdom and fortitude, to discharge well its duties, and bear its vicissitudes, while shielded by the cloistered walls of home from every chilling breath, and borne in loving arms to the very door that is to usher them into the public arena amidst its glaring blandishments, its appalling scenes, and its jargon of business?

We would not be understood as wishing to lessen the influence of home. No, rather, we would, if possible, increase its power; but we would not make it a juvenile hermitage. We would let it be as a harbor into which the frail vessels, when launched on the ocean of life, might run for shelter from storms—a place of refuge—a beacon light, ever burning, to warn of the reefs and quicksands—the storehouse of counsel and comfort.

Nor yet would we advocate in the least that indiscriminate association with others, which would only tend to make vice and loose habits familiar, without any just perceptions of their ruinous tendencies; but we would let the book of human nature, like that of science, be unfolded before them, under the vigilant eye of the parent, who can teach them to discriminate between its beauties and deformities, and point out its dangerous principles and intrigues.

It is often said that children learn error fast enough, therefore keep them from any knowledge of its existence until they are obliged to meet it. But would it be wise policy to send out troops to meet an enemy, of whose numbers, manner of warfare, and point of attack they are not informed? A case, in illustration of this idea came under our observation some years ago. An only son grew up and was educated, under the kind and genial influ-

ence of his pious mother and two older sisters. They resolved that he should be a model man. That his mind and heart should receive no taint from the out-door world. Every avenue at which bad principles or knowledge of any error might enter, was closely guarded. And while the pulpit and the Word of God gave him theoretical ideas of depravity, yet he knew nothing of its depths and secret workings. His few associates were carefully chosen, and his books inculcated, as they should, the purest morality and doctrine. He scarcely knew the name, much less the creed, of any denomination but the one in whose faith he was reared. He knew none of the arguments by which others sustained their belief, or the subterfuges to which error resorts to gain its conquests; and was, consequently, as ignorant of the strength and means of defence of his own position.

A change came over this happy family in their quiet village home, just as the brother was ripening into manhood; and he obtained a business situation in a city of his native state. He went there, to all appearance a model young man, with a cultivated mind, amiable disposition, graceful manners, and unsullied morality. His employer was an active business man, with a noble, generous heart, but a zealous leader in a church, which labored to strew the path of sin with flowers of paradise, and soothe the troubled conscience with hopes not founded on the Word of God.

The young man was bewildered by the show, the gayety, and the temptations which surrounded him; and entranced by the syren which whispered in his ears as he hesitated to put forth his hand to some forbidden fruit, "Thou shalt not surely die." He had never proved his armor, and knew little of its use, or value. The world in which he was an actor, was all new, entirely different from that in which he had been reared; and its novelties so charmed him, that he was led a willing captive to frivolity, sinful indulgence, and the delusions of Satan. And this no doubt tells the story of the fall and utter ruin of thousands of inexperienced youth.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.



HOME.

THERE is a magic in the name of home,
 A charm which ev'n the callous bosom knows,
 And oh, when from its precincts far we roam,
 How brightly each loved scene in memory glows.

When wandering in a scene of strife and cares,
 Mid those, alas, we may not deem our friends,
 How fair a form each scene of childhood bears—
 How warmly each dear distant object blends.

Sweet home! loved dwelling-place of peace and rest,
 When chill the blasts of scorn around us blow,
 To thee as hies the turtle to her nest,
 We speed, to taste thy joys of peaceful flow.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

THE DEMANDS OF THE AGE.

NEVER since the ascension of our Lord was there an age so fraught with thrilling and stirring events as the present, and never was there a generation on which were suspended such fearful responsibilities. Already, it would seem, the children are born which may fight the great and decisive battle of the Lord, giving victory to the Prince of Peace, or, to an earthly potentate whose tender mercies are the dungeon, the rack, and the screws. Already the iron may be preparing for the arms, and the highway being cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to return to Zion; or for the man of sin to march through with his legions and take possession of the world.

Who has not heard the distant roar of cannon and the rumbling of chariot wheels? We need no prophet's ken, to see the shadows which coming events are casting before us. We can see them lower and blacken on the brow of the future; and almost see the sabres flash in the sunlight. The jarring elements of earth, all seem verging towards a common centre. The scattered rays of light are coming to a focus. The myriads of earth are being marshaled. The enemy, like the savages of old, are lurking in our very midst, ready to be arrayed at a moment's warning. And are we prepared for the fearful onset? Do we understand the enemy's position and mode of warfare? Are the children now in process of education being prepared for it? Many no doubt are, whose parents clearly understand the signs of the time, and are nobly preparing themselves and their children for it. But many do not understand, and they and their children are being prepared only for the ranks of sin, and finally to be utterly destroyed.

Can an infidel race, educated without the Bible and without prayer, having no fear of God before their eyes, be the one to fight his battles and rout the enemy of all righteousness? Certainly not. It was faith in the God of Jacob, and lifting up hands to Him that nerved the sacramental host in the days of Joshua,

and gave them victory in the day of battle. In the strength of the Lord they destroyed, and drove out their enemies, and planted themselves in the land of Canaan. It was the same faith that led the puritan host in the time of Cromwell to the victories they achieved. Others it led to cross the mighty deep and buffet the stormy sea, to find a home in the waste howling wilderness of the new world. It strengthened them to endure cold, hunger, and fatigues; and gave them power over wild beasts and savage men. It nerved them to unequal contest with the father-land, and gave them victory in the doubtful strife. They trusted in God. They knew that he could save by many, or by few. Therefore, in his name they lifted up their standard, and took possession of the land, and a place among the nations of the earth: securing to themselves a habitation where they could worship their God, and none to molest or make them afraid.

Can a voluptuous, and consequently effeminate race perform these mighty achievements? A race nursed and dandled in the lap of ease and luxury, knowing nothing of toil, of effort, of self-denial and hardship, be good soldiers of the cross of Christ? No, no,—all such must fade away as a leaf, and wither in the chill of winter, or the scorching rays of the noonday sun. The generation that took the promised land were not of this class. They were not only taught the fear of God at the foot of Horeb, and from the lips of the great lawgiver, but their tiny feet were inured to tread in rough pathways, and press the burning sands of the arid desert. Their hands were taught to labor and disciplined to arms.

I need not speak of the Spartans, trained to hardiness and bravery under the rigor of the Grecian lawgiver, nor of the power it gave them as a people; nor of the hardy discipline of the Roman soldiery which made their nation mistress of the world; nor how the luxury of prosperity in after years made them weak; and being powerless to resist invasion, they fell into the hands of the Vandal hordes who rushed upon them like wild beasts of the forest, making their country, for a time, the scene of confusion, anarchy and blood: for the victories we are to gain are higher and more noble than Greece or Rome ever thought of, and to usher in a more glorious day.

Those in the early settlement of our own country, who had been reared in ease and affluence at home, soon fell victims to the hardships they had to encounter; and it was reserved for their children and those who had been differently trained, to do the deeds of noble daring. Such were the heroes of the revolution. With their own hands they had leveled the sturdy forest, and reared their humble dwellings. They had taken long and tedious marches through the wilderness against the numerous enemies that had invaded them. Their feet never pressed upon velvet carpets, but they brushed the dew from the greensward, and trod among the standing corn. Their bones and sinews were not made of costly and delicate viands, but of the coarse products of their own soil. In the sweat of their faces they gained it, and their daughters ate not the bread of idleness. They and their fathers were clothed in the fabrics their own hands had wrought, and not unfrequently had they to secure the crops, and reap down the fields, while their husbands and brothers had gone to the war. This was the generation that sent the lead like hail through the British legions, and drove them from our shores; and such, in iron strength, is the generation demanded for the coming conflict.

Can an ignorant and unenlightened race be the one to usher in the blessed age of light and love? Can they manage skillfully the great controversy, and establish the universal reign of peace? Certainly not. The generation to do this must be intelligent. They must have knowledge and mental discipline. They must know and realize what *it* is that does, and ever has truly exalted a nation, and what it is that debases it. They must understand the nature and fitness of things, be able at a glance to search into the hidden springs of thought and action. They must be rigid in analysis, and able at once to trace effect to cause and cause to effect. They must be mighty in the Scriptures, and learned in the history of the world. They must understand its geography, for the world has been the theatre of action in past ages, and is the field of their present and future labor.

They must understand thoroughly its philosophy and its mathematics: or how can they devise, construct and operate the vast and complicated machinery, necessary to carry forward these mighty enterprises. They must understand the language of the

world in all its parts and ramifications, for this is the vehicle of thought, and the grand medium through which the world of thought is to be addressed. Let it then be thoroughly understood.

Our fathers, in the days of their conflicts and their triumph, were not ignorant men. Their fathers had built their log school-houses by the side of their log-houses, and very early founded colleges. The children and youth went to school whenever they could be spared from necessary toil. They studied their lessons, read history and law by the light of pine knots, or the dim light of a burning fagot in the open fire-place; and then reflected upon what they had read, and analyzed and arranged their thoughts while following the plough, or chopping wood. This made them strong men, thinking men, and wise men. Their wives and daughters studied and read in the same way, and thought by their spinning-wheels. Their disciplined minds understood fully the bearing which action, even in small matters, might have upon their future destiny.

Such were the leading spirits in that age. They knew full well how to manage the controversy, and gain the victory. Such, too, and more, in wisdom and in knowledge must be the generation engaged in the coming strife with the powers of darkness.

The generation then which the exigency of the age demands, and which may soon be summoned to the field, is one of physical strength, intelligent—practical—full of faith and the Holy Ghost. And how is such a generation to be reared? This is the great—the fearful question.

S. S. G.

“Bear on! our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born to lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.”

A BIRD SONG.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

NEVER had a birdy small,
Half so dear a cage as I,
So I do not care at all,
With the rovers gay to fly.

Bob-o-links may follow free,
Southern wind and summer gleam;
Robins through the orchard tree;
Lazy hang-birds swing and dream.

Hummers 'mid the flowers and dew,
Their bright wings may spread or fold.
Larks go mounting to the blue,
On their dainty cars of gold.

But my darling cage is more,
Far more beautiful to me,
Fastened by a rosy door,
Sweet, I think, as sweet can be.

Not to waste another word,
Let me whisper, ere we part
I'm a little lady-bird,
And my cage, mamma's warm heart.

THE GRAMMAR OF LIFE.

BY E. F. TAYLOR.

"LONG time ago," some day this month—you and I should remember exactly—a man was born, whose name has been to the juvenile world "a household word;" sometimes a word of terror, but now, as I remember it, a word to *conjure* with; to wave up scenes and forms long faded and crumbled. LINDLEY MURRAY! Did you ever hear of him? And do you not remember his little book, that like another "little book," was "bitter," and *never* sweet at all? And don't you recollect how firmly it was bound, old Iron-sides that it was, and what was on the fly-leaf—John, or James, or David Somebody, "his book," and that Lochiel-like couplet:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows shall be your end."

And who printed it, "H. & E. Phinney," and the year, 18— and something?

Shut your eyes now, and you can see every page of that old Grammar: just where the noun began, and the "verb, to be," and Syntax, with its terrible code of twenty-two, exactly twenty-two rules.

And how like quarter horses, we plunged through the moods and tenses of the verb, "Love!" Who has forgotten, or who ever can forget, how it went, and we went? "I love, loved, have loved, had loved, shall or will love, shall have loved." On we darted, through the cans, and the coulds, and the mights, of the potential, and the mysterious contingencies of the subjunctive, till we rounded to on the trio of participles that brought up the rear of this marvelous cavalcade of deeds, probable and possible, present, past and future, in the great art and action of loving.

And then, when you came to prepositions, how they puzzled you—how they puzzled us all! Don't you remember the defini-

tion? Right hand page, four lines from the top, just before conjunctions, on the threshold of Syntax?

Thus it ran: "Prepositions are words used to connect words, and show the relation between them;" or, to give little Joe Miller's, or some other little fellow's version, "Pep'sition word used c'nect words show 'lation 'tween 'em." Showed "relation" did they? And *what* relation? Blood relation, or relation by marriage? And so we puzzled and pondered, and passed it over, and learned "the list," that went like a flock of sheep over a wall, "of, to, for, by, with, in."

And who has forgotten those queer contrivances of conjunctions, that connected and *didn't* connect; and what a god-send the interjection was, in the midst of the fog, with oh! ah! and alas! Often had we employed it; we understood, felt, appreciated it.

Then the wonderful process they called "Parsing"—wonder if they do it yet; when we used to take couplets from the prince of English rhyme, and, a row of little cannibals that we were, there we stood, beneath the unwinking optics of our teacher, and "transposed," *alias* mutilated, "paraphrased," *alias* butchered, and every thing but devoured, his immortal lines!

Do you not recollect how we disposed of

"In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right?"

After much science and little sense, the light used to burst upon our bedazzled intellects, about once a winter, that Pope meant to say, and *did* say, "whatever is right, *is* right!" Do they dream in the grave? Does the bard sleep peaceful yet?

And where's the boy that sat next in the grammar class? And the bright-eyed girl, that used to whisper the answer so softly to us, and save our juvenile palms many an acquaintance with the oaken ferule—where is she? Does she whisper hope and happiness to any body still? Are her eyes as bright and her steps as light as of old? Or has Death, that great bailiff, closed her eyes and set a seal upon her lips? Who knows? Who can tell?

And the old schoolmaster, gray, "as long ago as we can remember"—gray before that—does he teach Grammar still? Is his step as firm, and his eye as steel-like gray as it was wont to be then?

And the ancient schoolma'am, old Miss E., who lived in the yellow house next to the village green, and taught us spelling and etymology; *she* too is conjured up by the spell of "Old Murray," and we see her looking over those spectacles, as she used to do when she meant to be "awful." One day she "put out" celibacy, and though 'twas the name of her lonely state—poor old lady!—that circumstance didn't let her into the pronunciation, and "sillybossy," for so she gave it, threw the class into convulsions. Great was her wrath on that memorable day. Two of us were imprisoned beneath the stairs; two were sentenced to stand upon one foot, one held in extended hand Walker's Dictionary—decidedly a *great* work was that dictionary; and a lad who was desperately "afraid of the girls," was set between a bouncing brace of them.

But it wouldn't do. "Sillybossy" wouldn't down, and smothered sounds, chokings, outright laughter, broke forth from every corner, around the perplexed and angry schoolma'am. Years have fled; the tenant of the old yellow house is doubtless borne away, and "the places that once knew her, shall know her no more for ever."

So much for "old Murray," and the memories it has awakened; and beautified by time, I can almost wish myself back again, in the midst of the days when Murray was a terror, and his pages a mystery.

But why didn't "the master" hint, sometime, that we should *never* be done with the tenses until we were done with time? That the world is full of them? That the world is made of them? That, for the sturdy, iron present tense, full of facts and figures, knocks and knowledge, we must look among the men in middle-life—the diggers and workers of the world; the men who, of all others, have discovered, for the very first time, at forty or forty-five, that the present tense is *now*; that in the shop, the store, the warehouse, the field—on docks and decks, the real, living present, reigns supreme? That, for the bright, golden, joyous future—full of the tones of silver bells and beating hearts, merry tongues and merry feet, you must look in our swarming schools, peep beneath little soft blankets, in cradles at firesides, or examine small bundles of white dimity? That we should find the future astride of the rocking-horse; lullabying

a wax baby; flying kites, trundling hoops, or blowing penny-whistles? Why didn't he tell us—or did he leave that for the poets?—that they who wear the silver livery of Time; that linger tremblingly amid the din and jar of life; whose voices, like a failing fountain, are not musical as of old; that *they* are the melancholy past?

Why didn't he teach us—or did he leave that for the preachers?—that “cold obstruction” claims *all* times for its own: glowing action, the present; hope, the future; and memory, the past?

“One pluperfect!” Ah! we have had that to *unlearn* since. “One future!” Who does not thank God, that, in this world of ours, there are a myriad?

“I shall be,” and “I might have been!” The former the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells; fresh as

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn;”

the latter, the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb. The one trembles upon thin, pale lips, parched with “life's fitful fever;” the other swells from strong young hearts, to lips rounded and dewy, with the sweetness of hope and the fulness of strength. The one is timed by a heart that flutters, intermits, flutters and wears out; while that of the other beats right on, in the bold, stern march of life.

“I shall be,” and “I might have been!” What toil and trouble, time and tears, are recorded in those little words—the very *stenography* of life. How like a bugle-call is that “I shall be,” from a young soul, strong in prophecy! “I shall be—great, honored, affluent, good.”

“I shall be,” whispers the glad girl to herself, as with one foot upon the threshold of womanhood, she catches the breath from the summer-fields of life, “I shall be—*loved* by-and-by!” That is *her* aspiration; for to be loved is to be happy.

“I shall be,” says the struggling boy, “I shall be the possessor of a little home of my own, and a little wife, some day, and the home shall be “*ours*,” and the wife shall be *mine*, and then—and then——” Who can fill out those “thens?” Who, but the painter that has dipped his pen in sunset? Who, but the poet

whose lips have been touched with a coal fresh from the altar of inspiration?

"I shall be—victorious yet," murmurs the man in the middle watch, who had been battling with foes till night fell, and is praying, like the Greek, for dawn again, that "he may see to fight."

"I shall be," faintly breathes the languishing upon her couch of pain—"I shall be better to-morrow, or to-morrow;" and she lives on, because she hopes on, and she grows strong with the "shall be" she has uttered.

And the strong man armed, who has "fought the good fight," and has "kept the faith," when they that sustained his extended hands through the battle are departing, and no Joshua to bid the declining sun "stand still," as he looks beyond the rugged hills of the world, and sees a window opened in heaven, and a wounded hand put forth in welcome, lays aside the armor he has worn so long and well, and going down into the dark river, he utters, with a hope glorified to faith, "I shall be over the Jordan to-morrow!"

Before the memory has a tomb in it—before it becomes the cemetery, the "Greenwood" of the soul—"I shall be" is beautiful as an old ballad. When graves are digged therein, and willows are planted, and hopes are buried, and no light breaks out of the cloud, then "I shall be" is as grand as an old pæan. When

The battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling, dying,

Then "I shall be" is as sublime as an old prophecy!

But there is another tense in this Grammar of Life it were well to remember; the sparkling moment that dances out from the ripening hours, like golden grain, beneath the flails of Time, as we write, and even as we write, is gathered into the great garner of the Past.

There is an injunction it were well to remember:

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present—
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

From "January and June."

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

Written after Receiving a Visit from a Long Absent Brother.

WE have met and we have parted;
Joy, by tears is chased away,—
Golden hours, too soon departed,
Oh, how transient pleasure's away!

I have lived my childhood over,
Chased the butterflies again;
Been with thee a happy rover,
On the mountain and the plain.

I have pillow'd on my bosom,
Joyfully thy infant head;
Plucked again the fragrant blossom
To adorn thy sleeping bed.

Childhood's happy hours sped sweetly,
Youth's bright days were quickly passed,—
Manhood's prime is passing fleetly,
We shall reach the goal at last.

Sorrow's blight has crushed our ardor;
Sad afflictions wrung the heart;
Buds have opened in love's arbor,
But to cheer us and depart.

Ah, my dear and much loved brother,
Earth is not our place of rest;
Glorious hope points to another—
'Tis the mansions of the blest.

Oh, that we may clasp each other,
On those verdant hills above;
When earth's parting scenes are over,
Filled with holier, sweeter love.

THE FATAL CHOICE.

BY A PASTOR'S WIFE.

SOME years since, while accompanying my husband on a round of pastoral visits, I first became acquainted with the beautiful Mrs. Temple. She welcomed us with great cordiality to her home, and conversed with much interest upon general topics, but when the subject of personal religion was introduced, we found with sorrow that "God was not in all her thoughts." It was a time of more than usual religious interest in the place, but she was even then wasting her precious time, taking lessons in dancing. She was earnestly and affectionately entreated to consider the danger of the course she was pursuing, but her reply was—"Oh, I cannot convert my own soul,—*God* must do the work, and He can do it as easily in the dancing hall as in the prayer-meeting; and you know He *did* do so in the case of Mrs. S.," (referring to a lady in the village, who, while engaged in the dance, was convinced of her folly, and led to humble herself at the Saviour's feet.) "She did not seek the Lord," continued Mrs. Temple, "but the Lord sought *her*, and converted her soul. *This* is the religion I wish for, and I am willing to wait God's time." She said this with a determined air, which plainly indicated that she wished to have no further conversation on the subject. As we left the house, my husband said with a tone of sadness—"The spirit is striving with that heart; poor deluded creature—this may be her last call."

The work of grace went on—some even from the dancing-school were led to forsake all for Christ; but the heart of poor Mrs. T. arose in opposition, and the light jest, and bitter sarcasm were often her replies to the faithful warning of friends.

One pleasant morning in spring, we gathered around the baptismal waters; and while many a Christian wept for joy as a band of young disciples followed the footsteps of the blessed Saviour, the unhappy Mrs. Temple said to one near her, in a scornful

manner—"these are not the Lord's converts, but Mr. ——'s," (referring to him who was then performing the sacred rite.)

A year had not passed away, before we again visited the subject of this sketch, but under what different circumstances! Within a darkly curtained room, pale and emaciated, lay the once blooming Helen Temple. Scarcely had she been permitted to clasp with all a mother's tenderness her first-born to her bosom, ere the hand of disease was laid heavily upon her, and the angel of death seemed ready to summon her away from earth. She eagerly seized the hand of her pastor, as he seated himself by her bedside, and exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. ——, I turned from your kind invitations and warnings while in health, and scorned the religion of Jesus—now I must die without it; I have sinned away the day of grace; there is no hope for me." Deep grief was depicted upon her countenance, as she uttered these expressions of bitter self-condemnation.

Her pastor endeavored to soothe her excited feelings, and said in a quiet tone—"It is true, Mrs. Temple, too true, that you have despised and rejected your *best friend*, but you need not despair. If you sincerely repent of your sins, the arms of forgiving love are even now extended to receive you." "Oh, no," she said, interrupting him; "God will not forgive me, for I cannot repent. My judgment is convinced, but my heart is like the flinty rock,—I cannot feel. I know I am a sinner, and I knew it," she continued with deep solemnity of manner—"I knew it the last winter, when God was in this place by His Holy Spirit. I was convinced of my sin,—but I would not repent. You and other faithful friends warned me of my danger, but I closed my ears—hardened my heart, and drowned my feelings in the excitement of the dance. Now the day of grace has forever fled."

Overcome by the intensity of her emotions, she sank back exhausted, upon her pillow, and after entreating her to look to the Saviour as her only hope, we again with saddened feelings took leave of our friend. Within a few days my husband was summoned to the dying bed of Mrs. Temple. A serious indisposition prevented him from complying with the request; and I took his place beside the sufferer. As I clasped her hand within my own, I wept. "Oh, that I could weep," she said, in feeble

accents, "but my heart is stone." I spoke to her of the tenderness of the *sinner's friend*, and begged her to lay hold of the precious promises in the Word of God. I read to her some of the Saviour's own words of consolation to the humble, contrite soul. She listened earnestly for a while, and then exclaimed, "This does not apply to me—I am not an humble, contrite soul, I am only fearful of dying in my sins." "God knows the heart," I commenced to say; "Yes," interrupted she—and never shall I forget the expression of her countenance, as with eyes and hands raised upward, she went on,—“Yes, God's all-searching eye is looking directly into my heart, and He sees that I wish to be reconciled to Him *now*, only because I fear to meet Him at the judgment unprepared; but if I knew that I should *live*, I could not give up the pleasures of the world.”

My spirit sunk within me at these words,—I feared she had been given over to hardness of heart; and thus she died. No cheering ray of hope penetrated her gloom—her light went out in darkness—a warning to those who trifle with the Spirit's gentle influences,—reject the kind admonitions of Christian friends, and choose the way that leadeth to the chambers of death.

EVENING.

How admirably is this portion of time adapted to contemplation. When the cares and labors of the day are over, and the sable mantle of night is thrown around the earth, all nature is hushed to rest; it is then we call to mind scenes of pleasure which we have enjoyed, or of pain which we have experienced. And how often in the lone hour of evening, do our thoughts wander back to the days of our childhood, and perchance to the old school-house where we had many a hard task to perform, and to the social gatherings, which seemed like so many bright spots in our pathway. But O, how soon the scene is changed, some that were active and gay, have been laid beneath the clods of the valley, and the wintry winds sigh a requiem over the graves of those

"But, Jesus, when on earth, loved poor, sorrowing woman, and—

"Did He?" questioned the Kadan.

"Yes; and what do you think He said to them?"

"We don't know—we never heard of Him before."

Here I tried to tell them of those "mansions," which Jesus said he was going to prepare; adding that their little children were undoubtedly up in those beautiful rooms, waiting for them.

"Our children up in beautiful rooms? Do you think they are?"

"Yes."

"With whom?—what's the name?" and here they tried to pronounce the new name of Christ, but made it sound so oddly, that they all burst out laughing.

"Yes, yes," trying to reassure them, "that's right, *Yashoo-Kraik*; and he has promised something to all who become his followers."

"What? What is't?"

"He says he'll wipe away all their tears."

"Does He? Can he, if we cry very much?" smiling.

"Yes; and that's not all."

"What more? Do tell, for we never heard of such a man before.—What's the name?"

"*Yashoo-Kraik*."

"*Ya, ya, Yashoo-Kraik, Yashoo-Kraik*;" and all repeated the name, trying to learn it.

"*Yashoo-Kraik* says he will give you something better than rings or dresses, better than children or husbands;" explaining to them their own sinful state, and need of a Saviour.

"*Ya, ya*, we are all sinners—great sinners; we get angry, we fret, we repine, we talk bad, and we do bad."

"Yes, at such times *Naht-so* (the evil spirit) comes to the verandah of your hearts, and says, 'May I come in?' '*Hoga*,' you say, and in he comes, and begins to blow and blow, until he has filled your hearts with anger and wretchedness."

"True! True!" all responded, with interest, "but *Naht-so* is *tai-sothe*, (very bad,) and will come in."

"Hear this," spoke up a young Karen disciple, near us, who had been for some minutes turning his Karen Testament.

"What is it, Mounge?" questions the Sahya-kadan.

"Hear this;" and he read to them the 4th of Luke, how the devils at Christ's command came out of many, crying out that he was the Son of God; adding that Christ had conquered all the Nahts more than a thousand years ago, and exhorted them to believe in Him.

"We do believe," exclaimed several voices at once, "and hereafter we'll worship Jesus Christ."

"Do you say true? Will you surely worship God's Son?"

"Hoga."

And so we dismissed them, they saying, "We'll come, and hear more to-morrow."

The next morning they did come again, filling our room full, and more than full. So I began by inquiring if they remembered what was said to them the day before. Some few tried to tell, but the most they could say was, that we must worship one Jesus Christ.

"But who is Jesus Christ?" inquired a very sensible looking woman, who was not in the day before. "Where can I find him? Is he in Maulmain, or in Bengala? Where did he die? Will he ever come again?" she continued eagerly, and when satisfied on these points, "Why," she exclaimed, "have I never heard this before? I believe in this Jesus Christ. My heart seems to light up a little."

"And mine, too," joined in the lady of one of the chiefs. "How is this?" she continued. "You see me an old woman. I began to look for Areemataya when so high," pointing to a child some seven or eight years old. "I have been looking ever since, and haven't found him yet. It is of no use to look any longer. I'll worship Jesus Christ."

This woman's case was particularly interesting. She was so eager to learn of Christ, it was not enough for her to sit in the circle, but she bent forward as far as possible amidst the crowd, as if she would devour every word; and when the company retired, still there she sat, as party after party came and went, until nearly night. Several times her children had come and called her, but she would reply:

"Let me alone. I must hear. I am old. What is this world to me?"

HE IS YOUR BROTHER.

HAS he fallen in an evil hour? Has the Tempter gained the victory, and the young and hopeful one yielded to his power? Suppose he has.—He is your brother. Do you not remember, long years ago, when you were a child, how faithfully he shielded you from the dangers which lurked around your pathway—how like a guardian angel he protected you, while hand in hand you wandered through the forest, or plucked bright flowers in the meadow? Who led you to and from school, and carried your satchel? Who was ever ready to share your little trials, and plead your cause when you were in disgrace? This very brother—was it not? Then turn not your back upon him now. Upbraid him not; but take him kindly by the hand—whisper gently in his ear the words of love and affection;—tell him how he may return to the path of virtue;—encourage him by your smile, your sympathy, and example. Gain his confidence—get at his heart, and lead him back to hope and happiness. Who can tell the mighty influence of a sister's love?

He is your brother.—Yes, that boy sitting over his lessons, is your brother. Tired, discouraged, and almost ready to give up in despair. Go to him, sit down by his side—assist him in his perplexities—help him out of his difficulties. It may be a few words of explanation from you, will lead him through the whole lesson, and for pay, he will give you smiles and blessings, which will more than compensate you for the assistance rendered, and you will feel that it is infinitely “more blessed to give than to receive.”

He is your brother.—Could you follow him through the mazes of business for one day, you would not wonder that he came home crushed and overwhelmed with care and anxiety—you would not wonder that he seemed wrapped in his own thoughts, and scarcely noticed what was passing—that he had little interest in the social gathering, or the circle of gayety. He is your brother, and perchance is toiling for *you*. Then strive to make home a place of rest for him. Be careful not to intrude; and

yet if possible, divert him from his business perplexities. Make your plans through the day have reference to his comfort and happiness; prove to him by your self-denial and consideration that you appreciate his toilsome days, and that you desire to do all in your power to make his evenings cheerful and happy.

He is your brother.—How his eyes follow you, and his ears listen to catch the sound of your voice or footstep. Ah, could you look far down in the deep recesses of his heart, and know the unutterable love he bears you, you would never weary of his complainings, as you sometimes call them. Leave him not, he will need your care but a little while; that pale cheek and marble brow, will soon lie cold and silent in the fresh earth, and the green turf will cover his dreamless bed! Be gentle to the lovely invalid, soothe his feverish brow with the kiss of affection—bathe his throbbing temples with the dew of a sister's love—talk to him, read to him, sing to him,—oh! he will bless you a thousand times, though he may not be able to tell you so;—you can read his thanks in his dewy eyes, as they look so earnestly into yours; and long after those eyes are closed in the sleep that “knows no waking,” and that feeble voice is hushed forever upon earth, will the sweet memory of his love send forth its fragrance into your lonely bosom.

He is your brother.—Does he weary your patience and cause the tears of sorrow to flow afresh? Do you sometimes feel that the care of such a child is too great for one like you? Stop a moment, hear the voice of your dying mother; “My daughter! I leave my choicest earthly treasure with you. Take care of your *little brother*.” Did you promise?—Then be faithful, be true,—he is your brother, and upon you in a great measure depends his future character. Shelter him with your sisterly devotion from blasts of worldly influence—make him feel that he has a warm place in your heart, a bosom that is ever ready to sympathize in his boyish griefs, an adviser on every subject, and when years have passed away, and the tender plant shall have become as the “green bay tree,” you will bless God that you were permitted to watch over the early life of such a brother.

A. L.

THE MISSIONARY MARTYR.

Suggested by reading the Memoir of Mrs. Eliza Grew Jones.

BY C. H. M.

BRAVE woman, thine it was to bear the word
Of life to pagan lands afar! In days
Of girlhood, faint thoughts of holy heaven
Thy soul oft visited, like sweetest strains
From angel's harp. With maiden years, and mind
Of rarest gifts, thou mad'st a firm resolve
To give thy life to Christ alone, and bear
His sacred cross. Thy matron prime was given
To mission toil, in foreign climes; and though
Nor stake, nor rack, brought thee a cruel doom,
Thine was a martyr's death!

With ivory brow,
Where sits bright thought enthroned, and gentle eye
Downcast in studious mood, we see a gifted girl
Intently bending o'er the classic page.
Not in a summer's noontide breathless calm
Does placid lake reflect the mottled sky,
With varying light and shades, more perfectly
Than her fair features the studied spirit
Of Grecian lore, or Hebrew text within
The book of inspiration. Reading, thus,
Of crime with purple dagger drawn, a frown
Obscures her brow; at pageantry of pride,
Her lip with scorn is curled; where scenes of peace
Smile blooming in the sunny light of love,
Her features are the mirror; dewy tears
Brim o'er the lid, in sympathy for woe.
Thus taught, her pious heart intently yearns
For perfect consecration. Her free mind
Disdains to droop its stainless snowy wing
Beneath its native skies. Above the world,
Through boundless space it soars, till, bathed in light,

It nears the eternal gates of heav'n : thence views
 The earth, dim rolling through the burning stars,
 And sees, diminished to a mimic show,
 Its pompous vanity. Its beauty gone—
 Its pride laid low in dust—its worshiped shrines
 With ashes strewn, it seems a loathsome corpse,
 Enshrouded in a dusky pall of sin,
 And hearsed in tenfold blacker doom, or borne
 Six thousand years unto a fiery grave !
 With thoughts like these, her fervent spirit thrills
 Like harmony in music. *Christian faith*
 Now fires her soul to bravely act a part,
 In the world's redemption.

Her spirit grew
 In superhuman strength. From home, at length,
 With all its joyous scenes, and cherished ones
 In holy love enshrined, her pious heart,
 Bleeding for those who never hear of Christ,
 Itself exiled : she sailed o'er broad, deep seas,
 To Siam's burning strand.

Aslant the beams
 Of rising sun fall on pagoda'd heights,
 And pilgrims flocking to an idol shrine
 With num'rous off'rings: there a tawny priest,
 In yellow robe, performs some pagan rites,
 And every devotee kneels gloomily
 Before a graven image ; and the sun,
 As though also a worshiper, slow creeps
 Adown the marble spire, and fretted dome
 Of gold, and gilds the altar's snowy wreath
 Of incense with his homage rays. Lo! now,
 Among the dusky throng, appears a form
 Almost angelic: in her gentle eye
 Soft bliss swims solemnly, her mien is kind,
 And Christian armor glitters on her limbs.
 A group around her gather. She, of Christ,
 And life through faith in Him, speaks touchingly.
 Though in the fetters of a foreign tongue,
 Her speech is made with plainness. On their minds,
 Like northern lights quick streaming o'er the vault
 Of midnight sky, break bright'ning thoughts of heav'n,
 And true salvation.

Sweet's the dew that falls
 Upon the lily's silver bell—full glorious

The starry host at night—sublime the roar
Of ocean surge, fierce tempest dashed against
A rocky coast; but sweeter, stronger far,
More glorious, and more sublime the love
Of her, who, consecrating all to Christ,
Through eight long years toil'd in a pagan land,
And very life itself thus sacrificed,
To bear to sinful souls the Word of God,
And life eternal. Blessed woman, she has,
Trampling beneath her feet all worldly things
As steps upleading, to her heav'nly home
Gloriously ascended! No proud tomb
With monumental shaft, or storied urn,
May mark her lonely grave 'neath Asia's sun;
Gold ne'er did float its treasures to her feet,
Nor chaplet, woven of immortal bloom,
May wreath with fame her memory. Yet more
Than pomp, or wealth, or fame is her high boon;
For her angelic brow a crown shall wear,
All gemmed, like stars ineffable, with souls
As her reward.

THE LITTLE BEAVER.

THE instinct of the beaver approaches the bounds of reason. Their dexterity in constructing habitations, and rearing mounds to repel the watery element, surpasses that of all other animals. A gentleman who resided where they abound wished to ascertain whether this was inherent, or the effect of imitation. He took, therefore, to his house, an infant beaver, ere its eyes were opened. It was an inmate of his kitchen, where one day, from a leaky pail, a small stream of water oozed upon the floor. Out ran the little beaver, and collected sticks and clay, with which it built a dam to stop the passage of the tiny brook.

Olive Leaves.



DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BRIGHT dreams they are, yet who would disturb them? Who would break the short sleep in which young hearts are gathering strength for life's weary day, by the clangor of its coming cares? Who would lift his hand to bring a shadow across that opening vista, so fair and beautiful? Who would stay that bubbling fountain, or turn its waters to bitterness? You who have drank the cup of earth's sorrows and disappointments to its very dregs, would you have these dreamy days of youth substracted from your sum of life? Would you not fain at times dream them again, to give some tints of light to the dark picture with which your eye now wearies? Ah! the dark shadows come soon enough. Cankering cares, and the blights of disappointed hope settle full soon enough on the fair scene, when the bright fountain becomes bitterness to the taste.

Life is joyous, and it is given us in a world full of beauty; then

why not enjoy both? Why not rejoice in the bliss of the one before it becomes earth-fettered, and crippled by infirmity; and revel amid the charms of the other, as they glitter in the firmament, and smile in varied hues and forms on every side, perfect from the Creator's hand. Yes, let childhood and youth be happy in their buoyant natures, their gushing affections, and light hearts; and as you participate in their joy, point them to a scene fairer, to pleasures more satisfying, to joys enduring, at the right hand of Him who garnished the Heavens, who fashioned their curious frames, and attuned their powers to such relish for happiness.

Life's morning—life's spring-time is bright, it is the only vestige left since the fall, of the wreck of guileless innocence and human happiness. It is the type of *restored* innocence, and eternal beauty, which will clothe those who are born into the image of God, and who, from the depths of sorrow, and the infirmities of flesh, shall burst the bands of death, and flourish in immortal youth.

As we write, our eye rests on that inimitable picture of human life, "The Weaver," written by the late Mrs. E. C. Judson, and though it presents all the dark shades which sorrow throws over our lagging day-dreams, it is nevertheless to our purpose, for it displays the gleamings of those bright threads with which youth is busy, and the visions of the robe and the crown which await the faithful. It was written years ago, but it seems almost prophetic of her own eventful and sorrow-stained path.

Perhaps no heart was ever more keenly alive to the deliciousness of life, and its attendant joys, than hers. She fully appreciated all its pleasures and friendships, and her nature was as susceptible to its disappointments and sorrows. But the throbbings of her heart have ceased, and we trust her disenthralled spirit is enjoying that bliss which knows no termination or alloy.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
A flinging the shuttle fast;
And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom,
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich soft web were bedded :
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours—
Not yet were Time's feet leaded !

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell ;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly—
For thought hath a wearisome spell !

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray ;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray ;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly woven thread ;
And some there were of a death-mocking hue—
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in,
Sighs, down-crushed hopes and fears ;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin ;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh ;
And, with glozing words, he to win him strove—
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on !
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head ;
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Lay him down among the dead.

And I after saw, in a *robe of light*,
 The weaver in the sky ;
 The angels' wings were not more bright,
 And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw 'mid the folds, all the Iris-hued flowers,
 That beneath his touch had sprung ;
 More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
 Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
 Gleamed out a diamond rare ;
 And jewels befitting a monarch's crown,
 Were the foot-prints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
 Was left a rich perfume ;
 And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky,
 Shone the labor of Sorrow and Gloom.

And then I prayed, when my last work is done,
 And the silver life-cord riven,
 Be the stain of Sorrow the deepest one
 That I bear with me to heaven !

From Alderbrook.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CROWN.

THAT ye may close with Christ, remember there is a sixfold crown which shall be put upon your head. Would ye have a long life ? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have a crown of eternal life. Would ye have glory ? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have a crown of glory. Would ye have knowledge of the mysteries of God ? Then come to Christ, and he shall crown you with knowledge. Would you have eternal felicity and an uninterrupted happiness ? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have an immortal crown. Would ye have holiness and sanctification ? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have a crown of righteousness ; yea he shall put a royal crown upon your head, a crown of pure gold. O, what a day, think ye, it will be, when Christ shall hold your crowns in his hand, and shall put them upon those heads, never to be removed again.—*And. Gray.*

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, INTERMINABLE.

BY PROF. T. F. CURTIS.

A FEW years ago, while perusing some manuscript remarks of a venerable friend on female education, I noticed this among other profound reflections: "Civilization must advance just as far as the female character advances—it cannot rise above that point—it cannot fall below it. All experience shows that society must come to her level, and can by no artifice or effort be made to deviate from it." It is astonishing that Guizot, while detailing all the other elements of our modern civilization, should have quite omitted any fair mention of this—esteemed by Napoleon the most important of them all—*maternal influence*. He has spoken of barbarism as introducing personal independence, one prime element of our civilization, of the feudal system, the Buccaneers—the Crusaders—the Christian Religion—but not a word is said of the female sex as a cause of our present civilization. And yet it will be found that maternal influence is the great conservator for succeeding generations, of all that is valuable which we possess; and it is the day-star of all our brightest future prospects. Indeed I have quoted from the manuscript of the venerable divine alluded to, chiefly for the sake of carrying it a little further, and remarking that the *Christian character* of a community must advance just as far as maternal influence carries it—that it cannot permanently rise above that point, and will not long remain below. Education, in the hands of pious mothers, is the great hope of the church and of the world. Christian education, indeed, exhibits itself as the perfection of all true education, by its embracing these two great principles. It is *interminable, and all-embracing*.

It is interminable, for it is a drawing forth of the mind, begun, indeed, by the parent, but where successful, never to stop. It is a line, the course of which you indeed begin to mark out, but which is to be protracted on and on forever.

There is not a more ambiguous, nor, as it is commonly used, a more mischievous phrase in the English language than that most common one—a *finished education*. It is at best like the cloudy pillar between the Israelites and the Egyptians, a cloud of darkness on the one side, and of light on the other. As we sometimes speak of a finished picture, so to the deep thinking it may and perhaps does convey the idea of an accurate, symmetrical, and polished education. To such, the chosen few, the true Israelites of knowledge, journeying to their promised land, it may be a pillar of light, but to the many who understand by a finished education, an education finished, terminated, it is a cloud of darkness.

Some years ago, I remember it became my duty to address a young ladies school at the close of its session. I was afterwards informed of a pupil who, just before finally quitting the institution, in the presence of all her young companions, gathered together her school books, tore them all to pieces, and made a bonfire of the fragments. Then, as if she had performed an achievement equal to Cæsar when he burned his ships, she sat down and coolly watched the smoke as it wreathed, and the flame as it curled—exclaiming, “Now I have done with books—now for parties and pleasure—*now I’ve finished my education.*”

The error that I would here in a few words combat, belongs not only to *religious*, but to *all* education—the error of supposing that it ever can be rightly finished, or indeed suspended,

“While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures.”

For what *is* education? Is it not, as already hinted, the leading forth or drawing out of the mind in a particular direction? The word *educio* from which it comes, shows us the true idea. Instruction then, and education are by no means the same thing. The one is limited and partial, the other boundless. They rather present the two opposite poles of the same general thought—the two great processes by which all mental and moral improvement is carried on. *Instruction* is the pouring of knowledge into the mind from without—*education* is the drawing out of the soul itself to appropriate, to feed upon and assimilate the knowledge. Two

precisely similar conditions are necessary to the growth of the body—there must be food, but there must be also the putting forth of the vital force in digestion, to assimilate that food, or it will lie a dead weight of inert irritating matter. All instruction then, is from without; all true education is from within. You may teach a child a number of facts, and you thus *instruct* it in those facts. But unless that knowledge is met by a corresponding activity of the mind within; unless it stimulates and rouses up the soul itself to develop and combine ideas from these facts, to feed on knowledge, to expand and grow in power and in force, there is no *education*. You may instruct a parrot to talk, or a monkey to imitate, but you cannot educate either to argue or to think. Or the mind may be compared to a plant in this respect, that all its real growth must be by a vital force in the soul itself; an expansion from within of its own. As with the ivy or the jessamine, the hand of man may dig about and water it, and train it by a gentle guidance, but it must grow of itself by its own vital power. For us by force to draw out the tendrils of the vine, might make them longer, but could not make them grow. Yea, it would destroy the hope of all future growth. So in education. By a forbearingly exercised authority, and gentle guidance, the mind may in early life be trained and led out into various forms of beauty and of grace, but still the vital forces of all mental and moral growth lie within, in each faculty, given and quickened by God. All true education is but the development, the uncovering, so to speak, one by one, of those latent forces; yea, it must all be conducted in the faith of those forces being there in a latent state; in the high faith of a continual Divine presence and energy working in the mind, and giving efficiency to instruction.

But if this is true of education generally, how much more is it true of religious—of Christian education. “Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but *God* giveth the increase.” We may give religious instruction, but it must be in the lofty, earnest, daily faith of a direct Divine influence, both to rectify the disorders of the heart in its present state, and to quicken and vivify the soul anew, to appropriate the nutriment of all instruction given, by a holy assimilation, that so the heart and affections, religiously ex-

panded, the buds, the blossoms, and the ripened fruits of grace, may each in due time appear.

Such being the nature of all education, we must then suppose every faculty of the soul to have received the utmost of possible development and expansion, before the work of education is completed, finished. But can this take place in the present life? No. It will not take place even throughout eternity; for the soul of man, whether for good or evil, happiness or woe, starts here on its great mission, but is impelled onwards forever by the great law of progress. When a tree ceases to put forth new leaves and new branches in spring, it is because it has ceased to live. But the soul never ceasing to exist, is ever growing. Even the body daily grows, as it daily wastes, and incorporates new matter as it throws off the decayed. So the soul, from its own nature, must be continually growing, educating in some direction; parting with husks of old knowledge that have been assimilated by loss of memory, but supplying the waste by a constant progress.

Every new fact, every new principle, appeals to some faculty, which, if ready to assimilate it, is thus nourished and expanded; and not until every possible combination of ideas has been exhausted, can limits be set to the expansion of the mind; or, in other words, can its education be considered as complete.

All this is especially true of man, considered as a moral and religious being. Every year changes and enlarges his relations to other beings, in proportion to the expansion of his mind, just as every age changes the relations of this nation to other nations of the globe, as knowledge and intercourse increase. But new moral obligations ever spring up with new relations, stimulating and expanding the moral sense; thus the mental and moral powers of man will go on expanding and strengthening each other mutually throughout futurity, as new worlds, new relations, and new duties ever unfold themselves. Thus all existence, all eternity, will but develop one vast scheme of spiritual progress and expansion—*education*.

Once more, if we wish to know when education is to terminate, let us inquire when it begins. If it commences with life itself, as we shall find it does, then can it only be supposed to terminate with existence. It is not, we assert, a thing of period at all. It

does not begin at two, to end at twenty, but belongs to life, as life begins with existence, and continues as long as existence endures.

There are, indeed, as we shall see, two great and widely distinct periods in education, that of the involuntary, and that of the voluntary expansion of our powers—of instinctive and of *self*-education.

The instinctive thirst after knowledge is born in a child, as much so as the aptitude and desire to receive sustenance from its mother; and it has with truth been observed, that a child learns more the first year of its life than any year afterwards. But how? Not from any conscious duty of self-improvement, or from any settled purpose to acquire information. But it is an instinct. With its eye it learns to measure distances. With its little hands it feels about, ascertains the solidity and touch of various substances; moves all its tiny limbs with a perpetual restlessness, and thus learns practically the laws of motion and of gravitation. It cries and it laughs, and tries the power and the workings of its puny temper; spells out authority from a father's frown, and learns affection from a mother's look. It copies the action, and what is more important, it imbibes the very spirit of those around it, and is thus, all involuntarily and unconsciously, educating itself from the hour of its birth. And it will too, I think, be found, that the beginnings of *moral* education are traceable quite as early and distinctly as those of *intellectual*. Indeed it is only through the child's inclination to *love*, and its disposition to obey its parents, that you usually first discover that it perceives them. Now, here, in these two principles of love and obedience, lie the deep foundations of all piety. The Latin word *pietas* was applied anciently as properly to this love and reverence towards parents you know, as towards the Supreme Being, because I apprehend, it is a part of the same great feeling of love, veneration and obedience, first excited by parental care, that educated and trained by grace arises, and twines itself around the Throne of the Heavenly Parent. So that the earliest infant lisps of a child's affection, discover to him a germ of the same emotion to his parent, to which the aged and profoundest theologian comes round, as the highest of all religious thought or feeling, when he

bends in prayer before the Most High, and says, "Our Father who art in heaven." Here then is the germ of its future religious character beginning to develop itself under parental guidance, in the infant of three months old. Thus early is the young soul pushing forth its tendrils. Parents and teachers prune or nip some of these tendrils in the bud, and stimulate and train the rest; and we then aim to establish a regular action and healthy habit, until the individual *will*, that most powerful agent in nature, gradually assumes a sufficient force to regulate the matter itself. Thus by degrees is matured and separated the germ of an independent character, as the ripened seed with a principle of life of its own established within, drops easily and naturally from the parent capsule, to commence life on its own account. Then begins the great work of voluntary education, the most important, because that to which attaches the responsibility of the individual. And now the instinctive thirst for knowledge, as knowledge greatly dies out in man, or rather is superseded by the more ardent desire of knowledge, *as the means to an end*. The activity of the reflective powers overcomes in measure that of the perceptive, and at length the moral rises higher than the whole range of the intellectual. And thus we go on through time, educating all the while for eternity.

All, therefore, which is commonly called education, even a *finished* education, relates only in fact to the preparatory stage, the formation of a character, a principle and habit of that great self-education which is to go on eternally.

Intellectually speaking, the most thoroughly educated young person is not always the one who has the most knowledge of facts, but the one who most loves and thirsts for knowledge, from a deep insight of the relations of all truth; even so viewed from the Christian stand-point. The young person upon whom a religious education has proved most successful, is not always the one of greatest placidity and amiability of temper, or even activity in outwardly good actions, but who most thirsts after, and loves holiness. This is then to be the great end and aim of all parental religious training, during the first or involuntary period of education, to establish the steady love and thirst for holiness,

chosen as the supreme principle and great foundation of all voluntary education.

This very distinction that I have pointed out between a mere instinctive and a chosen piety, an instructed and voluntary religious character, is expressed in the Christian system in the great doctrine of conversion. It is alluded to in the book of Proverbs, where its author speaks of that marked period in the lives of the wise and good, "When wisdom enters into the heart, and knowledge becomes pleasant to the soul." Prov. 2, 10. It is not then until this conscious love, choice, and effort after a life of heavenly wisdom is established, that Christian education in the highest, that is the voluntary sense, is begun, and if so, where short of eternity can it find its full development?

Thus, then, have we considered one great principle of education—that it is rightly considered *interminable*.

"A peopled home is the ocean bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair;
As the water moveth they lightly sway
And the tranquil lights on their features play:
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay and away from the storm."

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, ALL-EMBRACING.

BY PROF. T. F. CURTIS.

TURN we now then to the other great principle, that it should be *all-embracing*.

What has been the history of all education apart from Christianity thus far, and what has been its greatest curse?

That it has been so *one-sided*. It has cultivated one part of our being at the expense of another, cherished one set of faculties, until it has thereby stunted the rest.

The first and rudest notions of education that men had, led them to cultivate the body at the expense both of the mind and the morals. This has been the education of all barbarous nations from the days of Tubal-cain to those of the North American Indians. The Spartan laws were the embodiment of this kind of training. The tendency of all has been to make men strong in war: educated so far as physical strength and animal power and passion is concerned, but destitute of wisdom and of piety. In such a state of society a Samson will be made judge because he is the strongest, and Saul made king because he is the tallest.

As the world waxes older men find the folly of this idolatry of brute force, and they now educate the intellect. Saul gives place upon the throne to Solomon, and the renown of the Spartan fades before that of the polished and intellectual Athenian.

But men soon find that mere intellectual cultivation is not the education that can make man happy; that it may co-exist with the greatest moral depravity, and creates as many miseries as it cures, and they sigh for something better.

Now men begin to perceive the power of moral cultivation, now the wisest gives place upon the throne to the holiest, and the glory of the Grecian fades before that of the Christian. This is the natural history of education. Christianity becomes perverted for

a while by superstition—hermits retire to their cells and grottos, and celibacy is extolled, and a life of idleness: popes put their feet upon the necks of kings, and a one-sided religion, a life of idleness under pretence of communion with God, and of ignorance under the pretext of piety, carries the day. But this is essentially anti-Christ and a false religion; in this especially that is a *one-sided* view of the true and proper education of man for the glory of God.

True Christianity is *all-embracing*. It does not neglect the body for the sake of the intellect, nor the intellect for the sake of the heart. But it lays hold of the heart, and through it enlarges and stimulates the intellect—and through that directs and excites the activities in a thousand new forms of practical usefulness. Thus, in proportion as a pure piety enters a community—every activity, physical, mental, moral, will increase; liberty will become a necessity, since the inward energy cannot be pent up, and will be best directed usually by conscience within.

This is indeed the radical idea of all true holiness of character; for it is nothing more or less than wholeness of character in its highest sense. It is a character in harmony with all the relations it sustains to God, to man, and to self.

And here I cannot help admiring and blessing God for that arrangement which commits the earlier education of the young to the mother rather than the father. For as the strength of some one or two features of his character is the glory of man, so a great symmetry, harmony, piety, and holiness is unquestionably as a whole the characteristic of woman.

If what I have said be true, there can be no such thing as true education—education in the highest sense of the term, of which religion is not the basis. For young persons to grow up with an acute and stimulated intellect—but an untrained heart, is the most fatal barrier against their ever after becoming truly well educated persons, in any true sense.

A Christian parent cannot omit to teach a child to regulate itself by decidedly Christian principles and motives from its earlier years, without cutting at the root, as it were, of all mental, moral, and physical discipline; for "*the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*" So far from a parent being satisfied for

a child to grow up out of Christ—to begin life a sinner, and trust that he will come round to religion when settled in life, we ought rather to feel that until communion with God be established as the habit and ruling principle of the soul, though continued *instruction* may be most useful, as it is certainly a duty, yet its education is not begun upon a proper basis. For as a watch of most perfect mechanism, but from which the main-spring or the balance wheel had been extracted, would inevitably be useless for the purpose for which it was designed, and could at most but wear itself out in violent but useless motions; so with the elastic and noble spirits of the young. Unless piety regulate them as the balance wheel, or move them as the impelling power, they will fail to accomplish the great object of their creation; and even the most brilliant intellect, unless under the control of a sanctified heart, will work but with the erratic, exhausting, and useless violence of a watch without a balance wheel. On the other hand, nothing will secure such a depth of understanding, such an insight into the reason and profoundest causes of all things, physical and spiritual—nothing will give such a clearness and penetration to the intellect, as a high sense of duty to God—as daily communion with the Creator and Father of all things. “The commandment of the Lord is pure, *enlightening the eyes*.” “The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple.” There is then a divine element at the basis of all true and perfect education, as there is in all life, and it is in proportion as we look for and have faith in a spiritual energy to strengthen, enlighten, and direct the mind that we can best succeed in making any valuable progress.

It follows, from what has been said, that Christian education must not only be what the Germans would call many sided, but *proportionate*. And that before the great period when self-education can properly and perfectly begin, piety must for its true proportion be the supreme regulator in order to the harmonious and most beautiful development of the whole soul. For any of the activities of our being to be disproportionately prominent or obscure, is as bad as for any feature of the countenance or limb of the body to be too large or too small for the rest of the frame. A perfectly well balanced or beautiful soul is a spectacle even more rare than a

perfectly beautiful countenance. Socrates used to speak much of the two Venuses, one the representative of bodily beauty, which the vulgar worshipped, the other of the beauty of the soul, which the wise and good alone adored. Christian education, rightly conceived, tends ultimately to the only possible blending of both in one.

This proportionate development both of soul and body, of which an earnest piety is the all-pervading vital principle, is the highest aim of Christian education.

I know not how better to illustrate this than by comparing the characters of some of earth's most celebrated women, for it is in woman, as I have said, that we expect and find the most numerous examples of harmony and proportionate beauty.

Take first the character of *Cleopatra*, who educated her personal charms, her bodily beauty, to a singular perfection. She was indeed highly intellectual, and would converse with ease and grace with the ambassadors of many courts in their own tongues. Her manners too were polished with every refinement. But after all, these were only adjuncts, like the silken sails with which she navigated the Nile, to set off her own charms. To fascinate and please by personal beauty was her highest aim. And now the proud Cæsar, and now the voluptuous Antony experienced her extraordinary powers. In what lay the great error and misery of her education? That she made the cultivation of personal beauty the most prominent end and aim of her life. Her graces, her intellect, her moral principles were all subservient to this. Hence she murders her brother, divorces her husband, deserts Antony, and ends her days a suicide, to exhibit throughout all history the wretched effects of the disproportionate cultivation and reliance on mere personal charms.

In the life of the beautiful but unfortunate *Mary, Queen of Scots*, we have another exhibition of the same truth. Great indeed was the cultivation of her intellect. But impartial history must admit that this was in her but secondary to her beauty, at least until the period of her heavy misfortunes. Then indeed, purified in the fires of affliction, she was led to cherish the higher and nobler powers of the soul, and she came forth as gold. The soul became as beautiful in solitude and sorrow, as the person had

been at the gay court of France. Her early fault was the disproportionate cultivation of personal charms. The pity she excites is from her subsequently cherishing her higher and more spiritual affections; the first made her life unhappy, the second made her death so touching and triumphant.

Take now another of earth's famous women,—famous for the disproportionate prominence of her intellectual powers; one who ruled a kingdom by the force of mind, without the graces either of person or of heart—*Queen Elizabeth*. Never was a kingdom governed with more ability. Never was more substantial progress made. Never were greater dangers averted. Never did a woman do so much for a people as she. The nation became respected and independent abroad, and peaceful and happy at home. The English language was brought to its highest purity and refinement. Colonies of immense historical importance were planted, and the Protestant religion firmly established.

But go to court, and see who sits upon the throne of England. A woman with no charms of person or of manner, yet inordinately vain: nor merely inviting, but *demanding* compliments and flattery the most fulsome,—in short, an utterly disgusting woman. One who can curse and swear in her imperious rage, and even murder a rival queen under the forms of law from envy of her beauty and her graces. One who dies a loathsome spectacle of pride and haughtiness and the fear of death, endangering even the succession of a kingdom. What Christian mother would have her daughter sit on such a throne if she must be such a character. Yet such is the natural history of a *merely intellectual* education.

Mark now another celebrated woman of a nobler stamp of character by far. All heart she—Joan d' Arc, the maid of Orleans. One whose high soul swelled with a religious and patriotic enthusiasm the most lofty. One who brooded over the invasion of her native land, till, like a second Deborah, she headed the armies of her country, to free it from the hoof of the oppressor. Of heated imagination and ardent faith, this rude peasant girl had no cultivated charms to win men, nothing but truthfulness and simplicity; no education of the intellect. But her soul was drawn out by a religious fervor. And this it is, that has won the adoration of the great heart of the world.

True, her zeal was disproportioned, and her fervors ill grounded. Hence the reaction that left her weak and shorn of her spiritual strength. But she has left the world a rare, though fragmentary specimen of the controlling power and majesty of the religious affections—showed us that there is something more admirable than mere beauty, and more powerful than mere intellect in a soul filled with pious affections.

Turn we now, then, to a character that more fully exhibits the harmonious and proportionate cultivation of the whole nature—a truly beautiful soul—*Hannah Moore*.

Without distinguished birth or fortune, to push her forward, she appears in London with good sense, a highly cultivated mind, engaging manners and powers of conversation. Johnson and Garrick are attracted by her, and she becomes the life of intellectual society. But gradually, and without losing any of this power, Christianity develops itself more and more prominently, until it becomes, obviously, the supreme and ruling principle of her soul, and she does more to promote the moral and religious education of her country than any woman in England. With the same pen she writes tracts for the poor, treatises on education for the only daughter and heir of the blood royal, and arguments in defence of Christianity, that win the admiration of bishops and divines. Here you see the moral and religious feelings gradually assuming their natural and proper supremacy. Not destroying, but controlling, refining, and elevating all the other powers.

Take but one character more, and we have done, one that exhibits more completely, and in still higher power, true beauty developed by Christian education. I am about to speak of *Mrs. Judson*. Brought up in one of the retired, but religious communities of New England, where an uncompromising and all-pervading piety impregnated the whole atmosphere she breathed from earliest infancy; she from a child appears intellectual and amiable, in a high degree. At sixteen she makes a profession of religion. Thus commences the great period of *self-education* with her, and the first lesson she learns is to be the pioneer of female missionary life, to consecrate herself to Christ by being bound with him in Christian baptism. Henceforth beneath a torrid zone is the great work carried on, in ministering, if it be but with a cup of cold water to a husband sick and in prison for Christ's sake, and in bind-

ing up the broken-hearted, till her own heart is broken. But she can turn easily from the dungeon to the palace, with singular propriety receive the honors, and with equal wisdom discharge the duties of an ambassador, write elegant dispatches in Burmese, negotiate a treaty—a treaty of deliverance for a husband, of peace for Burmah and for Britain, of prosperity for the mission that lies nearest to her heart. And having thus won from the proudest courts, barbarian and Christian, unbounded admiration by the spiritual *all-pervading beauty* of her presence;—the harmony and perfection of her *education*, having roused in her native land an enthusiasm for her great cause, and begun a work the glory of the age, she lies down under the Hopia tree, that her body may rest from its long fatigues, while the spirit rises, to bathe in the sea of light and glory round the eternal throne, and carry on the great work of its education, as a ministering spirit, or in the company of cherubim and seraphim.

The freshness and perfection of this great character—what a British officer who once saw her, well termed the spiritual, the *un-earthly* beauty of her presence—is that it is the beauty of *holiness*. You see not here as in Hannah Moore, religion as the highest point of knowledge, but as the beginning of her wisdom.* Not education *terminating* in piety as its natural goal. But an elevated piety as it were the great starting point, and main-spring of the life-work of self-education; the source of its untiring energies, and its loftiest triumphs. Hers was no earth-born education climbing upwards to the light above, but a Heaven-born principle, easily and gracefully descending alike to the meanest and to the highest duties of the present state.

Here lies the peculiar beauty and perfection of her character, one that Christianity alone can give, and give when possessed, at the same time, by parents and by children. In her, education was

“ Not soiled

And worn, as if from earth it labored up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
It seemed, that down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.”

* Compare closely Prov. 1 : 7, and Prov. 9 : 10, in the Hebrew for the illustration of the distinction here alluded to.

Thus, then, have we considered these two great features of Christian education—its interminable extent, and its all-embracing and proportionate characteristics—and we have seen that it develops the whole being with a perfection, that nothing else can approach.

The results which follow from this are so obvious, and so encouraging to your great work, that I need hardly allude to them. For to you, as Christian mothers, is especially committed of God this highest of all tasks. Be assured, then, that those things for which you pray for your dear children, concern their highest welfare, both for time and eternity; that the earlier they give themselves to God in a true conversion, the more complete will be their education and their happiness; because of their conformity to the very highest laws of their being. Learn not to despise the day of small things, but to remember that the kingdom of heaven begins in the heart as a grain of mustard seed, and that if the seed be only right, little as it may be distinguishable in its earliest stages, it will soon assume its native supremacy, under whose shadow every bird of heaven may repose.

Mark, too, the importance this subject gives to all the instructions of of the Sabbath school. Let us also hope that the day is not far distant when Christianity will be more fully recognized even than it is, as the basis of all education, even in the *daily* school, and that denominations and churches, will aim to extend their usefulness by new Christian schools of the very highest character. "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; and our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

And now, my dear young friends, children of many prayers, let me close these remarks by beseeching you, while pursuing your education, to remember the throbbing anxious hearts of your mothers. You little know how your conduct affects them. They gradually forsake and wean themselves from most of the friends of their youth, to devote themselves more and more to your welfare, and in it all they look for no other joy and satisfaction, than that of seeing you do well in life. The hope of your future piety, happiness and distinction is all that supports them, as they watch by your bed at night, and provide for your wants by day. In

you they hope to live over again ; to have their old age cheered, and their eyes closed in death by children, wiser and more honorable than themselves. You will not disappoint them, nor bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Oh, that mother is indeed unhappy, who is afflicted with worthless or undutiful children. No sorrow is like her sorrow. Disease and death are blessings compared with the anguish that rends her heart. She soon grows old, and the afflictions of age are doubled upon her. There is a figure in one of the prophets by which Rachel, the mother of some of the tribes of Israel, is represented as disturbed in her very grave, and rising from it to weep over her degenerated and destroyed children. "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children, *and refusing to be comforted.*" The heaviest grief in all nature, is that occasioned by evil children.

But, on the other hand, if you are what, from the prayers that have consecrated you, and the instructions you are receiving, there is every hope you may become—pious, holy young persons, then bereavements may come, and poverty may come, and lands, and property, and riches, make to themselves wings and fly away, but your mothers will turn on you the eye of affection—and say exultingly, like that Roman mother—" *These, these are our jewels.*" Your conduct will whisper those consoling words to her heart. "Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and there is hope of *thine end*, and thy children shall come again to their own border."

Wasted !

Precious pearls of time, moments rich as diadems !
One by one they came unnoted ; one by one afar they floated !
One by one ! till myriads sped far away to join the dead.



J. G. Smith

Wm. H. Smith

A JAUNT TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WHERE shall we go to spend the sultry days of July and August? We have for many months been shut up within the enclosure of high brick walls, and in our rambles confined to dusty streets, till the increasing heat of summer inclines us to go abroad, where we can refresh ourselves with the breath of green fields, and stroll or rest beneath their cooling shades. Some will go to the sea side, bathe in the ocean wave, and feast upon its dainties. Some will go to the springs to quaff the healing waters, and mingle with the gay and fashionable whom they will there meet; while others will fly to Niagara, where they may gaze for once on that mighty stream, which pours the waters of a chain of inland seas over a precipice of more than a hundred and sixty feet into another-sea, from which, in a broad and majestic river, it makes its way to the ocean.

For ourselves, we have decided to take a trip to the White Mountains of the "old Granite State." From the foot of Walnut street, we take the "Camden and Amboy" route to New York. A splendid steamboat bears us on over the bosom of the Delaware river to Bordentown, where we take the cars across the state of New Jersey to South Amboy, where we again resume the boat on the Raritan river, nor pause till the great commercial mart looms up before us, with its forest of masts and beautiful green Battery in the foreground. The spire of old Trinity points high above them, and the immense dome of the custom house relieves the eye.

We care not to stop long in this city, for we have often been there, and the country is what we are now seeking. Being somewhat fatigued with a morning's travel of nearly a hundred miles, and a stroll about the city of some two or three hours, till our eyes are tired of seeing and our ears of hearing, we decide to avail ourselves of the ease and amplitude of boat travel, when we can have it, rather than a day's pent up, and straight up ride in railroad car on the morrow.

We soon find ourselves in a spacious and richly furnished cabin.

for we take the route via Hartford, through Long Island Sound, and up the Connecticut river, where we are always sure to find one of the finest boats afloat on American waters. We first look out our resting places for the night, and find them in neatly furnished state-rooms, or in berths behind the ample folds of rich damask curtains. Having disposed of our carpet bags, brushed a little of the dust from our raiment, and taken a short doze, we go again on deck to take leave of the city in due form, when the boat leaves the wharf. This is generally done by bowing, kissing hands, &c., to friends on shore, or idly gazing on the multitude.

As we leave the city, and pass through the trembling waters of what is called "the gate," our attention is arrested by the splendid mansions of wealthy citizens, who have retired from business, built them houses, and planted them vineyards on the shores of Long Island. Here their mansions repose in stately magnificence, embowered in trees and shrubbery, for the noble purpose of sheltering those who, perchance, live only to enjoy the pleasures of ease and affluence. Have such never heard that they "who live in pleasure, are dead while they live." We doubt whether a Christian should ever retire from business, so long as there is a single tribe unblest with a preached gospel, or the blessing of Christian homes.

Having supped on viands, and at a table which might well suffice for kings and princes, and sat, or promenaded on deck, till the golden twilight has long been hid in the west, we are sensibly admonished by the state of our entire natures corporeal, that it is indeed time to lay ourselves away for the night. We breathe our gratitude to the Father of mercies for his care through the day, and commit ourselves to his faithful keeping for the night. We are soon lost in sleep, and dream of crowded streets, green hills, placid and perturbed waters, mirroring blue and golden skies, with a retinue of confused objects, we scarcely remember what, till we awake and find the boat at rest near one of the most interesting cities in New England. It is not one of those mushroom towns that sprang up in a night, but it is one of a more staid and certain growth. Its foundation was laid, more than two hundred years ago, in prayers, in tears, in blood, by some Puritans from Boston, who cut their way through the wilderness, sub-

sisting on the milk of their cows, with the nuts and wild fruits they found in the woods, after a journey of fourteen days, the same that is now performed in less than as many hours. Such was the origin of Hartford, the beautiful city now before us.

Here we must stop over one day, at least, for here we have friends—friends that we loved in “days of auld lang syne”—and we love them still. We mention one whom we highly esteem in love for his work’s sake, on whose lips we hung for instruction in days of our girlhood, and from whose hand we often received the symbols of a Saviour’s dying love.

Having found our friends and received the welcome greeting, and being refreshed with the good things of this life, we are now prepared for a stroll. The Athenæum first attracts our notice. Here we are introduced to a very kind old gentleman, who desires us to write our names in a large book spread out on a table before him. We are next introduced to the Saltonstalls, the Huntingtons, the Trumbulls, in portraiture, with other distinguished dignitaries of a former age. To be sure—and there is ex-governor Cleveland, in a half portrait, as large as life, with his lofty brow and sparkling black eyes, staring us full in the face! We did not expect to be gazed at with such eyes as these. We move on, and a little to the right we see some of the cooking utensils and furniture that actually came over in the *May Flower*. Among them is an old chest on which, by the sea-side, it is said our pilgrim fathers spread their cooked fowl, their broiled fish and roasted clams, when all their corn was exhausted, and they had nought else to eat, and over which they lifted their hands, and praised the Giver of all good for “the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, and the treasure hid in the sand.” Blessed, thrice blessed is the memory of those holy men, who pioneered for us in the waste howling wilderness, freely toiling and suffering, to gain for us so “goodly a heritage.” May we ever prove ourselves worthy the rich legacy, nor allow it to be contaminated by deeds of oppression and cruelty, or wrested from us by the “man of sin.”

We next visit the state house, and are introduced to some of the honorable state functionaries. There hangs the old charter of Connecticut, signed and sealed by his majesty Charles II., king of England, dated April 2d, 1662, which continued to be the con-

stitution of this state till 1818, when a new one was formed. This is the identical instrument which Mr. Wadsworth seized from the table, in the midst of the darkened and confused assembly, with which he ran, fled, and hid it in the old oak, now known as "The Charter Oak." It is now framed with wood of the same tree, that so long and so faithfully concealed the sacred deposit.

Having passed another night with our friends in H., we take passage on the railway, "en route," for Springfield, Mass., following the course of the river, through a tract of country which, for richness of soil, and beauty of scenery, is not excelled, except by that anciently watered by the river of Eden.

A tremendous and almost deafening blast of the car whistle, announces our near approach to Springfield. Here we must also stop for a short time at least, for here, too, are friends of precious and hallowed memory, and we cannot pass them by. We love to dwell on "by-gone days," when we sat with them in the same sanctuary, or held with them sweet intercourse at our several homes. The excellent, and well furnished hotels in this place, strongly tempt us to become their guests, but we seek a more private home with those we love, though none we love more than some we have visited at the "Massasoit." We remember three or four sweet little girls there, that were once our pupils. But time and nature, faithful to her task, has nearly transformed them into young ladies, we hardly know them now, though we love them still.

The broad streets of this little city, embowered with elms and maples of gigantic growth, its snug and comfortable homes, with their spacious and beautiful grounds, its rural public squares, and sparkling fountains, conspire to make it a most charming place. Then there is the United States Armory, its buildings and complicated machinery, its public grounds, the old and new arsenal, the top of which commands a most magnificent view of the town and surrounding country. On the south and west you see the river, as it were lying placidly embedded in verdant meadows, skirted by green hills, stretching far away in the distance. On the north, Mount Tom and Holyoke tower up in the far-off heavens, like two pillars of cloud, and on the east the everlasting

hills stand sentinel, to repel the invasion of storms and chilling blasts, from the boisterous Atlantic.

Having finished our stay at Springfield, we repair to the depot, and, as the caution directs, "look out for the engine while the bell rings." This is what the people in Philadelphia call the locomotive, but I suppose the busy New Englander cannot afford time to pronounce so long a word.

We are now dashing forward over the "Vermont Central Railroad," with a speed far outdoing Mazeppa in his famous ride upon a wild horse, through the country of the Don Cossacks. This road is laid through what is really the valley of the Connecticut. Lofty ranges of hills are on either side, nearly the whole distance. Sometimes they rise abruptly from the road side—at others they take their stand at a distance to make way for the bending stream that chooses, with most commendable taste, to make its bed by the side of luxuriant meadows, fringed with trees of the richest verdure. We soon come to Holyoke. Here a dam has been thrown across the river, and its waters turned into a canal, where they are made use of to turn the machinery of a city of factories. This is truly a place of an evening's growth. We were there, and it did not exist. Again we were there, and its city-like houses seemed to have sprung up, as it were, along the newly graded streets, without a single tree to shelter them from the scorching rays of the sun. Here we are in the immediate presence of Mount Tom and Holyoke, those giant elevations which awe you into silence whenever you approach them, and give unspeakable grandeur to the scene.

We soon pass Northampton, Hatfield, Deerfield, and Greenfield, which, as one writer observes, "could not be prettier if the poets and painters had combined to construct a country after their most cherished rural ideas." We pass on, and soon have occasion to compare these villages with Brattleboro and Bellows Falls. At last Windsor takes you by surprise, as it rises so finely before you on the slope of the Ascutney mountains, giving you at once the ideas of grandeur and repose.

The railway terminates at St. Johnsbury, near the headwaters of the Passumpsic. As you advance, "the scenery becomes grander and more sublime;" the track crossing the river several

times, winding through deep gorges and along the base of vast rocky precipices, or seeming to leap from thicket to thicket of deep verdure.

Here the coaches leave for the White Notch, the Franconia Notch, and lake Willoughby; the three great attractions of this region. The road, winding round one hill after another, is in good condition, and easy of ascent. There is little or no dust in the way, and for a great part of the distance, as you advance, the scene grows wilder and more exciting. Mount Lafayette first rises before you some five thousand feet; next the tall cone called the hay-stack looms in the distance; then the Franconia range emerges from nothingness, and finally the White hills appear across a vast waving scene of pine forests, which they bound, or rather carry up, till they are lost in the clouds. Here words cease. We pause, and in the profoundest depths of emotion, bow while those stupendous battlements of the Eternal, lift up their stately heads, and are veiled in the heavens.

Now look at the engraving, and see if you do not decide with us, to take a trip to the White Mountains, where you can behold in detail the sublimity and beauty of scenes which our pen and pencil have failed to portray.

S. S. G.

Philadelphia.

Town, with its myriad of cares, must at times be left behind, and peace of mind sought for in the repose of country life. All men cannot take the luxury of a long vacation; but most can allow themselves a few days of rustication, and all can avail themselves of a boat or rail car to sniff for a day the bracing breeze.—*Tilt.*

DEPARTURE.

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

MOUNT, my soul, from earth and time,
To thy mansion in the skies,
Longing for those realms sublime,
Break thy fetters, upward rise.
Guardian angels hover nigh,
Whispering oft in gentle tone,
Fearless with thine escort fly,
They shall lead thee to the throne.

Cling not to these mortal shores,
Doomed to darkness and decay,
While upon thy vision pours
Light from Heaven's eternal day.
Thou shalt tread yon golden streets,
To the ransomed freely given,
Joyful, quaff ten thousand sweets,
From the blissful streams of heaven.

Art thou shrinking from the tomb,
Shuddering in its chilling air,
Once, regardless of its gloom,
Christ, thy Saviour slumbered there
He hath risen, so thou shalt rise,
When the vale of death is trod;
Soar triumphant to the skies,
And the presence of thy God.

A MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

MY dear young reader, have you ever been called to part with that beloved earthly friend,—she, who gave you being, who nursed you, cared for and loved you, from the time those bright eyes first beheld the light of this sinful world, and has watched by your little cradle in hours of suffering and distress.

Oh! who on earth can love like a mother? who so patient, so kind, so ready to excuse and feel for you in all your troubles and trials, whether great or small? You know not what a treasure you possess, until it is snatched from you by the rude hand of the fell destroyer who invades the home circle, and plucks a bud or flower and leaves you to mourn their loss.

Can you look back and think of the time when that fond Christian mother folded those little hands of yours and taught you to lisp, “Our Father, who art in Heaven,” or, “Now I lay me down to sleep,” or when perhaps she knelt by your side, and asked a Father’s blessing on the child of her love? such a mother was once my treasure, but she is mine no longer, for the messenger came, and her weary spirit joyfully responded to the call, and she is now in Heaven, singing praises to him who is Lord over all. But can I repine? Ah! no, for far better is it for you to know that you have a mother in Heaven, the mansion prepared for the children of God, where the weary are at rest and the wicked cannot come, than to enjoy her society here in a world of wickedness and sin.

Be kind to thy mother. Not every one knows the depth of a fond parent’s love. Listen to her teachings, be guided by her counsel, for no earthly friend will be half as true to your temporal or eternal welfare. May the God of the fatherless and orphan watch over you all, and especially those who have mourned by the grave of a mother. May the bereavement have been sanctified to the conviction and conversion of all such, so as they may hope for a blissful reunion at a future day.

M. L. J.

A DAY WITHOUT PRAYER.

MRS. HARDING had retired late to rest, but she woke at peep of day, saying to herself, "Ah, Henry is to leave to-day, to be absent a whole week, how I *shall* miss him,"—and imprinting a kiss on his forehead, she hastened to rise, in order to make preparations for his departure.

She was scarcely dressed when she saw baby's dimpled hand stretching above the counterpane. In a moment it was nestled in the dark locks of his sleeping father.

"Oh, Charlie, *Charlie*," said the mother, softly, "he cannot sleep to-night," and the little one, hearing his mother's voice, stretched up both hands to her, and threw off the bed-clothes with his chubby little foot. His mother caught him in her arms, and said loving words, while the little fellow threw his arms round her neck, and pressing his open mouth to her cheek, gave her sweet, baby kisses.

"Ah, no! mother must not loiter this morning," said she, disengaging herself from his twining arms; and arranging his clothes, she set him in his cradle, and filled both his hands with play-things. "Ho, hum!" said she, pressing her hands for a moment to her forehead, and then stepped into the kitchen, where Ellen was just kindling a fire, and gave some directions respecting breakfast.

Presently she heard a little voice calling, "Mother, mother!"

She stepped hastily to the door, and saw the black eyes and curly head of little Willie, who had scrambled out of his crib, and stood peeping from the door of the bedroom.

"Hush, Willie dear, hush," said the mother, "you will waken father."

"Father is already awake," said Mr. Harding; "good morning; good morning, Willie."

"Good morning, Father," answered Willie.

"And where is Charlie?" said Mr. Harding, looking at his vacant place.

"He has been up some time, but I have not yet dressed him," answered the mother, and she hastened to prepare both the little boys for breakfast.

After breakfast, Mrs. Harding commenced examining and packing Mr. Harding's wardrobe. Little Charlie had been very worrisome for several days, and she had been obliged to leave him more than usual to the care of Ellen. It was therefore with some misgivings that she proceeded. She found many stitches to take. Buttons were missing, strings torn off, and the coat which she supposed was hung away in good order, had several fringed button holes.

Now Ellen, though willing and capable, while following the usual routine of labor, had no tact for the emergencies that are constantly occurring in a family. Mrs. Harding was obliged to exert all her energies to have her task accomplished in season, and what with nursing Charlie, trying to keep Willie out of mischief, and giving directions about dinner, her time was fully occupied. Two o'clock came, and by dint of uncommon exertion all was ready.

Mrs. Harding stood with Charlie in her arms, and Willie was beside her, when her husband started for the depot. He pressed both mother and little one to his bosom, and, notwithstanding her efforts to prevent it, tears stood in her eyes as she bade him adieu.

Willie caught his father's hand, accompanied him to the gate, and came back, shouting, "I had two kisses, mother; father kissed me at the gate!" while Charlie stretched out his hands to his brother, and sprang almost from his mother's arms.

Mrs. Harding watched her husband till he was out of sight, and then returned to the sitting room. What a scene of confusion presented itself! While she had been at work, little fingers had been busy too. There were spools ravelled, boxes of buttons emptied, and pins and needles scattered over the carpet.

"Oh, Willie," said she, "you have made mother a great deal of work."

"I sorry," said Willie, "I'll help mother;" and he stooped down and picked up a handful of spools, and dropping half of them as he endeavored to put them in the box, they rolled away in a worse condition than before. One dropped in Charlie's lap, and before the mother could recover it, the outside was completely

soiled by his fingers, and the prints of his two little teeth were all round it.

"Oh, Willie," said the mother, impatiently, "what a troublesome child you are, you are enough to weary"—she checked herself, and said mentally, as she was in the habit of doing when she felt irritated, "Did I not pray this morning that I might be meek and patient?" Then flashed upon her the sad truth that, amid all her cares, she had that morning forgotten her devotions. "Ah," thought she, "it is not strange that I feel fretful. I did not ask my heavenly Father to keep me this day," and she hastened to put the room in order, intending to call Ellen in, and retire to her closet. But Charlie had gone past the usual time of his afternoon nap, and none but his mother could soothe him to rest.

Mrs. Harding had just laid the babe in the cradle when her friend Mrs. May came in. At any other time she would have been happy to see her, but hers was not a seared conscience, and feeling as she did, burdened with guilt, it required an effort to appear tolerably cheerful. Mrs. May made a long call, and she had but just left when Charlie awoke. He had taken his nap in the wrong part of the day, and he was very fretful, and would sit with no one but his mother.

The sun had set, and the evening was considerably advanced, when Mrs. Harding, recollecting that Willie had not spoken to her for some time, withdrew her attention from the little one in her lap, and observed that the older boy was lying on the carpet. It was a very unusual position for him to be in, who was so full of fun and frolic, and it excited her alarm.

"Willie, dear, Willie!" said she, hastily.

The little boy arose, and came slowly towards her, saying, "Willie is very cold; Willie wants to go to sleep."

His mother took his hand in hers; it was burning hot. She directed Ellen to bring some warm water, and bathing his feet, she gave him some simple remedy, and placed him in his crib. He had dropped to sleep in her arms, and when she kissed his parched lips, he did not waken.

"Ah," thought she, "how gayly he scrambled out of his crib,

this morning—perhaps he will never do it again, and I, oh wicked mother ! I have not prayed for him to-day.”

Charlie was screaming violently, and, placing Willie in as comfortable a position as possible, she hastened to take him. The child was in the worst of humors, and for a long time not even the sweet lullaby of his mother could soothe him to quiet. It was ten o'clock ere the little fellow dropt asleep, and his weary mother laid him carefully in bed, and bent over Willie.

He was still asleep, but his breathing was quick, and the distressed mother could see by the rapid pulsations in the blue viens in his full forehead, that he was burning with fever.

“Dear Willie,” said the mother, wringing her hands, “how I wish his father was here, and oh how I wish I could pray. But I cannot, I *dare not* ! It will be insulting the Almighty to call upon him in my distress, when I forgot him while I was happy—he would not hear me now !”

Sadly and slowly undressing herself, she laid down beside the slumbering Charlie, but she could not sleep. The feverish state of her little boy, and the burden upon her conscience, kept her wakeful. Often did she raise her head to distinguish the breath of the sleeper in the crib from that of the sleeper by her side, or to place her hand carefully on Willie's burning brow.

“Thank God,” ejaculated she, as she felt that there was a slight moisture perceptible, “how little did I deserve this.” This was her last conscious thought ere sleep overpowered her.

It was light when she awoke. The little sleepers by her side both breathed tranquilly, yet there was a weight upon her heart.

Sadly came the remembrance of yesterday's neglect, and then for the first time she noticed that a storm had arisen during the night, and the wind was blowing heavily. She shuddered when she reflected that her husband was on the water, and perhaps even then struggling with the waves.

The thought was agonizing. She endeavored to banish it, but in vain. Her excited fancy saw the rich locks of the husband mingled with the dripping seaweed of the rocky shore, his forehead chill and pale, and his smiling mouth distended and ghastly. “Perhaps he is dead,” said she, “and I, I who love him so much,

never prayed that he might be protected by Him who holds the waves in the hollow of His hand."

Humble and fervent were the prayers she offered that morning, and many were the penitential tears she shed, as she plead with God for forgiveness and acceptance. She left her retirement calm, but sad. All day she trembled if she heard a coming footstep. In vain she repeated to herself, He that trusteth in God shall not fear evil tidings; for her sinfulness seemed to deserve a heavy punishment.

"Ah, my dear Henry," said Mrs. Harding, on the evening of her husband's return, after they had joined their hearts and voices in thanksgiving, while Willie and Charlie were sweetly sleeping with the roses of health upon their cheeks, "our kind Heavenly Father has blessed me beyond my fears, beyond my deserts; but oh, never again do I wish to spend *a day without prayer.*"

L. B. M.

BAD COMPANY.

SAPHRON, a wise teacher of his people, would even not permit his older sons and daughters to associate with such whose moral character and daily conduct was not pure and undefiled. "Father," said one day the mild Eulalia to him, when he would not permit her to visit in company with her brother, the thoughtless Lucinde; "Father, you must consider us very childish, because you think this visit might harm us." But the father took silently a dead coal from the fire-place and handed it to the daughter. "There is no fire in it, child," said he, "take it." Eulalia did, and lo, the tender white hand was *soiled*, and also the pure white garment which adorned her lovely figure. "One *cannot be careful enough*," said Eulalia, rather vexed, "when touching coals." "So it is," said the father. "You see, my child, that the coal, even when *not burning*, will *soil*. So will the society of the impure."

WILLIAM.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Who that is interested in the intellectual advancement of children, but has felt deeply the want and the necessity of a pure literature, adapted particularly to the wants of their early years?

With the dawning of intellect, comes a mental craving, which, if not supplied with proper aliment, will seek to supply itself from some source. In this age, when a deluge of juvenile books is pouring from the press, there are always good books to be obtained, but the difficulty lies in the mistaken opinion so prevalent, that in providing books for very young children, it is necessary to procure something comic, striking, or entirely different in character from what older children require, and therefore are placed in their hands books glaring in gaudy colors, hideous caricatures, and rhymes destitute of melody or meaning. Little children not having learned to read, receive abiding impressions from the pictures at which they gaze, and the rhymes and stories to which they listen.

Does any one say a child of three years is incapable of distinguishing or appreciating in these things? Let the experiment be made, of placing in the little hands books containing engravings which have a meaning and use, whether wood or steel, colored or plain, give the clue to their meaning, and the pains taken will be rewarded by an intensity of curiosity and delight, not yet elicited by "Puss in Boots," or any of her contemporaries.

And this rule will apply equally to the poetry and stories which are read to this class of little seekers after knowledge. Whoever compiled and gave to the public the "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," has done an essential service to those who would amuse and interest young children.

A child whose taste, from these early periods, has been cultivated and gratified by *choice* fiction, elevating poetry, interesting selections from history and biography being added with his increasing years, will prefer and seek these, above any of the trash contained in the "yellow covered literature" of babyhood. The parent or teacher who will gather around him a group of children

of average age and capacity, and read *well* to them, genuine poetry of musical cadence, or extracts from the lives of the great and good, or relate to them interesting discoveries in science or art, will find as interested and attentive an audience as ever listened to, or read "Mother Goose's Melodies," or "Old Mother Hubbard."

Carefully selected reading may often be made a medium of awakening a new and keen interest in study, and creating a desire to know the contents of valuable books, even after a wrong bias having been given in infancy, has made the task a laborious one. That learning is infinitely more valuable which is sought, or at least received willingly, than that which is forced into the mind by a cramming process, after a perverted taste, or no taste at all, has made the search for knowledge a dreaded or unwelcome task.

It is to be hoped that more attention will be paid to this matter of cultivating the taste, both by parents and teachers. The latter may urge that it is not within their pale of duty, or that they cannot command the time to attend to it, but no one having made a fair trial, will be willing to abandon it, and lose the gratification afforded by the improvement of his youthful charge.

H. W

LYING IN BED WITH THE HEAD HIGH.

It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted, or even with the body, was the most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body.

Therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty near on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.—*Med. Journal.*

WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

WE miss thee at home—we miss thee,
And oh, we wish thou wert here,
To linger with us 'round the fire-side,
And share in the evening's cheer ;
To list to the voices of loved ones,
And the wish that thou never wouldst roam ;
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy without measure,
Dearest brother, if thou wouldst come home.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,
When the pleasures of evening are nigh,
When the sun hath retired in splendor,
To his home in the western sky ;
And the moon is shining so brightly,
On the family circle at home ;
Oh, then, we miss thee, we miss thee,
And sigh that thou still dost roam.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,
When we all kneel down to pray,
And the tears start from our eye-lids,
As we wonder how long thou wilt stay ;
If before the winter is over,
And the cold snow leaveth the earth,
Thou wilt not meet in our circle,
And cheer our desolate hearth.

But, oh ! when the spring time cometh ;
And the birds from a distant shore,
Then, may we not hope to fold thee,
At home, in our arms once more :
To kneel with us in the grave-yard,
O'er that dear little, sacred tomb,
And mingle thy tears, dearest brother,
With those thou hast left at home.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

JOHN B. GOUGH, in a recent speech in London, thus eloquently alludes to the influence of his mother :

I know myself the results of my own Sabbath school instruction, and I remember the teachings of a praying mother. That mother taught me to pray in early life—gave me the habit of praying ; the teacher at the school strengthened it ; they stored my mind with passages of Scripture ; and these things, I tell you, young men, we do not entirely forget. They may be buried, they may be hid away for a time in some obscure corner of the heart, but by and by, circumstances will show that we know much more than we thought. After that mother's death, I went out into the world, exposed to its manifold temptations : I fell. I acquired bad habits. For seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth like an unblessed spirit wandering over a barren desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry hot sand. The livery of my master had been a garment of burning poison.

Bound with the fetters of evil habits, habits like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire, O how fervent ! to stand where I once hoped to stand. Seven years of darkness, seven years of sin ! There I stood. " Ah," said one, " what is the effect of a mother's teaching, and of a mother's prayers, of the Sunday school and of early good habits ?" O ! I stood there, I remember it well, feeling my own weakness, and thinking that the way of the transgressor is hard ; knowing that the wages of sin is death ; feeling in my heart of hearts all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers wasted and opportunities lost ; conscious that I had been chasing mere bubbles and gained nothing. There I stood.

That mother had passed to heaven, but her words came back to my mind. I remembered, when one night in our garret the candle was failing, that she said, " John, I am growing blind, and don't

mind it much. But you are young ; it is hard for you. But never mind, John, where I am going there is no night. There is no need of any candle there, the Lamb is the light thereof." She has changed the dark, gloomy garret to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour's smiles. But her influence was not lost. As I stood feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed, had spanned the dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation, and struck the heart and opened it. I felt utterly my own weakness ; and the passages of Scripture, that were stowed away in my mind, came as if whispered again by the loving lips of that mother into my ear. This was the influence of a mother's teaching.

THE MANAGER IS DEAD.

'THE Manager is dead' said a lad to me as I passed the Bowery theatre this morning. The walls, the pillars, the arches, the log cabin, the old arm chairs of Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, the bulletin boards, the handbills and the doorway to the pit, were all deeply draped in black, for the Manager was dead.

A theatre in mourning—a place made for mirth in mourning—oh, it was a sad sight. Even the Bowery boys seemed all subdued because death had been there and called for the manager.

There have been frequent deaths there before, and sadder deaths, living deaths, and yet no sign of woe appeared. The young have often entered those walls alive, but when they came out the leprosy of death was upon them. A great school for the youth was kept there, and the manager who is now dead was the principal of that school. He had apt scholars and he taught them whatsoever he pleased, and never had he a sleepy uninterested scholar ; all were wide awake. Was that favorable moment improved to teach noble and exalted things ? Say, manager, how does it all look from your present standing point ? A man who can manage a theatre well has gifts of no ordinary character. A man of mean talents could not do it. Were those gifts and

talents well improved for the best good of mankind and the accomplishment of all life's great objects? How does thy work compare with the work of the noiseless faithful Sabbath school teacher, who "approaches a home where a child dwells, with blessings on his lips," and who "watches bland moments to speak to that child somewhat of the delicious narrative of Christ's love." Said a good man to me once, "Of all the places in the world I would love best to die in the Sabbath school," but to go from a theatre to the grave is a mournful passage.

There is no harmony between the theatre and the grave. Oh, then, let the theatre remain in mourning. Forever let its walls be shrouded in black. It is a fit place for mourning, not for mirth. Its Alpha and Omega is death. Then let the death token hang as a beacon to every passing traveler.—*New York Observer.*

FAMILIAR THOUGHTS FROM A MOTHER.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Mothers, if we wish to train our children in the way they should go; we must first learn that way ourselves; for it is impossible for us to teach our children what we do not know. Mothers, read your Bibles prayerfully, and carefully, and he who has promised to hear and answer prayer, will teach you that way, Pray often; teach your little ones to pray; pray with and for them; it is necessary that they should often be with you when you pray; they learn lessons there, never to be forgotten; the knowledge that a mother prays for her children, makes a great impression on their minds.

We must teach them both by precept and example. If we fret and scowl among our children, they will fret and scowl among themselves; if we are pleasant and agreeable among our children, they will be so among themselves.

Mother! when you look on that sweet little babe, and see and

know that it is yours, your own sweet little babe; what are your feelings? do you not feel as if he was given you for some wise purpose? and that when you come to the bar of the Allwise Being, you will have to render to Him an account of the manner in which you have trained that child? And if he becomes wicked, you will cast reflections on yourself in this life. How important it is, then, for mothers to study the will of God, search the Scriptures, and pray daily. As your babe grows, and his mind develops, you discover that he is capable of learning; and that his little mind will catch at everything it comes in contact with; now is the time to teach him; he may forget the words you tell him, but the impression remains. Never look on him with a frown, to show a friend how quick he will cry; mothers know that a child perceives the difference between a frown and a smile very young. Never give your child anything but pleasant looks and fond caressings while he is very young; when he grows old enough to commit disobedient acts designedly, then is the time to show displeasure; but go about your duty in a very mild manner, take him in your arms, and tell him of his fault kindly, and act towards him as God has commanded you. If you study the Lord's will each day, I do believe you will know when and how to correct your children. Children often commit disobedient acts, which amuse us; be careful, mother, about laughing or speaking of them in their presence, for such things have a great influence on their minds. Never deceive your children, for if you do, they will most assuredly imitate you in that respect; but teach them to abhor deceit in all its colors. Do not allow them to shake their fists, or strike at any person or thing—this and many other little things, that appear smart in children to some, are in my eyes very great sins, for they inculcate a principle that will never be eradicated.

I know there are many mothers who suffer their children to do a great many things when they are small, that they do not intend they shall do when they grow older; but remember, mother, it will be very hard to overcome a habit formed in childhood. Be very careful in regard to the conduct of your children. Temptations are numerous. Take advantage of every suitable occasion to teach them their duty. I do not mean that you should be con-

stantly watching and talking to them about their faults, that would render you and them unhappy.

When you give a command, act in a manner that will give the child to understand that he must obey you, of course. That is the only way to begin to teach little ones obedience. If you train in this way with love, you will have an obedient child; but if you give him to understand, that his will is your pleasure, you will have a lost and ruined child. Just say, "now, my child, come; won't you do thus, and so:" see how quick he hesitates!—Then speak to another, with "well, you will wait on mother; won't you:" you have surely made another failure. Now, reader, how do you view such commands as these, given from parents to children? Is it teaching disobedience directly or indirectly? It may be indirect, but I would as soon tell my children to disobey me, as to speak to them in that manner. Teach your child obedience. Your commands should not be unreasonable; but if you can succeed in building a wall of obedience around each of your children's hearts, you will be apt to have a happy family—the older ones will rule the younger in a great degree.

M. A. W.

THE END OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE chief end to be proposed in cultivating the understanding of women is to qualify them for the practical purposes of life. Their knowledge is not often, like the learning of men, to be reproduced in some literary composition, and never in any learned profession; but it is to come out in conduct; it is to be exhibited in life and manners. A lady studies, not that she may qualify herself to become an orator or a pleader; not that she may learn to debate, but to act. She is to read the best books, not so much to enable her to talk of them, as to bring the improvement which they furnish to the rectification of her principles, and the formation of her habits. The great uses of study to a woman are to enable her to regulate her own mind, and to be instrumental to the good of others.—*More.*

EMMA MOORE.

BY "AXIE ALLEN."

ANOTHER human sacrifice! I have mentally exclaimed, for years, as I have seen professing Christians entering the bonds of matrimony with unbelievers. While I have hesitated to speak on the subject, victim after victim has fallen; the bright, the innocent and unsuspecting have rushed onward to the vortex of earthly despair. A wish to rouse the young to ponder on the truth, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," has prompted me to write the following story, the facts of which have fallen under my own observation.

Emma S. was my friend from childhood; we were inseparable playmates and classmates in school; and in the dreamy days of girlhood we gazed on the stars together, or loitered by murmuring brooks, plucking wild flowers, or listening to the woodland songsters. We walked in company to the house of God, and both became personally interested in the subject of religion, and united with the same church within three months of each other. Emma's beauty was not of the brilliant, dazzling kind, that ever recedes upon close acquaintance, but a calm, graceful dignity; a dark eye and a fair brow, which indicated depth of thought, and a pure lofty spirit were hers, and while you felt an awe in her presence, one word, or a smile from her would assure you that she felt no superiority, but meekness and gentleness were combinations of her nature.

In saying that Emma was a *Christian*, more is meant than that she was merely a professor of religion. A living faith produced a corresponding life of activity in works of charity and love. But days of trial and temptation awaited her. Arthur Moore, a young man, had lived in the village about two years; he had watched her with increasing interest, until she became interested in the subject of religion, when he looked upon her as lost to him for ever. Time, the great modifier of all human pas

sions, calmed the bitter opposition which he felt at first, and a few months of close observation, told him she was more lovely than ever, with religion's sacred charm thrown around her; though he discerned not, that the very thing he esteemed a fault in her, (religion,) was the source of her increased loveliness. Arthur knew no higher good than earth bestows; almost an infidel, an avowed opposer and unbeliever in the great truths of revealed religion. The ties which bound him to the gay world around him, were strong; he was of fine person, high-spirited, free-hearted, and his powers of sociability and wit were unequalled by his companions; making his presence very essential in the convivial meetings of his associates, yet out of the jolly club of which he was a member, he was known only as a fine young man, a little mirthful of course, but active in his business.

His eye had long rested on Emma, and he knew a good character was the only passport to her favor, and no doubt this acted as a powerful restraint over him when the eye of the public was on him. At length he sought Emma for his bride. Long she hesitated;—"were he only a Christian," she would say to herself. Her friends, who only looked on the outward appearance, urged her acceptance—called her bigoted, over-much righteous, pointed to many church members as happy examples. But through the deep recesses of her soul, like a guardian angel's voice, came the words, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath light with darkness," &c. Arthur was in earnest, and hesitated not to comply with any condition she proposed; one was he should accompany her to church regularly; but in his heart he thought that once his, he could easily eradicate all her religious whims.

Emma yielded her principles to the opinion of others; a gray-haired man pronounced the words the law requires; her own name became a nonentity, and Arthur Moore's was written in its stead. I saw her a bride, and not whiter were her snowy robes than herself, as she took upon her the vows of a wife. There was an indefinable fear which rested on her spirit with a mountain's weight, that she might be drawn down the whirlpool of pleasure by Arthur, and bring a reproach upon the cause she esteemed above all others, and ruin upon her own eternal inter-

ests. Here at the marriage altar her heart seemed divided. God claimed the "holiest of holies," she had given Him in public consecration, herself—all she was—time, talents, body and spirit, yet now did she publicly vow to honor, love, and obey her husband; one who acknowledged no God to call him to account, and whose very nature was opposed to the government of God, and in whose eyes judgment, mercy, and truth, were things lightly esteemed. She was the subject of both, yet they were opposites. Strange that weak woman should undertake the task, yet how often it is done! Arthur read not her heart at that time, he was far too happy. There was an air of triumph about him, and he bore his manly form with a proud, exulting step. He had sought and won a prize of which any man might have been proud. But there was a single thought that intruded itself—even at this time—one thought that dimmed the lustre of his heart-gem—*she was a Christian*. Yet if one with a prophet's eye had told him the future, he would have answered scornfully, as did Hazeel of old, "Am I a dog, to do these things."

Emma commenced housekeeping in a pleasant location, surrounded by professed friends. The gay and fashionable called on Arthur's account, and often did she hear profane language, or a vulgar jest uttered by his admitted equals; though his deportment in her presence had always been unexceptionable, and she hoped after the usual congratulations were over, he would drop that kind of company. In this she was mistaken. It was Arthur's unexpressed purpose to assimilate his wife's views to his own; and he spared no pains or money, to initiate her into the mysteries of pride and luxury, well knowing that they were deadly enemies to true piety. Sunday rides were proposed, and company invited, purposely to do away the influence which keeping the day holy might have upon them. Emma wished to treat her husband's guests with politeness, and for a few times joined in their merriment, but could not enjoy it. Her closet witnessed her sighs of repentance for profaned Sabbaths, and resolutions of future amendment. For a while Arthur visited the house of God half of the Sabbath, then ceased entirely, and was seldom seen by her Christian friends when they called on her, giving her as his reason that she would not join his company, and it was but

fair he did not join hers. He tried all the arts of which he was master, to seduce her from the path of Christian duty, and used all his array of argument and ridicule, to shake her faith. But she was firm; there was something more than a whim, a mere fancy, which he had vainly thought he could overturn. He felt piqued that she had heard all his arguments unmoved, and thought she must be wilful; principle he called obstinacy, and as the hope of winning her back to the ways of sin grew less, so a harsh dictatorial manner increased. As he threw off restraint, a coarse vulgarity appeared as an element of his character, which she little expected, and when his plans were the least thwarted, profanity was his usual resort. If Emma attended an evening prayer meeting, she went alone, and returned but to meet a company of Arthur's own selection at her fireside, or meet his sullen frown. She looked from her own home to the home of him who bows morning and evening at the family altar, a priest in his own house, a counsellor to his wife, a worthy pattern for his children, and felt a destitution of spirit indescribable.

It cannot be supposed that Emma was an unmoved observer of the imperfections of character Arthur exhibited. She was a firm believer in woman's unbounded influence, and felt that an important work was laid upon her, and attempted to perform her mission with a hopeful, trusting heart. She felt that when she committed her cause to her Heavenly Father, and prayed for guidance, she could not fail. She argued with Arthur from the importance of an unspotted character, from the uncertainty of life, and the consequences of time misspent, from his own plighted vows, and her wounded feelings, from virtue's inherent reward, and the sure misery of vice, and every other motive woman's fertile fancy could present: she knelt beside him, and with his hands clasped in hers, pleaded with God for him until she was invariably met with a harsh retort, or coarse jest. Then she ceased pleading with him, as it seemed only to rouse the baser passions, but visited her closet as a sure refuge, with a full belief in the efficacy of prayer.

Emma became the mother of a son, and looked on her babe as a Christian mother only can, not that he might become great among men was her only wish, but that he might be good,—to be

fitted for a blessed eternity was more in her eyes than any earthly honor, and possessing the first she felt no anxiety for the last. Not so did the father look at his child, he would rather see him almost anything else than a "whining, praying Christian," and he waited impatiently the time when his little tongue could master big words, and already in fancy he saw him with cigar in mouth, sporting a cane with rowdy strut. Emma knew the highest aim of her husband was but earthly, and felt a sickening sensation when she thought of the time when the child should go forth under his father's influence. He had seemed to her too pure for earth's polluting touch, and her greatest fear was that he would lose his innocence by contact with the world. Her fears were groundless—at two years of age he was removed beyond parental anxiety, or the contaminating influences of earth. Emma mourned as one whom a Father chasteneth, but murmured not. Arthur had doated passionately on the child, and felt no submission; he bore his loss in sullen silence, or opened his mouth to accuse the Almighty, if there was one, of injustice. Emma felt there was no congeniality of mind or feeling between herself and husband, and that the position they held to each other was only in name. She could not conscientiously resort with him to amusements to drown grief, and he scorned the believer's consolation. She felt that her husband was not what she expected he would have been, but had never spoken the words to any person, and her most intimate friends, from motives of delicacy, never attempted to gain the secret of her heart, though it was evident to an observing eye, that their paths were daily diverging; their likes and dislikes were for things of opposite character, and as each received no sympathy from the other, they each acted independently.

Emma spent most of her time at home, books and writing were her chief amusements, her garden was a favorite resort, where were many beautiful, as well as useful plants, cultivated by her own hand. Arthur's occupation was profitable, and had been more than sufficient for a maintainance, but somehow it did not yield the income of former years. There were whisperings that his evening games consumed the avails of the day, and the wine cup was indispensable to his evening entertainment. Amidst de-

clining prospects, foreboding sorrows, and dying hopes, a daughter was added to the family. With this accession, all the mother's interests were awakened anew, and she hoped Arthur would rouse himself from the indifference he had shown since the death of their boy. But her anguish can only be imagined when she heard him say, "no! he *would not* love it, for if he did it would die, and what was a daughter, it would not be anything to him," and the little helpless being was treated as an unwelcome guest by her father. Here was a new trial which entered the mother's heart like the barbed steel, and its legitimate fruit was a double portion of a mother's love, and a double interest in all that concerned her child.

Sorrow concealed, year after year, meditated on day and night, eats on the human system like canker. Thus it was with Emma. While Arthur suffered her to plead with him, she hoped he might be won from his evil habits; when he refused to hear a word from her, she fled to her closet, and trusted in the hearer and answerer of prayer, until she saw him seemingly given over to every evil device. Then hope grew faint, and faith was weak, and a gloom pervaded her whole soul. She seemed enveloped in mental darkness which no ray of light could penetrate. She questioned with herself if God could deny his promise of "Ask and ye shall receive." It seemed to her if the one great thing for which she had lived, and labored and prayed, were denied, her belief in Christianity would be shaken, and she should yield to doubt and despair. But gradually light seemed to disperse the darkness, and the question was revolved in her mind, "can the Almighty change? When he says the disobedient shall be punished, can he bless? Can his word be broken to indulge mortal caprice? 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' is his command. How can one break the command and prosper? 'Whatsoever you sow that also shall you reap.'" Now could she see clearly why her earthly hopes had all been blasted—why she had never experienced the sympathy which constitutes the golden chain of conjugal happiness. By the immutability of God, his justice and truth, she saw nothing to hope for in future but adversity. Despair for Arthur settled in her heart, and she ceased to plead for, or remonstrate with him, and seemed waiting in

daily expectation of some great and unprecedented evil to befall them. To her his destiny appeared sealed for time and eternity, yet she could not divest herself of anxiety for him. Brooding over his case in hopeless despair, impaired her health; day by day the light faded from her eye, and a smile seldom pervaded her features. Gradually a calm submission to the will of God, pervaded her mind, and she resigned herself and family to his mercy.

She mourned not for herself, though she knew her symptoms were premonitory of consumption; for herself all was well, she felt that God had forgiven her for her great error, that she no longer had a controversy with him, but could rejoice in Him as an unchangeable being. Her little daughter was now nearly five years old, a lovely, gentle child. Her father's stubborn indifference had somewhat subsided, but all her sympathies were with her mother, which, while it was a consolation to her, made the prospect of a separation by death peculiarly trying. Emma's disease proved consumption, yet it came so gradually that she was able to walk out until a few days before her death. It had become necessary to have an attendant, and she selected me, as I was accustomed to the service of a sick room. She gave her little daughter, with Arthur's full consent, to a sister of hers, who was to receive her at the mother's death, as her own child.

It was the lovely month of June. Emma had been more cheerful than for many days, the little girl had gathered a handful of flowers, fresh and beautiful, and placed them in a vase, and twined some in the dark brown hair of her mother, as she sat in her easy-chair. She had often done so when her mother was in health, but now they contrasted strangely with her emaciated face and pale brow. She raised her dark eye, which shone with the brightness of consumption's seal, and met her image reflected in a mirror which hung opposite her. "O take them away, my child!" she exclaimed, "take these bright ones away, and place the withered ones in my hair if any, for they are like me."

"For yon pale bud, its petals dead,
A leaf from the cypress tree,
Those flowerets crushed, their beauty fled,
Are a fitter wreath for me.

“ Sweet flowers of hope around me grew,
Alas! they’re withered now—
Once brightly bloomed those flowerets too,
Then bind them on my brow.”

“ Kiss me, my daughter,” said she, “ then go down to aunt Sarah’s and stay two hours.” The child obeyed, and we were left alone. Those two hours were improved by Emma to unburthen her heart. They revealed much of woe and bitter regret, remorse and repentings, while the eye had sparkled with apparent pleasure, and the lip had been wreathed in smiles.

“ O,” said she, “ I could have loved Arthur with all the devotion of my nature, if his character had been based on truth. I could not conscientiously mingle with his company, or join their sports, and he found not the excitement at his own fireside which his heart craved, and he sought it elsewhere. I have robbed him of a congenial home, by consenting to be his; I have lost heaven’s best gift to woman—a husband’s arm, heart, counsel and sympathy—by accepting one whom I knew had no tastes in common with me. I have loaded myself with a guilty conscience, and at times have felt that I was perhaps guilty for the course of conduct he has pursued, since the first four years of our marriage. But all my earthly sorrow and disappointment are nothing to the agony I have felt concerning his future happiness or misery. For years I had a controversy with God. I felt that I could not be denied the conversion of my husband: that God had promised if we ‘ ask we shall receive.’ I searched the Scriptures to know wherein I failed, that God could not answer my prayer, and I found it was only the *obedient*, that enjoyed His favor. That God could not, consistent with his attributes, prosper those who went contrary to his commands. I had presumed to love one who was opposed to Him; *my chosen friend was His enemy*, I was condemned by His word on almost every page. I felt that I must endure the chastisement which my Heavenly Father saw fit to lay upon me, and could only say ‘ I deserve it all—even to the eternal separation from my husband, the father of my children.’ If I had been the only one guilty of this peculiar offence, I could have died without opening my mouth, except to confess to Him against whom I have sinned. But there are many every year

doing as I have done, and if there is one thing above all others I would say to young professing Christians, it is this, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

Two days after this Emma ceased to breathe, and I trust sleeps in Jesus. There was no permanent change in Arthur while life lasted. Within three years after the death of his wife, he too was consigned to the tomb, there to await the "resurrection of the just and unjust."

"HOPE."

E'EN at the grave of those we love
 Hope still would cheer us on ;
 She points beyond, and bids us see,
 The Resurrection morn.
 When those dear cherished forms redeemed,
 The grave's dominion o'er,
 Though sown in weakness, shall be raised
 In glory and in power.

And then to brighter scenes she points,
 To hearts no longer riven ;
 A meeting with our loved and lost,
 In yonder peaceful Heaven !
 No painful partings there to dread ;
 No storms our joys to shiver ;
 No lonely pathway there to tread ;
 No death, loved ones to sever !

Blessed Hope ! Lend now thy brilliant rays
 To light our darkened way,
 And when the "joys of sense" are gone,
 Be thou our guide and stay !
 Be thou our Anchor to the soul,
 When here by tempests driven :
 In death still hover near our side,
 And whisper, then, of Heaven !



YES, gather the flowers of June, dear children—seek the brightest and the sweetest. What if you do find thorns with the eglantine? Secure the flower—its delicate beauty and odor will more than make amends for the sting. It is said that the season of flowers is short—that the cold blasts of autumn, and the frosts of winter, blight and destroy them. But no, you may gather flowers in autumn, and even cold winter; but they must be *cultivated, nourished, sheltered.*

Take the lesson to your hearts, and remember that flowers may be cultivated and made to bloom all along life's pathway, even into the winter of age, and shed their fragrance over the tomb. Cultivate the flowers of affection, of kindness, of peace, of love, and if the thorns of care, and envy, and sorrow will grow, nurse into being, between them, the roses, the jessamines and the lilies, that their beauty may charm and their odor soothe you; and they will whisper to your troubled spirit of His care, who arrays them and clothes them in such delicate hues, and of that clime where

"Fadeless flowers immortal bloom."

MRS. M. G. C.
(191)

EVELINE.

BY W. G. BROWNE.

GOLDEN haired and starry eyed,
Was a little sister mine ;
Beauteous as a summer morn ;
And all loved my Eveline.

Ever on her cheek a smile,
Mingled with her blushes sweet,
As the sun and silver clouds,
In an April morning meet.

Ever flying from her mates,
Shy as is the bounding fawn,
When, in vain, it tries to fly
Its own shadow on the lawn.

Golden haired and starry eyed
Was that little sister mine,
With a soul so beautiful
Angels loved my Eveline.

So when evening's shadows fell
On a forest, dark and deep,
White wings on a bed of leaves
Lulled that sister dear asleep.

All night long beneath the stars,
Watched that child, the angels nigh ;
Human footsteps searched in vain,
Till the morning's sun was high.

Then she sickened, day by day,
Sadder grew her merry eye,
And the rose-leaf on her cheek
Told too true that she must die !

Mournful sighed the Autumn winds
Round the cottage where she lay,
And the sun was going down,
When they sung her soul away!

Ever since my heart hath lain
By a little grave of flowers;
And I only pray to go
Up with her to angel-bowers.

A PAGE FROM A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

WHO among all the various classes in the community, has a deeper personal interest in the home training of childhood than the teacher—the female teacher, as from the nursery, the next step for the child is into *her* more numerous and multifarious family; and she is to take up the teaching and disciplining, which was commenced at home, and begin to build in her own way on the foundation of another.

The little one committed to her care may be an entire stranger to her; she knows nothing of his disposition, or the management he has heretofore received. She only knows that parents have entrusted to her influence and instruction that precious child in whom are centred their fondest hopes, and brightest expectations for the future of this life; and that God, in the arrangements of Providence has given her the responsibility of a large share in the influence which will mould the character of this immortal being, for good or ill during the endless ages of another life. She observes the intelligent countenance, and independent bearing of the boy, and says to herself, this is a duty of no trifling account, and how very, very much depends on the work already done,—the very first inclining of the twig! What can I do with such a boy, if he has been taught to know nothing of subordination? A few weeks, it may be a few days, will enable her to decide, whether she is to follow out a work well begun, and to co-

operate with parents in training the child in the way he should go; or, whether she must give him all the discipline he ever has, and find her efforts constantly thwarted, and rendered ineffectual by the indulgence and neglect of parents at home.

All agree that the school must be well governed. Order and quietness must be preserved, and at the same time uniform progress be made in the studies. The best good of all must be sought, and no one be allowed to infringe on the rights of others, or to set an example which they may not safely follow. Is this the place where the spoiled and petted child can claim his indulgences? Can his selfish domineering spirit be allowed to reign here? This must not be. And what a task is thrown upon the teacher who has such a child to govern!

To illustrate this subject, we will here introduce two instances of discipline in school which occurred a few days since.

Frederic D., and Augustus N., are small boys, each perhaps in his eighth year. The former has always been the pet of the household, and his own will and choice he has found to be the controlling power in the circle in which he has moved before attending school. The latter is the youngest darling of a widowed mother, but he is blessed with a mother who feels the importance of eradicating in childhood the baneful seeds of selfishness, and training the will to submit to wholesome discipline. One day a scholar complained to the teacher that Frederic had given him a severe blow with his thick boot. When called to an account F. did not deny the fact, but made it a very light matter, a thing which he had a right to do if he chose. The teacher saw the action, and observed the manner and spirit which accompanied it. She had before noticed his cruel, reckless bearing toward his companions, and felt that it *must* be restrained.

After expostulating with the boy to no purpose, she concluded he must be punished. To this he had been wholly unaccustomed, and he became greatly incensed, and used the most insolent language. Then, as soon as he was allowed to go to his desk, he began to pack up his books, saying, "I'll never come to this school another day. You see if I do."

"I cannot have you take your books now," said the teacher.

"I do not allow scholars to leave in such a way as this. Sit down and talk with me. Did you not kick George?"

"Yes; that was nothing."

"I call it something, and so does George; and his father and mother will call it something. You hurt George, but if you had not hurt him at all, you treated him as I cannot have one scholar treat another. It is my duty to see that one scholar does not injure another. Why, if one *man* abuses another he is taken up. Did you not tell me the other day that you saw a police officer taking a man along to put him in prison, because he had struck another man?"

"He was drunk?"

"But he would have been taken up if he had struck a man when he was not drunk. The people in the state and city are under the control of laws which were made for the good of all. My scholars are under the control of laws, and you have broken one of those laws, just as that man had broken one of the laws of the State."

"I don't care anything about laws."

"I perceive that, and I am very sorry; for you must always be under laws, and if you do not submit to them you will be very unhappy yourself, and make others unhappy. All good laws in a school are taken from God's laws, and all men, and women, and children, must obey his laws or they will be forever miserable."

These remarks seemed to make very little impression on the child. He was not subdued. That will was too strong to yield to reason or correction. It had not been subjected to discipline when it first began to develop, and even in childhood it had become violent and stubborn. The teacher felt that her efforts had been nearly useless.

A few days after this, Augustus N., while in the yard at recess, was accused of the same cruel act, and *his* case was more aggravated because repeated. The teacher was distressed by the intelligence, and brought by so many, and such witnesses that she could not doubt its correctness. It was the first offence of the kind of which A. had been guilty. She knew he had a strong will, and she was afraid he would not readily acknowledge his fault; if not, he must be corrected; and this she dreaded exceed-

ingly. But in the few moments which she had for reflection, the consoling thought came to her mind, he is accustomed to discipline at home.

She said to him, "Augustus, you got very much excited just now, and did very wrong. You abused your playmates. I cannot allow that. It is my duty to see that my scholars treat each other well. This is one of the laws of the school. Do you think it is right to have laws in school?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But you have broken the laws."

"I am sorry," and as he said this his eyes filled with tears, and his chin began to quiver. The teacher was encouraged to talk further with him. He did not seem angry with the scholars who had informed against him, nor with the teacher who called him to an account. His whole appearance betokened penitence, and a willingness to submit to discipline. Said the teacher, "is there anything you can do to prove to your schoolmates that you are sorry you hurt them?"

"I don't know," said he.

"You can ask them to forgive you. Are you willing to do this?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, if you are willing to ask forgiveness, I hope you will not do such a thing again."

"I don't think I shall."

"Then I shall not have to punish you."

This conversation took place in an ante-room, and the teacher now opened the school-room door, and A. walked in, and with a sober and meek countenance went to the seats of three different schoolmates, each of whom in the excitement of violent play he had injured, and asked their forgiveness. All promptly forgave him, and the teacher proceeded in the work of instruction, rejoicing that in the midst of her arduous duties, while offences must come, some of her pupils were so disciplined that it was comparatively easy to adjust and settle them. How different her feelings in the other case! Are not these strong contrasts to be met with in every community of adults, as well as children, and may they not generally be traced to the same cause—the differences in early discipline?

* * *

DAILY DUTIES.

BY M. F. A.

DAILY duties are too often regarded in a very erroneous point of view. We refer to those home duties and domestic cares which fill up a large part of the every-day life of most of the mothers of our land. These duties are, by too many, considered as the clogs, the hindrances which impede them from making advances in the divine life, whereas they are, in truth, the appointed steps in which our Heavenly Father designs us to tread, in order to advance in that life; they form the path which, if pursued in humility, faith, and love, will conduct us onward and upward to the City of God.

The great sacrifice—the overwhelming trial—meets us at rare and infrequent intervals. These form not the true tests of character. They prove, often, it is true, the turning point in our destiny. God is pleased to use such as instruments for weaning the heart from the world, and bringing it to a decision to yield to His gracious sway. But after the decision has been made, the world given up, then comes the regular chain of daily duties, link joined in link, leading us onward in a course of holy living, useful to man and well pleasing to God. Humble and obscure these duties may be, but they escape not the scrutiny of the all-seeing Eye; and the manner and the spirit in which they are performed are not beneath the notice of Him whom we serve. If we would remember this, and learn to look on every circumstance in our daily life as marked out for us by one who knows exactly the kind of discipline which we need, we could more easily subdue every restless feeling, and go forward to the discharge of duty with a quiet mind and a contented spirit. Instead of longing to do some great thing we should feel that

“The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.”

And freely interspersed with these daily duties are many petty trials and cares, which too often depress our spirits, and sadden our hearts. This ought not to be, for these also form part of the wise and gracious discipline to which we are subjected; and our chief object should be to make the right improvement of them. Like the patient oft-repeated filings wherewith the lapidary polishes the diamond, these trials will thus serve to polish and smooth away all the angles and asperities which too often disfigure our Christian character. Let us then, instead of allowing such cares and trials to fret and vex us, use them for the high purpose for which they were designed—our advancement and improvement—and accustom ourselves to regard our daily duties as necessary steps in our heavenward course. If we have felt weary and depressed, this view would raise our sinking spirits, and cause our life to wear a new aspect. A celestial radiance would illumine many a pathway, which now looks gloomy and cheerless.

“If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.”

“RELIGION is the final centre of repose; the goal to which all things tend, apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves of the sibyl scattered in the wind.”

WE make the world, and the world makes us. We dress the world in the drapery of our own thoughts and feelings, and then the light from the world comes back to us, transmitted and colored through that drapery, so that, after a while, the world is only a reflection of ourselves.

MY UNCLE'S BLESSING.

IT is now more than twenty-two years since I received it, and it is as fresh in my memory as a thing of yesterday. I shall never forget it, and by the grace of God shall never cease to be thankful to Him for it. May I never prove unworthy of it, and may I never lose the hallowed and hallowing influence of that sweet and precious benediction. May it ever remain and abide upon my soul as the dew of God, and as the breath of the Almighty. It was the blessing of a good man; one who had long walked with God and lived by faith on his Son Jesus Christ.

My uncle had been led to confess Christ as his Saviour in his youth, and was baptized into one of the oldest and most flourishing churches in the principality of Wales. Believing that God called him to the ministry of his word, he had, after being licensed by the church, pursued his studies preparatory to his entering more fully on the work, first under the Rev. Micah Thomas, at Abergavenny, and subsequently under the excellent and sainted Dr. Ryland, at Bristol. His mind was richly stored with reminiscences of those good men, and many others of the religious worthies of Britain. He knew and had heard that giant among the great theologians of the Christian world, Andrew Fuller, and I have heard him say that in hearing him preach, nothing would strike you more forcibly than the wonder you had not previously observed in the text everything he brought out of it, all was so simple and natural, as the unfolding of the real meaning and wealth of the passage.

My uncle's first settlement in the ministry was in the beautiful town of C——, on the picturesque and romantic Wye. Here he succeeded in gathering a small church and in erecting a very neat and substantial "chapel." For sixteen years he preached the gospel and administered its ordinances in this place, and chiefly at his own charges. In his congregation were two worthy ladies, twin sisters, who were engaged in mercantile business. Both of these were given to him as seals of his ministry, and became truly

pious and useful members of his church. Both became in time the worthy companions of ministers; one giving her heart and hand to the pastor, and the other to a minister of the Independent denomination. Thus the pastor became a merchant or "shop-keeper," and without neglecting his pulpit duties, conducted the business for several years successfully. My uncle had no children, while one of his sisters, my very dear good mother, who, though his junior, had married much earlier, was plentifully blessed with the "poor man's riches." I was her first-born, and when about eleven was taken by my uncle to be a "shop-boy." I was a wild mountain boy, and with my dog and staff had been accustomed to something of a shepherd's life. The confinement of the store, and the rigid government of my uncle, rested like a galling yoke upon my neck, and though he did much to have me improve my mind and manners, in about three years I was truly glad to cast off this terrible yoke. Like many other boys, I failed to properly appreciate what was done for my best good. Restive and unhappy as I was at times under my excellent uncle and aunt's government, I received many lessons of instruction, and witnessed much of what was pure and consistent in their Christian lives, that have been of great use to me since, and for which I can never be sufficiently thankful to the Father of mercies. The Sabbath was most carefully and scrupulously observed, and the worship of God around the family altar never neglected, either morning or evening. I left this place of blessing, however, with such feelings of hostility to one of my best earthly friends, as to care but little whether I ever saw him again.

Time passed on, and I was apprenticed in a large store or "shop," dealing in provisions, dry goods, &c., connected with an iron works on my native hills. After being wild and thoughtless enough, in my third year at this place, a gracious and long suffering God led me to think on my ways, and to feel the importance of turning my feet to his testimonies. Previous to this I had not written a line to my uncle—my real benefactor. An ungrateful and disobedient boy I had been; but now, as my heart began to relent under the mellowing and blessed influence of the Holy Spirit, it at once turned to the too much forgotten and hated friend of my boyhood. I wrote to him, and many were the

heartfelt confessions my letters contained. From that day to this, that *hated* uncle has been of all earthly friends one of those I loved the best and esteemed the highest. Rich and varied has been the freight of counsel and instruction his letters have borne to his "dear boy." My reader, do you know the worth of a wise counsellor? Have you good sense enough to really value a true friend, who will kindly, but faithfully point out your faults, and endeavor to help you in correcting them? Let me tell you that such a friend is worth more than gold, and if you have no such friend, secure one at once, and see you never cast him or her off. "Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

Four years after I made a Christian profession, the providence of God seemed to direct my steps to this good land of the noble free. After determining that it was my duty to make this my adopted country, I went to take my leave of a numerous circle of friends and relatives, whom I very dearly loved, and among others my uncle and aunt. They had retired from business, and were at that time residing in a delightful part of the country with the widowed twin-sister. My stay was short. I arrived in the afternoon of one day, and left early on the morning of the next. Many good things did I hear during that short stay, and deeply affecting was the scene I there witnessed. After breakfast, my uncle, as usual, brought forward that best treasure of the individual and of the family, the precious Bible. The chapter he selected was highly appropriate, the third of Proverbs. He commenced the reading as usual, but after reading a few verses, there was quite a change in his utterance, and soon it became entirely choked. His bosom heaved and swelled, and his eyes filled with tears. My good aunt sat near, and coming to his relief, took the blessed volume from his hands. She had not proceeded far in the reading before she also had to make a full surrender of herself to the overpowering feelings of a kind and loving heart. She handed the book to her good sister, who finished the reading. Then we all knelt before God—the God of our fathers—and from a full, believing heart, my ever dear uncle led us to the mercy seat, and commended me in a special manner to his gracious care and blessing. He, the God of all grace, who has led me all the

way thus far, and whose goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, alone knows how much I am indebted to that prayer.

Christian reader, do you know what it is to hate and despise and loathe yourself, because under deeply affecting circumstances you could not feel nor shed a tear. When your heart was like a stone, and your eyes like a dried spring? Have you ever felt that you would give almost anything in the world if you *could only feel*? Yes, feel as you were conscious you ought to feel? If you have, then you have some idea how I felt that morning. I was out of all conceit with myself. It did seem to me that my heart had become perfectly hardened, and utterly destitute of everything holding any affinity to a tender emotion. So it was. I was a wonder to myself, and I assure you in no very enviable light.

Immediately after this morning service, I took leave of my aunt, her sister and the other members of the family—and without a tear—worse than all, without an emotion, except the one of indignation I felt at myself for being so much a stoic. I had some distance to walk that day, and started on my journey across the country by foot-paths. My uncle accompanied me for two or three miles, and continued to give me good instruction and wise counsel. At last the time came for us to bid the last adieu. It was in a pleasant little meadow, quite retired among trees, and situated in a beautiful valley not very far from the river Usk. My uncle was much taller than myself. We halted. He looked down into the windows of my soul, and I looked up into his. There were buckets of water in them. His were emptied upon me, and mine upon the meadow. He took my hand—he held it long—he fell on my neck and kissed me, and there and then he blessed me. With quivering lip he said, “The Lord bless thee, my dear boy.” “Yr Argleoydd a’th fendithio fy maehgen anwyl.” I felt it in my inmost soul. I feel it now. That was the last time I looked upon his manly form, and felt his warm embrace, and the pent up waters of my poor strange heart burst forth in streams. Reader, have you ever felt in such a melting mood, as if it would be a kind of melancholy pleasure to weep and sob, and melt away out of this into another life? It was

thus I felt in parting with one whom I have longed a thousand times since to see, and whose blessing from God has ever followed me to the present moment, though the mighty deep has for twenty-two years rolled between us. We may not meet here. God only knows. But there is a better land than even this goodly heritage, where the children of God shall meet, and no more taste the bitterness of parting. In that land may we meet. In that land I trust we shall meet, to renew a sweet and happy personal intercourse of love, and to cast our crowns at his feet, who loved us and washed us from all our sins in his own blood. I. B.

TWO-FOLD AFFLICTION.

I WAS called, not long since, to participate in one of the most solemn and affecting scenes it has ever been my lot to witness. It was two corpses in one house, one a child of six years, the other of but two summers. I had been with the mother in her period of intense suffering, as she watched over them, both trembling upon the confines of the tomb, and I looked with interest, as I do ever upon the exhibitions of human feeling, at the unutterable sympathies which were aroused in her heart, first for one, and then the other, as fear for either predominated. The one was her first-born, who had opened in her heart that fountain of feeling, whose waters were "never more to rest." Until his birth she knew not that joy which a mother's heart alone can comprehend, of holding in her arms a darling all her own. Alas, for our suffering hearts, that we should fondly deem them so, and then see them suddenly snatched from our embrace by the resistless hand of death. His name endeared him to her, the name of the husband almost adored, a name given in the early years of their companionship, when the halo of youth hung around their intercourse, and no cloud of sorrow had cast its shadow over their love. Beside this he was their *only son*. What depths of tenderness does this word convey!

Then for the other one, there were sufficient reasons why she

should be equally dear; she was the youngest, the pet, and pride, and plaything of the whole house, and she had ever been a feeble infant. They had watched over her with solicitude from the hour of her birth, and to lose her would be like severing her heart strings. It is ever thus with our poor fallen natures. We are so prone to think we could have borne trouble better in some other shape than the one in which it comes to us. The home of the bereaved parents was in a country village, where there was no undertaker to come with softly tread and length of face assumed from habit, not produced by sympathy; but kind friends stepped forward to perform the last sad offices of affection, to prepare their little bodies for the grave, friends who had stood round the bed of the dying ones, and who had enticed the mother away ere the second one breathed its last, and carried her to the home of her sister, fearing the shock would be too much for her already enfeebled and exhausted frame.

They were shrouded and coffined with care, and looked as calm and sweet in their last repose as if they had never known aught of suffering. The prayer was said by the side of their remains, and then we left the desolated home, to deposit them in the family burial ground, six miles off, where some of their kindred slept.

The sun was just shedding his last rays upon the earth, as we stood around the open grave, where the bodies of the dead had been deposited, and as the father stood there with quivering lip and tearful, earnest gaze, looking for the last time upon the coffins which contained his children, the voice of the good old man of God broke forth in the comforting and elevating language of the Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth shall never die."

Oh, of what priceless worth are the consolations of the Bible to us at a time like this, how does the heart of the Christian cling to them and feed on them in the hour of trial.

The master whom we serve causes his face to shine on us more graciously then, and his love proves to us an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. How comforting to feel, as we lay away our darlings in the tomb with its dismal surroundings, that we put them there in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection,

that even now their higher, better natures are not confined in the clay we look upon :

“ Their faces may be hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed be their eyes, and cold their foreheads fair,
Our hands that marble feel,
O'er it in prayer we kneel,
Yet our hearts whisper that *they are not there.*”

S. J. H.

THE LAST OF THREE.

THERE were three ! a lovely trio ;
One, a fair and gentle girl,
With her hair so bright and golden,
All her snowy neck enfolding ;
Twined in many a wavy curl.

With her ways so sweet and graceful,
With her deep and loving heart,—
With her merry gush of laughter,
And her sweet voice trilling after,—
Could we think she would depart ?

Yet she faded, drooped, and perished,
In the early, chilly spring,
While the dark gray clouds were scudding,—
Ere a single leaf was budding,—
Ere the birds began to sing.

Where the steady rain is dripping,
Dripping from the leaden skies,
With the cold sods arched above her,—
Though so dearly we did love her,—
There our faded blossom lies.

Then her noble, bright-eyed brother,
In the home that was bereft,
When the wintry winds were sweeping,
Lay in marble stillness, sleeping !
Now there's only Willie left !

When the golden days of summer
 Light the earth with beauty rare,
 Willow boughs are o'er them bending,—
 Bird-notes are to heaven ascending,—
 Flowers are nodding o'er them there.

But, not there, the beauteous spirits
 That we loved and cherished here!
 They have passed to Jesus' keeping,
 Where no sorrow comes, nor weeping,
 Where are known no sin or fear.

So there's one yet dwelling with us,—
 And a gentle boy is he;
 We would seek for him the blessing
 Of each heart's warm love-caressing,
 For he is *the last of three!*

And we pray the Heavenly Father,
 Watching little children o'er,—
 That he may be kept pure-hearted,
 Till he joins the dear departed,
 Where is joy forevermore.

H. W.

PLEASURE.

BLESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child! for there is no saying when it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this remembers himself at this moment a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village. With longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came into his garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now here, at a vast distance from home, after so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of the boy, expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms fresh.—*Douglass Jerrold.*

CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

My grandmother has seen more than seventy summers, and in the course of her long and eventful life, has learned many useful lessons, some of which she tries, at times, to teach her grandchildren. I have often been gratified and instructed by her stories from real life, but never more than with one which I should like to relate for the young readers of "Sunshine and Shadow." I was about setting out on a long journey, and we felt that this parting might be our last. I took a seat by her side, for I saw, by her looks, that she had something to tell me.

"When I was very young," she began, "my father lived in the country, not many miles from the city of B. Our nearest neighbor was a sea-captain, who had retired from business, and who was able to furnish for his family every luxury that money could obtain. He had two daughters who went to the same school with my sister and myself. They were lovely girls, almost their father's idols. For them he spared no expense, and thought no sacrifice which he could make too great, if it would give them a moment's gratification. My father was always kind, and I knew that he loved his children with the same fond affection that Capt. F. felt for his daughters. But one thing about them troubled me exceedingly; *they dressed so beautifully*. I used to think, in my childish folly, that, if I could do as I pleased, and dress like my more favored neighbors, I should be perfectly happy.

"Time passed on. My father's whole family had found homes in the city, and, for more than fifty years, we knew nothing more of Capt. F. and his beautiful daughters. But, on one of the coldest mornings in Dec., 1852, a friend of mine was sent in behalf of some benevolent institution, to visit several poor families who were likely to need assistance during the cold weather. In all her visits her sympathies were aroused, but especially in the case of one old lady, whose manners and conversation indicated that she had seen better days, that she was unused to a life of toil. My friend induced my sister to go with her to see the old

lady, and, on listening to her tale of sorrow, what was their astonishment to find in the object of their pity, Capt. F.'s oldest daughter ! Her story was brief ; her husband had died in the prime of life, her children had been one by one taken away, and she was left alone, a widow, poor and childless. Gladly we hastened to her relief, thankful that it was in our power to contribute in any degree towards making her comfortable in the evening of her life. We were rejoiced to find that, though she had none of this world's goods, she had a treasure laid up in heaven. She had learned to trust in the God of the widow, and He did not now in her old age forsake her. We were permitted to watch by her side in her last sickness, and to witness the comfort she found in those long days and nights of pain, from Him who was a man of sorrows, and who 'can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' "

"And what," I asked, "became of the younger sister?"

"Her husband left our shores as captain of a vessel bound for the East Indies, and was never heard from afterwards. Of seven children, three have been spared to her, all of whom are ready to administer to her wants in her declining years. With her youngest daughter she has found a home in the far west, but for twenty years she has been entirely blind. She is, however, looking forward eagerly to the time when her spirit, released from its earthly prison-house, shall take its flight to that better land, where all eyes shall be opened, and where she may join in singing ceaseless praises to the Lamb who has, she trusts, washed her in His own precious blood, and made her 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' "

The story of my aged friend was finished, but I thought that it would bear a repetition, and that, perhaps, others might learn from it a lesson of trust in God. If any of you, my young friends, are ever tempted to repine at what an all-wise Providence has seen fit to provide for you, think of my grandmother and her rich neighbors. When she was envying them, and breaking the tenth commandment, she knew not what was best for her. Could she have seen the end from the beginning, think you she would have sought to change places with them ? And so it will ever be. Often, when we are earnestly wishing for what is not within our

reach, our kind Heavenly Father is preparing for us better things than we had asked; while, if our vain wishes were to be gratified, they would bring in their train nought but trouble and sorrow. Seek then at all times, and in whatsoever state you are, "there-with to be content;" assured that He who provides for the sparrow a home, and clothes the lily of the field in beauty, will much more take care of all His children who put their trust in Him.

IS THE WIFE TO BLAME?

THERE is an evil under the sun, great and increasing. It is said by money-wise men that financial affairs are in a sad condition, and there is no sign of improvement. Business men say it is hard times, and the poor laborers feel in their very hearts that the times are hard, when the price of bread for their dependent families, is double the price of their labor. Business firms are failing for thousands, and men of accredited integrity turn out defaulters and runaways.

"But what can a lady writer have to do with monetary matters? She abjures politics and controversies of every sort, and professes to keep on the feminine side of the domestic circle." Yet she must be social with the liege lords and young princes of homedom, or they will think her scornful and a prude. And then we are so singular, or so selfish that we cannot help appropriating some share of these pecuniary concerns to our own side. We are not willing that the men should have all the glory of bankruptcy alone. To be sure, we have too much to do in our own peculiar sphere, to study commercial interests, to examine the price of stocks, to compare exports and imports, and trace the effects of foreign wars upon American trade, manufactures, and agriculture, or even to appreciate the comparative mining interests of California and Pennsylvania. But then have not the mothers, the wives and daughters, a hand on the wheel that turns all this business machinery, the pressure of which propels or retards it very essentially?

We had occasion, the other afternoon, when the thermometer stood among the nineties, to walk through one of our thoroughfares, along which are ranged sundry foundries, machine-shops, car manufactories, &c., the whiz and clang of whose engines, hammers, files, and saws, were almost deafening; and the dusty atmosphere, heated seven times hotter by the furnaces, forges, and melted ore, pressing through the open windows, was suffocating. If ever, we did not then feel any desire to claim equal rights and privileges with the men. We were content to be the weaker part of humanity, and bear its obloquy. But this is a digression.

There were fathers, husbands, and brothers, and our fancy started off for their homes. Some were well ordered and disposed—the responsibilities felt by the family, in equal poise with the toils of him who was bearing the burden and heat of the day. But in another the wife seemed perfectly regardless of everything but to gratify and please herself. She seemed determined to live in too extravagant a manner for their limited income. She complained of her husband because he would not afford her this and that, and he was so stingy that he was not willing the children should be dressed like other people's.

Their daughter, a pert miss of sixteen, was fingering the piano, (of course we did not learn whether it was hired.) She declared it was entirely too warm weather to work, and she thought it was too bad that her father would not let her go to the "Cape," with some acquaintance who started that morning. As for sewing, "she disliked it," and her whole appearance indicated that she disliked everything called work,—except that she showed us "a love of a collar" she had *crocheted*, and a splendid ottoman cover that she "had spent full three months in working; but then it would never do her any good, for father would say he could not afford to buy the ottoman." "Oh," said she, "I do love fancy work, but plain sewing I detest. I make mother do that." A young friend present intimated that herself had been very busy making shirts for her brother, who was just leaving home. "I will not make shirts," responded the other: "I don't know how, and I wont learn; and so mother puts father's all out to be made, for she has enough sewing without them."

Time passes on, and the daughter, by her pretty face and pleas-

ing manners, wins the heart of some admirer and becomes a wife. He, perchance, like herself, has false views of life, and feels that, to be respected, they must dress and live *genteely*. They take board at some fashionable boarding-house or hotel, and dash like millionaires. He has fine business talents, and is receiving a handsome salary, full enough to give them comfort and a competence, if wisely used. But the young wife has nothing to do, but lounge, dress, promenade, make and receive calls, study fashions, and ape those who she thinks are one step higher on the ladder of popularity than themselves. She would blush to be recognized as the daughter of a mechanic, and so she speaks of her father as a manufacturer up town. The ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty (?) dollars a week for board, the expensive apparel, the jewelry, the embroidery, the carriage rides, a trip to Nahant, or Newport, one summer, and the tour of the lakes and White Mountains another, and it is published in the city papers that A. B., clerk of — bank, has proved a defaulter for a very large amount, and cannot be found. Rumor says that he went off in a vessel bound for Australia. Was the *wife* to blame?

Though returned from our walk, and in the quiet of our own room, yet our thoughts pursue the same train. There was Simon Brent and his young wife, who, soon after their marriage, came into the city and commenced life in a very modest unassuming way. They rented a small house containing four rooms, and made it serve for a dwelling and shop. Katy Brent had been raised in the country, and knew well how to wash and bake, all which labor she shunned not to perform in her new home. And if on an afternoon, when all her drudgery was done, she dressed herself in a neat gingham or de-laine, she was well enough, even though occasion should call her into the street. Her snug parlor, with its ingrain carpet and cane-seat maple chairs, was a palace in her eyes, for contentment reigned in her heart.

But after becoming familiar with city scenes and habits, she began to assimilate in taste and feelings. Its excitements and gayeties took hold on her affections. Her husband's business prospered. He began to be recognized as a citizen, and an ambition for distinction arose in their hearts, which, as they sought it with avidity, became an unholy ambition. The simple attire and

furniture had been doffed for something more expensive, and the snug cottage exchanged for a more respectable residence, all which in their turn, as circumstances bade, were set aside for the habiliments and trappings of wealth and fashion. A full tide of worldliness and pride swept away the feeble barriers of principle which were opposed against them, and Mr. and Mrs. Brent glittered on the top of every wave of extravagant show. Magnificent entertainments were given; their children sent to the most expensive boarding schools, and indulged in everything their pampered desires craved. Their religion was a mere form, and the choice friends of the days of their simplicity, and whom they had made to serve as stepping stones in their upward climbings, were recognized only with a patronizing air, if recognized at all.

"Simon Brent has done a splendid business," was reiterated among brokers and bankers; "he will retire from it soon, *independent*. Why, it is only a few years since he commenced the cabinet business in a very small way; but his speculations in real estate, and railroad stock, are what has given him his wealth after all."

Like a peal of thunder from a clear sky, the next morning's paper announced that "Simon Brent had forged notes on banks and individuals for more than a hundred thousand, and fled, no one knew whither, to escape justice." Ought the wife to bear any of the blame? Did she ever throw a preponderating weight into the scales, against reckless extravagance? True, there were whispers of wine and gambling, but we hazard little in guessing, that she looked with complacency upon the checker and back-gammon boards, when purchased as a necessary appendage to their parlors for the amusement of their friends, or that she made no serious objections to the champagne and sherry being bought for the dinner given to Governor Lex and Commodore Lefever. She now sighs in vain for her home of innocence and domestic love. She sowed the wind and reaps the whirlwind. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

The large importing house of Huntley, Cook & Co., have failed for—we have forgotten how much, but an enormous sum. Very likely they have saved enough for themselves, but it

will be the ruin of hundreds of others. But *their* wives are surely not to blame. Let us look at one, who is a fair representation of the others. Mrs. Cook was the pet of wealth, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Iveson;—dandled in the lap of luxury, and handed up to womanhood by ease and affluence. The dress and surroundings of her infantile years were like those of a princess, which, of course, must increase in richness and variety, with increasing years, and the young wife of Edward Cook, of the firm of of Huntley, Cook & Co., must outshine the daughter of Dr. Iveson, or how would she show that she was in the ascending scale of popularity. Her parlors, with their mirrored and pictured walls, their windows draped with damask and embroidery of the most exquisite richness, their carpet, like the softest down to the tread, the furniture of luxurious ease and finish, all interspersed with ornaments of rare magnificence;—her person, it hardly befits a plain pen to attempt the description of her costly changes of attire, her gold and jewels.

But what of that? her husband's successful business warrants the outlay, and she must vie with those whose society she courts, in all the arrangements of her house and family;—their wealth and ability is not for a moment questionable. Yet five hundred dollar shawls, dresses of brocade, one hundred dollar bonnets, bracelets of gold, with pins and rings beset with diamonds and pearls the price of a snug farm in each, pocket handkerchiefs and collars, at fifty dollars each, all to be thrown aside and replaced by others of increased splendor and expense at every caprice of fashion, are no inconsiderable chippings from a mountain of gold; and when are added the chippings for household expenses, the parties and levees, the gilded carriages, the liveried servants, the country seat, the tours to Europe—the entire stock of Huntley, Cook & Co., is in the hands of assignees. The extreme pressure in the money market—the tariff, or some foreign monied policy, is charged with all the responsibility.

Now let no tyrannical churl of a husband seek for a palliation of his course in what we have said, for not one word has been written for him. Nor yet the spendthrift, dissolute ruiner of himself and his family; him we leave with the officer of justice and the preacher.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE.

WHAT heart *can* conceive, what mind *can* measure, even in imagination, the infinitude of the riches of creative wisdom and love! But when you add to that the riches of God's grace, and superadd to that the riches of his glory, the kingdoms of creation, redemption and reward, piled one above another, in every direction an absolutely incomprehensible infinitude, you are confounded by the very attempt, and can only humbly cry out with the enraptured and yet baffled apostle, Oh the depths! the infinite depths! infinite on infinite!

And in view of such glimpses of God's glory, the heart that has been taught by His Spirit, the heart that has begun to know, in feeling and experience, the power of His love, is ready to exclaim, My God it is enough! Thou art my all in all. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside Thee. Oh! if I may but be made to know God, if I may but be taught to love Him, I want nothing else. My happiness is secure in Him. The power of an endless life is power to me, because it will let me study and love God to all eternity. The power of an endless life is glory to me, because it absorbs me in the glory of God, unfathomable, unsearchable, inconceivable, adorable, eternal. This is life eternal, this is the power of an endless life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.

And thus, again, that life is eternally progressive in enjoyment, in delight, in happiness inconceivable, unutterable. Forever increasing with the increase of the knowledge of God in Christ, ages on ages shall witness an undiminished freshness and novelty in the glory still to be revealed, a capacity of bliss forever enlarging, and a reality of bliss forever accumulating. The bliss arising from the knowledge and the love of God not only never can have any limit, but, in the nature of things, must be positively and infinitely progressive.—*Cheever*.

MY MOTHER'S TEARS.

My mother! how much there is in these words. How suggestive of all that is sweet, endearing, pure and good in the tenderest and gentlest of earth's relations. How mingled and conflicting the character of the recollections they crowd before the mind. Many are pleasing—as the virtues and kindnesses of a worthy and beloved parent are revived and made to pass before us in forms of beauty and loveliness. Many are painful—as they cause us again to possess the sins of childhood and youth, and make us look upon forms that are at once hateful and accusing, because of their ingratitude and disobedience. My mother! There is power in these words—a resurrection and loving power. They bring up from the dark domains of the grave one who has but recently joined the great throng of its inhabitants. One called to move in humble life, but one whom a grateful son (and now himself a parent) will ever delight to think of as among the best of mothers. A mother, whose unsullied virtue and many excellencies of character he will ever regard as of far greater worth than wealth or worldly position and accomplishments. My kind, my dear old mother, shall I ever fail to bless God for the rich legacy of good for both worlds, He gave to me in the purity of thy life, the sweetness and strength of thy endearing love, the wisdom of thy teaching and the piety of thy example? No, never. My gracious Heavenly Father shall ever receive from the depths of my heart the tribute of grateful and adoring praise, for the precious and priceless gifts of parents, of whom, because of their worth and true excellence I shall never need be ashamed. Lowly they were as to the things and honors of this world, but high in the sentiments of right, of goodness and truth, which they possessed, and which they taught by precept, and illustrated by example to their children. Humble among the rich and great of earth, but ennobled and exalted by the fear of God, and their life of faith on his Son Jesus Christ.

And now that their career on earth is ended, and the place that knew them here shall know them no more, I think of them as reigning with the Saviour in heaven, and richly sharing in its unfading glories.

My mother! It is well for a son to think much of his mother; yes, even when he is no longer under her immediate care, and when she has been removed to another sphere of existence. To the end of life, the recollections of her virtues and influence should be green and fresh in the garden of his soul. He will ever find them to be increasingly redolent and beautiful, and that they will never fail to constitute a power for good, to strengthen him in virtue and integrity, to fortify him against temptation, and to encourage him always to continue in well-doing. It is not unfrequently said that some men do not know how rich they are. They are not fully aware of the amount or value of their possessions. Be this as it may, it is very certain that few of us ever come fully to know how rich we have been, or are, in the blessings conferred upon us by a benevolent God through the wisdom, the piety, and faithfulness of a worthy parent. How few even of the pious, fully and gratefully appreciate the wealth of good they possess in the every day blessings of life. The elements—air, water, light and heat; the endless variety of objects of utility and beauty that surround us; the organs of sight, hearing, &c.; the noble faculties of the soul—understanding, reason, memory and conscience; home, with all its endearments; food, clothing, books, friends and a thousand other things. These are all sources of happiness—but how imperfectly valued as such and as the gifts of God, because so little the subjects of pleasing and grateful thought. We are denied some real or fancied good; we suffer some serious or trifling inconvenience; an object we prize perishes from our sight, and we are very easily made unhappy. One unguarded word from lips that have spoken to us a thousand kind and loving ones makes us sullen and morose for days. One little disappointment clouds with gloom and darkness our entire horizon. And why is this? It is because we are so lavish in the bestowment of thought upon these. These for the time have a kind of demoniac possession of our thinking faculties, and successfully cast out all thoughts of the good we yet inherit. This is a sad

and criminal infirmity of our fallen natures, against which we cannot be too much on our guard.

My mother's tears! These should never be forgotten. Those of mine never shall be, I trust, for God only knows how great is the debt I owe Him for those tears. The destinies of our being are frequently swayed and determined by incidents and agencies that to us appear trifling or unimportant. It may be by the influence of tears which a fond and faithful mother shed over us upon some special occasion, and at some eventful period. My mother's tears! He who knoweth all the sorrows and solitudes of his children, and who bottleth up their tears, knows how many my mother shed for me. Reader, how do you honor your mother, and what price do you place upon her tears? Do you possess a mother among the spared and cherished blessings of life? If you do, bethink yourself of the tears you may have cost her already, and be chary and frugal of them for the future. That affectionate and devoted form may, before you are aware of it, be removed out of your sight and beyond the reach of your filial attentions or penitent confessions. See to it that your appreciation of your mother's tears does not come too late. Through the mercy of God I was led to place a higher value upon those of mine than upon gold for full twenty-four years before the grave closed upon all that was mortal of her being. There was eloquence in those tears upon an occasion that will ever be to me a memorable one. They reached my heart, and secured to my affectionate and faithful mother a triumph, the happy fruits of which I am to this day reaping.

Gwenllian Llawdeg was a girl about my age, modest and of pleasing manners. She was the daughter of pious parents. Her father was an excellent man, filling well and faithfully the office of an agent in the employ of a worthy "iron master" on the "Welsh hills," and a licensed preacher in the church of which he was an esteemed member. The mother was a fine looking woman, of dignified and respectable bearing, and possessed some (perhaps many) excellent qualities—but there were some things in which she was greatly deficient. She would not so manage her domestic affairs with prudent economy as to live within her plain, hard-working husband's income. She was extravagant in dress and

living: and so brought up and pampered her children to their great and lasting injury. The consequence was that Gwenllian's father was always embarrassed with debt, and obliged to borrow money of Iago to pay Joan, and of Iorwerth to pay Iago. All this was well known by my beloved parents, who were religiously scrupulous to live within their very slender means, and faithfully to pay every person what they owed. For this I shall ever respect their memory.

Gwenllian and myself, when young, became members of the same church, and soon formed an acquaintance, that in due time ripened into a warm and loving attachment. My discriminating and ever-watchful parents became alarmed as they at once saw what might in all probability be the result of the early friendship and ardent youthful love—an alliance for life “for better or for worse,” between my young friend and myself. They thought of the mother's example, and the indulgence and indolence in which she had brought up her nice little daughter. Well they remonstrated and cautioned and counselled, but for a time to little good purpose. I received all they said with affectionate respect, for I greatly loved and revered my parents, and much more after God had taught and renewed me by his Spirit. But I thought I knew something too. Was I not getting to be a young man seventeen or eighteen years old? Surely I could make my own choices, and guide my own ways. Then I respectfully thought my parents might be mistaken in their judgment about the object of my too fond and foolish affection. I was a good deal wise and knowing as the most of *young gentlemen* are apt to be at that very self-important age. My good father spoke to me kindly but with more sternness than my dear mother. Things went on this way for some time, and my parents' loving hearts were daily agitated with anxious and painful solicitude for their son, fearing he might in the haste of youthful folly form a matrimonial connection that they felt assured would prove fatal to his usefulness and happiness for life. Much and earnestly did they seek for the wisdom that cometh from above to guide them and him. They sought it not in vain.

I was at this time residing some six miles from my parents, and was engaged as a clerk managing a branch store for a large mer-

chant connected with an iron works. The way from the residence of my parents to mine was by no means an inviting and agreeable one, as it was in part dreary and lonely, over barren and heathy mountains, and then past black and dirty coal pits, smoking furnaces, and noisy rolling mills and forges. Over this mountain road my mother came to make me a visit of undying love, and to do all her duty as an ever-faithful parent. Shall I ever forget that wearisome journey undertaken for my special benefit? Never! I think I now see her fine form and comely beautiful countenance. No mother could be more gentle or cautious, or more loving and faithful than she was with me that day. She calmly and intelligently reasoned the case with me as to my youth, and the dangers which beset me. She showed me how my cup of enjoyment for life might by an injudicious choice be filled with bitter ingredients. She gave a history of her own experience, and the happy result of exercising judgment as well as affection. All she said was wisely and carefully said. The time came for her to leave. I escorted her part of the way home. She still talked to me with great tenderness and fidelity. Her heart was full. She felt that she was trying to save her first-born from one of the greatest evils of life, for such is an injudicious and unhappy matrimonial alliance, as is seen in the every-day experience of a large part of the human race. I said her heart was full, as we for a time were about to separate. Tears came to her relief. They were my mother's—my loving mother's tears, who had taken all these pains for my good. It was enough. I was conquered. In accordance with her wishes I promised to look to God anew for guidance, and to give myself to prayer and careful consideration in regard to the whole subject. A sweet kiss, worth more than gold, from my dear mother, and for that time we parted.

I kept my promise, and soon the result was such as fond parents had wished. Before I had entered into any kind of entangling engagements or promises with Gwenllian, my attentions were discontinued, and we parted good friends. Subsequent history proved that I was laid under everlasting obligations to God for my mother's tears. And now if my simple story is only the means of exciting in the hearts of my readers a more grateful and

respectful appreciation of parental affection, solicitude and fidelity;—and if it only influences any of the youthful readers of the Journal, to be more disposed to receive the counsels of wisdom, from parents, and judicious friends, in regard to the most serious affairs of life, I shall be satisfied.

I. B.

MATERNAL LOVE.

WHAT pen can paint or tongue can tell,
How pure and deep her love?
No sounding line or works of art,
Can e'er that problem prove.

'Tis broader than the spreading sea;
Yes! *that* hath shore and bound:
But where's the shore to mother's love,
Or who can mete its bound.

Not like the moon that wanes, nor sun,
That sets 'neath yonder skies;
Her love ne'er wanes, nor sets her sun,
'Till pale in death she lies.

She lists to infant's softest moan,
Wipes childhood's tears away;
And leads the youth that cluster round,
Pointing to blissful day.

Now o'er a loved one low she bends,
To bathe its burning brow,
Breathes soothing words in accents sweet,
Brings balm for every woe.

Mysterious union! none but he,
Whose skill formed every part,
Can tell what close affinity,
'Tween child and mother's heart.

"Our Father," O! what precious charge,
To us fond mothers given;
Teach us with riches of thy grace,
To train this charge for Heaven.

M. N. ONDERDONK.

MY SISTER.

My loved, my cherished sister,
They tell me thou art gone ;
That far from me 'neath the cold ground,
They long since laid thee down,
In distant grave-yard, where the pine
And balm of Gilead spread :
The weeping willow too, and vine,
Hang drooping o'er the dead.

The maple lends her pleasant shade,
The sumach scents the air,
And all within that hallowed spot
Is beautiful and fair !
The white, the blush, the damask rose,
Mark many a treasured spot ;
The dahlia too, the violet blue,
And the sweet forget-me-not.

Oh, sacred spot, how should I love,
At this still hour of eve,
To visit thee, and twine sweet flowers
Round *one loved grave* to wreath.
The boon I crave cannot be mine,
For other hands the prize
To plant fresh flowers upon the mound,
'Neath which my Sister lies.

Sweet Sister mine, could'st thou look down
From thy bright home above,
And see the heart of her who mourns
The loss of thy *pure love*,
Thou'dst see on memory's tablet there,
Thy name in diamonds set,
Which brighter grow from year to year
Encased in pure love's cabinet.

But Sister dear, I will not wish
That thou mayst come to me,
For thou hast ended all thy pain,
And art from sorrow free.
I know that thou art happy now,
In that bright world above,

For Angels bore thee on their wings
To thy Redeemer—God.
And I will strive to meet me there,
When all my toils are o'er,
And join with thee in praise to *Him*
On Canaan's blissful shore!

EVA EVERSON

THE SICK MOTHER.

A Story for Little Girls.

MRS. LANE was sick in her chamber. She turned wearily from side to side, and looked at her disordered room, till the sight made her nervous. The table was half covered with vials, spoons, and glasses, and the cold water she wanted so much, was just beyond her reach. The fire had gone nearly out, and the ashes and smothered coals, looked grimly enough in the grate. It was rather chilly, too, with the fire so low, and George and Willie, who had been playing in the room, till they had tired their mother so that she could not bear their noise, had gone down into the sitting-room, leaving all the doors open, and the floor littered with the papers they had cut, and the books they had played with. Mrs. Lane could hear their voices, as they were amusing themselves down stairs, and at last their amusement ended in a dispute. The sick mother called as loudly as she could, with her feeble voice, but they did not hear her, and she had vainly tried in many ways to call Margaret, the Irish girl, who was down in the kitchen, to come up and make her room more comfortable. But Margaret was ironing, and singing as she worked; she did not hear Mrs. Lane's voice, nor the chair which she rattled upon the floor, by reaching from the bed; though Mrs. Lane could hear her singing, and the heavy jar of the iron, every time it touched the table. "Oh! if I only had a bell," thought the poor sick mother, "but I must wait till Ellen comes home from school, and perhaps things will go on better then," but she sighed as though she did not believe Ellen's coming would make much difference after all, and said half aloud, "Oh, if Lizzie were only at home."

By and by, she heard footsteps in the room adjoining hers; and she heard the drawer of the bureau open and shut again; the door was partly open and so she called, "Ellen." She called two or three times before Ellen answered; but presently she made her appearance at the open door, with her hair all about her shoulders, and a comb in her hand. "Ellen, dear," said the "sick mother," "cannot you arrange my room a little, and ask Margaret to bring up some kindlings and coal, for I am quite chilly?"

"There," muttered Ellen, "that's always the way; I've just got my hair all down to curl it for singing school to-night. It's almost tea time now, and I sha'n't have time afterwards, to get ready;" and she walked, scolding as she went, to the top of the stairs, where she stood and called "Margaret," in a loud, sharp tone, which rang through and through her mother's aching head. After a while Margaret made her appearance; and Ellen directed her to bring up fuel and make a fire; while she ungraciously gathered up the books and papers from the middle of the floor, threw them into a rocking chair, and then going back to her room, went on curling her hair. Margaret took down the coals and ashes, making a great dust and noise. "I've a dress half-ironed, ma'am," said she, "and as soon as it's finished I'll be makin' yer fire," and she went down. Before the dress was finished she had forgotten all about the fire, and having at last hurried away the ironing, she began to prepare the tea, lest Mr. Lane should come in from his store, before it was ready. Ellen did not finish her preparations for singing school till called down to tea, and when tea was over, her young companions called for her and she hurried away, without once going to her mother's room, or seeing her little brothers' wants cared for.

Mr. Lane had but a moment to spare, to speak to his wife after tea, for his business obliged him to return immediately to the store, and as Mrs. Lane heard the door close after him, she buried her face in the pillow, and the tears stole down her cheeks.

There was a ring at the door bell. Margaret's slow and heavy tread was heard along the front entry, and the pattering of the little boys' feet as they ran after her to see who had come. The door opened, and "it's Lizzie, it's Lizzie!" was the exclamation of the little boys, and merry greetings from Lizzie were followed

by the inquiry, "How is mother?" She did not wait to hear, however, but ran up stairs, followed by the boys. "Why, Lizzie," exclaimed her mother, as she extended her arms to welcome her, "what has brought you home so suddenly? has the news of my sickness reached you and spoiled your visit?" "Not spoiled it, mother," answered the little girl, "but I heard this morning that you were sick, and I knew you would need me; and I told Aunt Mary I would come another time and finish my visit, and so I came home as soon as I could." "You are a dear child," said her mother, kindly, "I need you very much; Ellen has gone to the singing school, and Margaret is belated about her work, I suppose, and very busy, and the children ought to have been put to bed long ago."

"Don't think any more about it, mother," said Lizzie, as she took off her bonnet and cloak, and laid them away in the bed-room. "It is really cold here, and we'll have a fire first of all." She ran lightly down stairs, and taking the basket of kindlings, while Margaret took the coal, she hastened back to her mother's room. and soon a bright flame was curling up in the grate among the black lumps of coal, that hissed and crackled cheerily.

Lizzie was but eleven years old, but she had much more influence over her little brothers than Ellen had, though Ellen was three years older, for Lizzie seemed always to think of others, while Ellen thought only of herself. As soon as Lizzie saw the fire well burning, she called the little boys, and by a little kind persuasion, induced them to be undressed and go to bed quietly. She heard them say their prayers, and talked pleasantly with them while she prepared them for bed, and then bidding them "good-night," she went back to her mother's room; she then came to the bedside to inquire about her mother's sickness, and to know what she could do for her.

Mrs. Lane said she did not think she should be sick many days, else they should have tried to get a nurse, and that she should soon be better, if she had any one to take a little care of her, and make her comfortable. She then told Lizzie how to prepare a warm drink for her, which was soon ready, and then the little girl began to put the room in order. She carried down all the glasses and spoons that were not wanted; and, after spreading a clean

white cloth over the table, she arranged the things neatly upon it. She picked up all the things that were about the floor—stepping softly as she did so—took all the books out of the rocking chair, and put them away; threw the pieces of paper into the fire, brushed up the hearth, and putting the lamp where it would not shine in her mother's face, she came and sat down by the bedside.

Mrs. Lane opened her eyes, and looked at the pleasant fire, the pleasant looking room, and the still pleasanter face of her dear little daughter; and then drawing her towards her, she kissed her affectionately, and then closed her eyes again.

Pretty soon Lizzie knew by her mother's breathing that she was asleep; so she sat very still, that she might not disturb her. She was quite tired after her ride of several miles and all that she had done since she came home; and she, too, fell asleep in the rocking chair. In about an hour Mrs. Lane awoke, quite refreshed by the sleep she had had, and asked Lizzie to call Margaret, to assist her in getting up to have her bed made, that she might be more comfortable through the night.

In half an hour it was all done; and just as they had got everything arranged in order again, Mr. Lane came home. He looked anxious and troubled as he came into the chamber, but his face brightened into a cheerful smile as he saw Lizzie.

"Ah, my dear! so you have come," said he; "I should have sent for you to-morrow; we cannot get along without you, when mother is sick."

There was a sound of footsteps upon the side walk, and young voices laughing and chatting; and presently the front door opened and slammed to, heavily. Ellen had come from the singing school. She ran up to her room, and soon after came and looked into her mother's chamber.

"Well, I'm glad you've got home, Lizzie," said she, "for mother needs you. I can't stay at home from school without losing my place in the class, and I think you ought to be here;" and the selfish girl went back to her room.

"You should have insisted on Ellen's staying at home with you all the week," said Mr. Lane to his wife.

"I had rather not have her at all," replied Mrs. Lane, "if she does not stay willingly, for she would do everything in such a

disagreeable manner that her presence would do me more harm than good; but Lizzie is like a ray of sunshine in the house."

"Do not sit up any longer, my dear," she continued, turning to Lizzie. The little girl came to her parents for the good night kiss, and retired to her room with a sweet smile upon her face, and the sweeter satisfaction in her loving heart, of having done her duty without expectation or desire of other reward than the approval of her earthly parents, and her Father in Heaven.

H. W.

A THRILLING SCENE.

BY REV. JOHN BERG.

THE place where the incident occurred which I am about to relate, was in the midst of the deep, wide Atlantic. The sky was beautifully clear, and a fresh breeze was blowing from SSW. Our vessel—the City of Manchester—a fine, noble, iron steamer, with Archimedian screw, and more than two thousand tons burden, was majestically ploughing the waves, making good headway towards the port of Philadelphia. It was her first trip across the Atlantic, for she was quite new, and every available berth was occupied. Amongst the crowd of passengers there were six clergymen, belonging to different sections of the one universal church of Christ on earth. The officers, nearly all of whom appeared to be from the land of Caledonia, were highly respectable, gentlemanly men—entirely devoted to their duty, feeling that the safety and lives of that large freight of human beings were in their hands. We had proceeded more than half way of the voyage, and nothing particularly had occurred to mar the peace and harmony of all on board except a few sea troubles, which all who sail on the ocean are acquainted with.

I think it was about two o'clock in the afternoon of a charming day, when many were promenading the deck, to change the monotony attendant on a sea voyage, and inhale the salubrious breezes—while others were in the saloons, or reclining in their

berths. All appeared cheerful and hopeful, and not in the slightest degree anticipating danger, when suddenly, as if by an electric shock, a piercing cry was heard, which echoed and re-echoed through the ship, causing all faces to gather blackness. "A man overboard—a man overboard." Instantly all rushed to the after part of the vessel, to catch a sight of the drowning man, who turned out to be the third officer—a fine young man, whose politeness and gentlemanly manners had enlisted the good feelings of all on board who were acquainted with him. The sonorous voice of the captain was immediately heard: "*Stop her!*—lower boat!" The orders were promptly obeyed, and the ship was brought to; and as quick almost as thought a number of brave fellows were seen pulling as for their own lives, towards the young officer, who was manfully battling with the waves.

Oh! thank Heaven! there is something beautiful and noble, after all, left in our common humanity! Never can I forget the intense agony depicted on the countenances of all who were witnesses of that exciting spectacle; and never do I wish again to participate in the same harrowing feelings of agony and gladness which prevailed during the effort put forth to save that young man. Let the reader suppose the drowning man a few hundred feet in the rear of the ship, struggling for life; the boat sent for his relief approaching him, and the agonized passengers witnesses of the scene. Exclamations like the following are heard: There—O my God! he is gone—gone—lost—lost! No—there, he is not lost yet!—see, he has risen again! How he struggles! O! merciful Father in heaven, save him! Poor fellow! perhaps he has a young wife, whose love follows him all across the ruffled ocean! perhaps at this very time she is praying for his safety! or, it may be, an aged mother leans on him for her only support! Now, see, they are near him!—oh! alas! he has disappeared again! They do not know where to look for him!—oh! now again he rises! see, they have hold of him! God be praised! Noble fellows! A mother's blessing and prayers, and a wife's tears of joy, shall be your reward! He is now in the boat. The acclamations of joy are boundless, while silent gratitude and praise are wafted to heaven from many Christian hearts on board that noble ship. In the evening, when all were gathered together

for divine worship, public thanksgiving was offered to Almighty God, by the clergyman who officiated. In the course of a few hours the officer was restored to consciousness, and on the following day was able to resume his duties.

From witnessing the above thrilling scene, I was instinctively led to reflect on the solemn and momentous truth, that human life is a great sea, in which many of our fellow beings, of all ages, are "overboard," struggling with the waves. They are without the ark of safety, and are nigh unto destruction; a few more struggles, and they sink to rise no more. Oh! why is it that we, who have found refuge in Jesus, have not a more vivid sense of the fearful condition, and danger to which so many are exposed. Why should we not possess, to a greater extent, those generous feelings to save the soul from death, which prompts to save the life of a fellow creature. Why should the Christian mind remain so apathetic with regard to perishing humanity, all around. In this fearful ocean of imminent danger, are the youthful, the aged, the rich, and the poor; the learned and the illiterate. And yet, how unconcerned we glide along in the vessel on which we have embarked safely, as we hope, for the port of eternity. Oh, God! waken all thy saints to more tender solicitude, that they may employ more efforts for rescuing those deathless spirits who are sinking beneath the overwhelming flood to rise no more.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

"I LOVE," said a tender, affectionate mother, "to watch the opening of my child's mind. It seems to me like the unfolding of the tiny bud, and as one pretty word after another escapes from her little lips, I can almost imagine the uplifting of the fragrant petals, which have within them the inherent beauty of the full-blown flower. 'Tis to me, as a sweet index of the character, now hidden, but which will soon be the perfection of all I could wish."

How many, many times has this language found utterance from a mother's heart, as she sits alone with her little charge, and peers into its futurity. And we are glad that there are some who are inclined thus to consider, for it is but too evident, that many tender buds are nurtured by hands that are not guided by the feelings of true affection. How fearful is the responsibility of that mother who dares to delegate her duty, as such, to another. The work of forming a character, or in other words, directing the intellectual, social, and moral condition of a being, whose existence is to be perfected through the ages of eternity, is certainly not a secondary task. Talent and skill of the highest order are here called into action, and in no other sphere will their influence be so decided and effectual. The satisfaction that follows the faithful performance of parental duty, cannot be exceeded, from its very nature, by that of any other to which it is possible to attain. Although a child may be characterized by nature, in a degree, still it is well understood that the moulding hand is essential to its proper development, and, that this is the prerogative of the parent, none will deny. The authority of the instructor is only delegated immediately from the parent. For the time being, he is in the place of the parent, and hence the relation is similar; but the teacher being responsible to the parent, as his agent, the relation should be sustained only so long as they are united in their views concerning the end to be attained, that is, the child's best interest and benefit. Sincerity, then, would seem to demand, on the part of the parent, whose sympathy is awakened by the helpless cradling, by its innocence and dependence, that this watchfulness should not only continue, but increase. The necessity for guidance should be met by the kindest instruction, and the noblest powers of the heart and mind be centred in the accomplishment of the desire so fondly anticipated. To accumulate power to bear on this point, and to simplify great principles for present use, is an object worthy of the attention of every Christian parent.

ANONYMOUS.



THE TELESCOPE.

“MAMMA, what are those children doing with that long stick with joints in it, leaning on a table with no table on it?”

That long stick, my child, with joints in it, is a telescope, and the little girl is looking through it at the stars. You know, when your grandma wishes to read in your small print Bible, she puts on her spectacles, and when she wishes to do some very fine sewing, she puts on two pairs of spectacles. This enables her to see still better. The reason of this is because the rays of light, in passing from the thing looked at through the glasses to the eye, are stretched more widely apart than usual, and this makes things look larger, and seem nearer.

The telescope is a long tube with glasses placed in it at different

distances, in such a manner as to make objects very distant seem near and large. The first who discovered that putting two glasses together made things appear so, was a little boy, the son of a spectacle maker in Holland. He was one day playing with the glasses in his father's shop, and he found that by putting two together between his fingers, and looking through them, the church steeple looked larger and seemed nearer. The father then tried the same experiment, and found that it was even so. Galileo, a philosopher in Tuscany in Italy, hearing of these things, set his mind to work to bring the invention to perfection. He fixed his glasses at the end of long organ pipes of different sizes, and so constructed a telescope. This was near the beginning of the seventeenth century, or about two hundred and fifty years ago. Since that time telescopes have been greatly improved. Mitchell's telescope at the observatory in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Lord Rosse's great telescope, are the largest in the world, and are constructed on a plan somewhat different from Galileo's. Of the construction of these telescopes, I shall not tell you at this time. I shall speak only of the wonders they reveal in the far-off heavens.

They show that the stars you see every evening sparkling in the blue sky, and which appear no larger than the diamonds in a lady's breast-pin, are really mighty worlds, which God, the Creator, has hung there upon nothing, and holds there by his almighty power. Around the sun which gives us light by day, are seen eight great planets or worlds; some of them nearly as large, and others much larger than the earth on which we live. Some of them you can see without a telescope, and they look like the other stars, except that they shine with a milder and steadier light. They fly around the sun at different distances, with a speed much more rapid than the swiftest locomotive, or a ball discharged from the mouth of a cannon. "They never tire or stop to rest," but on they go from age to age, round and round the sun, producing in many of them, the delightful changes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The order of the planets in regard to their distance from the sun, is as follows:—

Mercury, the least of the planets, stands nearest, and next to the sun. As the smallest child seeks a place nearest its mother, so this little planet nestles so closely to the sun, that you can seldom

or never see him. To the inhabitants of Mercury, the sun appears seven times as large as it does to us, and it is seven times as brilliant. "O what a bright and beautiful place that must be, mamma, so near the sun, maybe that is really and truly heaven."

I think not, my child, for of heaven it is said there is no need of the sun, or of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. That must be a much more glorious place, which has the maker of the sun, moon, and all the stars, for its light, and Him who is the light and joy of the whole earth for its glory.

The next in order is Venus, that sweet and gem-like star, that sometimes

You see in the west,
On the evening's breast,
Which shines so bright,
With its golden light.

At other times, if you are up in the morning before the sun, you will see the same golden star rising in the east, to tell the weary watcher that the sun is near, and it will soon be day. In ancient times, before it was known that the planets moved round the sun, it was supposed that this planet was two; and when it rose in the morning before the sun, they called it the morning star or Phosphorus and Lucifer, and when it set in the evening after the sun, they called it the evening star or Hesperus and Vesper.

Next to Venus is the earth on which we live. It is a little larger than that planet, and has one moon moving around itself once in twenty-nine days, which makes some of its evenings very light and pleasant. By the telescope it is seen that the moon is a large body, having upon its surface very lofty mountains, some of which are volcanoes. Some have supposed they could see buildings upon the moon, and inhabitants, but this is not true, no such thing can ever be seen without a telescope thousands of times more powerful than any now in use.

And now comes Mars, which the ancients called the god of war on account of his red fiery color. He was supposed by them to have a very evil disposition, inciting men to make war with each other, and delighting in bloodshed and carnage, burning of houses,

cities, &c. But this is proved to be a very gross slander upon a peaceable well-behaved planet, that has never done any harm in his life, except it is sometimes to presume to dress himself up in a garb of light, nearly equal in brilliance to that of Venus, and to take his stand far above her in the heavens; and he is thought occasionally to have disputed the palm of splendor with Jupiter. But I do not think either of these planets have ever envied him on that account, or been jealous of his glory. I think, therefore, the libel must have originated in the hearts of ignorant and superstitious men.

Next in order are nine small planets, called Asteroids. These, it is supposed, were once united, forming one planet. And it is thought they were blown asunder by some convulsion of nature, an occurrence similar, perhaps, to what will take place with our earth, when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and it shall pass away with a great noise. But we are encouraged to look for new heavens and a new earth to take the place of the present when that shall have passed away.

Next in order is Jupiter, the largest of all the planets. It is seen in the celestial concave as one of the brightest stars, sometimes on the meridian, or declining westward. At other times he may be seen rising in the east, and riding full royally through the heavens, making the tour of the sky in a single night, till he is lost in the west in the blaze of the morning sun. Jupiter is found, by the aid of the telescope, to be a vast globe thirteen hundred times as large as the earth, travelling in his journey round the sun at the rate of twenty-nine thousand miles an hour, a thousand times as fast as a pretty swift locomotive, and it spins on its axis like a top, performing an entire revolution in ten hours, carrying each point on his equator at the rate of twenty-six thousand miles in an hour. Jupiter has four moons, the largest of which revolves around it once in forty-two hours.

The next planet in order is Saturn. It appears to us a pale feeble star of a bluish color, but the telescope reveals it an immense globe, nine hundred times as large as our world, and the most remarkable and fascinating of all the planets. It is not so swift a traveller as Jupiter, neither does it turn as rapidly on its axis, though in both of these motions he is much more rapid than

the earth. Saturn appears to us to move very slowly indeed, and that is owing to its great distance from us. If a railroad car, traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour, had been started from Saturn on the day of Noah's sacrifice after the flood, it would not have reached us yet. Saturn is so distant from the sun, that it takes thirty of our years to perform its journey around him, so that a person to be eighty years old in Saturn, must have been born when the Jews were in Babylon. Saturn has no less than eight moons, and is surrounded by two immense rings. If you can imagine our evening sky spanned with two shining rings, one of them as wide as a hundred of our moons, another a little less, one moon ten times as large as ours, and seven others; one rising perhaps, another setting, one full and round, another a half moon, and another like a new moon, and the stars shining in different degrees of splendor, you can have some idea of a night in Saturn.

Next we come to Herschel, that far-off planet of which we know very little, except that it is the third planet in size, has six moons, which revolve around him in a different direction from the moons belonging to other planets. It is one hundred and eighty millions of miles from the sun, and its year is equal to eighty-four of ours. And then, as far away in the distant space beyond Herschel as it is from us to the sun, is still another great planet called Neptune or Leverrier, with one moon and perhaps more. It is so distant from the sun that its year is equal to one hundred and sixty-four of ours, and it would seem that it could enjoy but very little of its light and heat; but the Creator, if he chose, could give it an atmosphere that would so magnify the sun, as to make it appear as large to its inhabitants as the sun does to us, and engender as much heat.

Now, children, I have given you one peep through the telescope, at the sun and the great planets moving around it, which is only a part of what is called the solar system. The view I have given of this system, compared with the universe of systems which may be seen around us in the great concave of heaven, is something like looking through the key-hole into a small closet of a single house of all the houses in the world. S. S. G.

HOME AGAIN.

WHAT pleasure to hear these words: the country is beautiful, all places have their charms and delight us for awhile, but nothing meets the deep, full response of the soul, as does the idea of home. We are excited and eager in the anticipations of pleasures, and arrangements are gladly planned and executed, that all may be in readiness to hasten departure. The future fills the mind, and not a thought, by way of regret, is bestowed on the scenes and friends we leave, to seek for those which to us will be new and interesting.

Feelings like these were ours a few short weeks since, and the welcome pleasures came, but now they are past.

The beautiful rolling country, clad in verdure so inviting, has met our delighted gaze from the window. We have seen, too, the innocent flocks on the hill-side, and by the quiet water the cattle found their full enjoyment. These, with the many excursions for pleasure and recreation, of boating, fishing or berrying, and the friends with whom we enjoyed them, rise now before our minds as a dream. But there is solid satisfaction in being again at home; it is here we find the unchanging charms, for it is in one sense always the same—'tis home. The pleasure of coming home:—who has not felt it? What other is like it? Is it not a kind of foretaste of that fullness of joy, that awaits those who have a home beyond the skies? This life is, really, only a kind of visit or journey from its sacred bounds, the great object of which is to prepare to return. Our labors, pleasures and sorrows, all hasten away the time, which brings us nearer and nearer there. Mothers and sisters, what makes Heaven so sweet a home? Is it not the influence of the law of love? This law is, in a great measure, at your entire command here. If you would have those dear to you happy in the anticipations of a future bliss, throw around them all the endearments of home. The cultivation of the social feeling well repays the noblest efforts. The heart affections once secured, the

moulding of the character will be so influenced, that it can but be in the order of love.

We sometimes think more of making a stranger happy and at home, than we do those immediately dependent upon us. We think more of making ourselves agreeable, and pleasing those we meet when away from home, than those who mingle with us in the every day walks of life. While these are equally important, and should each receive due attention, the deepest, truest feeling, is that which binds us close to home. 'Tis the enlargement of this feeling that will most richly increase our happiness.

With this in view as we change the scenes of life, we may influence those we meet, and feel, as we draw near our journey's end, that some will thus secure a welcome home, to pleasures that are lasting, to mansions in the skies.

We met with Mrs. F. this summer, and we are now reminded of her, as she so happily illustrates the secret of right influence on society. Well remembered is the time, when the impression was made, that she was one of the lovely, gentle spirits with whom we delight to associate.

'Twas evening, the social circle was formed, and the subject of the different styles of furnishing fashionable mansions was being freely discussed. One mentioned what would be her taste, another how she would arrange; when my friend, Mrs. F., quietly remarked, "I seek no mansion here, but a preparation for one above." Thus, without apparent intention, a very judicious turn of the conversation was effected, and its continuance was profitable to all interested. For days we were together, and I found a constant desire of preparation for the future pervaded her manner. 'Twas affliction that had thus drawn her whole soul heavenward, and the promise of reunion with dear, departed friends, was her star of hope. She exemplified the Christian character, among the gay and wealthy, with such sweet simplicity, that all could but love to be with her.

Those who feel that reserve in society is most consistent, would from her learn that thus a large sphere of usefulness was abandoned.

Many here find that talent is required in a measure of no mean proportion to the success which may be attained, and the extended influence of one gentle spirit, who can tell?

Wherever we are, an influence may be exerted; and as we meet, at home and abroad, those who are lovely in character, and example, but feel we too soon are called to part, how delightful to anticipate the time, when all the congenial spirits of earth, shall meet, and join the universal song of *Home* for ever.

M. S. M.

THE MEETING PLACE.

"The ransom of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. xxxv. 10

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen—
 Freshen, never more to fade;
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
 Brighten, never more to shade;
 Where the sun blaze never scorches;
 Where the star beams cease to chill;
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, the wave, the hill;
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the noon the joy prolong:
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance
 'Mid the burst of holy song;
 Father, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
 Where life's vain parade is o'er;
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more;
 Where the bond is never sever'd,
 Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noontide, all are done;
 Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds her child:
 Where dear families are gather'd,
 That were scatter'd on the wild;
 Mother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed ;
 Where the blighted life re-blooms ;
 Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes ;
 Where the love that here we lavish
 On the withering leaves of time,
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
 In an ever spring-bright clime ;
 Where we find the joy of loving
 As we never loved before ;
 Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd,
 Loving once and evermore ;
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
 Underneath a bluer sphere,
 And a softer, gentler sunshine
 Shed its healing splendor here :
 Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
 Putting on their robe of green,
 And a purer, fairer Eden
 Be where only wastes have been ;
 Where a King, in kingly glory,
 Such as earth has never known,
 Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
 Claim and wear the holy crown ;
 Sister, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
 Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
 Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
 Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
 Exuberant in the shadow it supplies,
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

COWPER.

I MUSN'T HIT LITTLE HARRY.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Now, dear children, come and let us have a little chat. I want to talk to you about love, and about loving one another. You all know what love means; for the very least of you can tell how nice it is to be loved, and how uncomfortable you feel when any one is angry with you. Now, I want you always to remember that you should love one another. I will tell you a little story.

I was looking out one fine evening in May, when the trees were just coming out, and looking so bright and green, and I was listening to the birds singing their evening hymn; and I thought how beautiful all things are upon it. Don't you love May, with its green fields and trees, and its sweet singing birds, the cuckoos, and the blackbirds, and the nightingales; and its pretty flowers, the cowslips, and the lilies of the valley, and the May blossoms?

As I was standing, and looking, and thinking, I saw three little boys at play, and I listened to hear what they were saying. Two of them were brothers, and the other was a little neighbor, and they seemed to be playing at knocking each other with sticks. I don't think that a very pretty game, do you? Now, George, the elder of the brothers, was patting his little brother very gently, so that it did not hurt him, when their little playfellow said, "Hit him hard, George, like that," at the same time striking hard on a post.—"No," said George, "I musn't hit little Harry."

I dare say his mother had told him not to hurt his dear little brother, and, like a good boy, he did as he was bid: besides—I expect he loved him too much to do anything that would hurt him.

I should like you to think of this little story, when you feel inclined to be angry with your little brothers and sisters, and schoolfellows; for it is a sad thing to see little children fighting. And when you grow up to be great men and women—and great

and good I hope many of you will some day be—I trust you will still remember that you “musn’t hit little Harry.”

You have been told, no doubt, that our blessed Saviour, when he was on earth, was very meek and gentle, and we ought to endeavor to be like him. He said we are to “love our enemies,” to be good and kind to others, even if they are not kind to us.

Now, all the people who live on the earth are of one great family. The English and the French, the Russians and Turks, are all brothers and sisters. Is it not, then, a sad thing to see these fighting, and to hear of nations going to war, as they call it, when we know that all the men who do so are acting contrary to the commands of their Saviour.

I hope you will try to do as he told you, and then you will never fight while you are boys, and never be at all likely to become soldiers, and fight when you are men.

I think if all mothers had always taught their little children that they must not fight—that they “musn’t hit little Harry”—there would not have been so much suffering in this beautiful world, but a great deal more happiness in it.



DOMESTIC DUTIES.—The most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are ennobled by sentiment. To furnish a room is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating a place where I am to meet a friend or a lover. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshments for him whom you love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world.—*Mary Wortley Montague.*

HUDSON AND THE CATSKILLS.

THE city of Hudson derived its name, as did the noble river on which it lies, from Hendrick Hudson, a bold European discoverer, who, on the 16th of September, 1609, anchored at this spot. In 1783, a company of men from Nantucket and Rhode Island, among whose names we find Jenkins, Coffin, Minturn, Thurston and Greene, bought the site of the town, and two families commenced the settlement. With such energy was it carried on, that, three years after, it contained fifteen hundred inhabitants, and could boast of a charter, and all the rights and privileges of an incorporated city. For many years its prosperity was increasing, but the embargo and war of 1813 completed the work of stagnation, which the British orders and French decrees commenced.

The site of Hudson is naturally one of the most beautiful on the eastern shore of Hudson river. In front of the principal street is a promontory projecting into the river in a bold cliff, whose summit reaches more than fifty feet above the surface of the water. It has been formed into an agreeable promenade commanding a charming view of the town of Athens and the country on the opposite shore, bounded by the distant Catskills, which blend with the nearer hills of Rorabuch or Mount Morino; while at your feet is seen the Hudson River Railroad, winding its way along on either bay which surrounds the promontory. On a summer night this is an enchanting spot. The mountains stand grey and shadowy in the moonlight, the river swollen into a lovely expanse or bay, bearing silently along the white sails of numberless vessels, or gracefully yielding to the more noisy impetuous steamer, while the city of Hudson behind you, lies wrapped in a profound slumber.

The Kaatsbergs, Catskills, or Cat River mountains, seen in the back ground of our picture, are so called from the great numbers of catamounts which formerly infested them, and which even now are found in some parts of the interior, with the bear,

the wolf, and the deer. These mountains form a part of the Appalachian range that extend from Maine to Georgia.

Near the summit of the "Middle mountain," on a large table rock, stands the "Mountain House," a spacious and magnificent hotel, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length. A few feet in front of this house yawns a frightful precipice, reaching far down among crags and rocks, shaded by the richest verdure. The view from this spot is most enchantingly beautiful. An immense landscape is spread out before you. The Hudson is seen in the picture winding its silvery stream through hill and dale, while on either side you discover an endless variety of forests, cities, farms, lakes and rivers, bounded on the right by the highlands of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and on the left by the Green mountains of Vermont.

At sunrise the spectacle is awfully grand and imposing. The entire landscape is enveloped in a dense white vapor, which, as the sun ascends, assumes every variety of shape and color, and gradually arising reveals the fascinating loveliness which it had so completely eclipsed. Here the pen fails to give any adequate description. One must witness it, to appreciate the magnificent grandeur of such a scene! Nature must make her own impression. When our words of delight are exhausted, and we have even *coined new ones*, we fail to convey to the most lively imagination any just conception of its beauties.

About two miles from the Mountain House, over a circuitous road of Nature's own paving, are the Kauterskill Falls. The Kauterskill is a small stream formed by the outlet of two lakes, which lie basking in the sunshine on the top of this huge mountain. The scenery here is picturesque and wild in the highest degree. The stream descends a steep ledge of rocks one hundred and eighty feet, and then glides along in numerous rills to a second fall of eighty feet, only to rush on, on, on, over rock and crag into the deep ravine below. After descending by several flights of steps to the foot of the first fall you enter a vast natural amphitheatre. A huge rocky shelf projects from the mountain seventy feet above your head, under which you may sit and refresh yourself beneath its grateful shade. While standing there one is reminded of the prophecy in reference to our Saviour,

where he is represented as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and can fully realize the great beauty of the analogy. Far above your head extends the smooth rock; before you, leaping from the immense height, you see the sheet of white foam glittering in the sunshine, as it breaks into innumerable sparkles before reaching the rocks at your feet, while far beneath, the deep ravine, with its rugged clefts, teems with magnificent vegetation. Descending still farther, you reach a moss-covered rock on the opposite side of the stream, which you have crossed the third time, leaping from rock to rock over the panting waters. Here you sit and wonder and admire, in full view of the entire cascade. You are in a kind of dream-land—a sort of half twilight, with here and there a sunbeam, catching a glimpse of the streamlet, which, like yourself, is awed into silence by a look at the giddy height from which it has just fallen. On either side huge rocky walls seem to reach the very heavens, covered with the wildest shrubbery.

In this dell is laid the scene of Irving's legend of Rip Van Winkle, the indentation of the stone on which his head is said to have rested during his twenty years' sleep, is shown to visitors, as well as the tree which, in its growth during that time, had lifted his gun far above his head.

In winter, this spot is said to be one of rare beauty. From the top of overhanging rocks and precipices, immense icicles reach to their base like so many marble columns, while the leafless shrubbery and luxuriant evergreens become crystalized with the frozen spray, and sparkling and glistening in the sunshine, present a scene of surpassing splendor. Bryant, who had the rare fortune to visit these falls in winter, wrote an interesting legend, of which the following is the preface.

"'Midst greens and shades the Kauterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps,
With the sweet bright spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side
When they drip with the rain of autumn tide.

"But when in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,

He builds in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret and arch, and fret-work fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

“For whom are those glorious chambers wrought
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit, nor motion of thought,
In forms so lovely and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell,
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.”

There are many other points about these mountains which present the choicest scenery, filling the soul with profound adoration, as with the Psalmist we exclaim, “Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works.” The route through the “Clove” or “Cleft Cloof” as the Dutch call it, is prolific with the most charmingly variegated landscape that can possibly be imagined. Very few of the numerous visitors either ascend or descend by this route, it being longer and very steep, but the road is good, and rendered perfectly safe by well regulated coaches and experienced drivers. No one should fail to take this route one way. A narrow road winds along the base of towering cliffs on one side, while on the other side are seen deep and fearful abysses, whose silence has never been broken by the sound of human footsteps. There, in the impenetrable shade of the most luxuriant foliage, the deepest evergreens, the mountain stream leaps from rock to rock, or expands at leisure into a smooth, quiet lake, undisturbed by the oar, untamed by the mill dam.

It is in vain to attempt a description of this “Fairy land of the Hudson,” one only becomes discouraged, and lays down the pen to sigh over the poverty of language. To go and see for yourself, is the only way to get a true conception of these Appenines of America.

A. L.

WHICH SHOULD RULE?

BY MRS. S. E. PHELPS.

I THINK it is impossible for any one but a parent, to realize the intense and unutterable depths of love that we mothers feel for our children. It is a very trite saying, and like most such, a very true one, that it is wisely ordered by Divine Providence that the maternal instinct should be so powerful, lest otherwise, the great care and fatigue, and wear of the mind and body which their needs require of us, would be insupportable.

A vast deal is said in poetry of a mother's love, and we see the most timid creatures among the lower order of animals, become brave in defence of their young; the most ferocious, tender and gentle in their care. But what pen could ever begin to portray the searchless oceans of yearning love, that surge up in the Christian mother's heart! These bewitching little prattlers! How is it that they manage to entwine themselves so inextricably in the innermost fibres of our souls? The philosophy of maternal love! Can anybody analyze its wonders? To me it is a perpetual mystery. All other attachments require time for their growth and development, but how many hours' acquaintance does it take to render this love stronger than death?

And yet there is one way in which this intense attachment creates evil and danger, if not sedulously watched. Such affection, of course, produces intense desire for the happiness of the little one, and an earnest longing to avert from it every possible suffering. If this feeling be not wisely regulated, it is the origin of immense peril.

The child is guilty of some act, which the mother is conscious merits punishment. But it wrings her heart to inflict it. How can she bear to witness its distress, its sobs and tears, and chase all the joyousness from its little heart? So she reproves a little, so very gently that no effect whatever is produced upon the child. The same thing is repeated over and over again. Sometimes the

little treasure is not altogether well, or children of her acquaintance are taken by the angel of death. The poor mother realizes with unusual clearness by how uncertain a tenure these little lives hang—lives that are more precious to her than her own. The bare thought of such desolation in her happy nest, is utterly insupportable, and as she gazes on the tender forms and reflects upon the fearful possibility encompassing them, oh, how sombre are the shadows that dim her loving eyes! Then the just exertion of authority seems too harsh, and the infliction of needed chastisement plunges an arrow in her own quivering heart.

Perhaps grave correction is called for just as the little one is going to rest. Conscience and reason both demand that it be done. But she recollects often hearing or reading of children being seized with sudden and fatal disease in the night, and never recognizing the parents again. Why may not that unechoing tread be directed to *her* door as well as to others? How dreadful to have the last memories associated with punishment! There may be wisdom enough in her head to subdue this morbid weakness, but there is not firmness enough in her heart, and so the child conquers. Is not all this a temptation of the devil? Certain it is that multitudes of children in Christian families grow up with their evil nature unsubdued, the will unbroken, despising the weak show of parental authority, selfish, useless and unlovely, if no more. No one of ordinary observation will pretend to dispute this, or to deny that it is a tremendous evil, involving the most serious consequences to the church and to the world.

Now is there no remedy for all this? What indurating process shall we mothers undergo? God forbid that we should love these little ones any less than we do; but oh! let this love be held in abeyance to the great Parent, and let reason and sound judgment sit at the helm.

Excessive scrutiny with a child is unspeakably to be deprecated, but we all know that however the case might have stood formerly, the tendencies of the present are altogether of an opposite character. If such cases exist at all in Christian families, they are of so very rare occurrence as to be accounted a curiosity.

Let us suggest a few thoughts as remedies for the evil.

The first ought to be all sufficient, without any other consideration. *It is the express command of Jehovah*, repeatedly enforced, that we should maintain our authority over our children, and when needful, inflict punishment. This is as unequivocally enjoined upon us as the practice of any other Christian duty. Therefore we disobey at our peril. What if it is painful to our feelings? Are we not expressly forewarned that religion often requires self-denial and cross-bearing? Undoubtedly this is one of the instances. What right have we to set up our blind love for our children in defiance of the infinite Parent?

The child early taught submission to its human parents is far more likely to yield to the great Father of spirits, and thus be rendered safe and happy forever. How inconsistent to intreat God to subdue that stubborn will, which we have only fostered and strengthened!

It is also cruelty to the childrens' happiness in *this* world to abdicate the seat of authority in which God and nature have placed us. They will not always be brooded under our sheltering wings, nor their faults pass under our gentle censorship. A harsh world is before them. Shall they be sent out vulnerable at every point?

If we would possess the *love* of our children it is indispensable to gain their respect. We never love the great Father until we have learned to fear him and recognize his just authority over us. Those parents who are tenderly beloved by their children, are not the weakly indulgent, who have taught their little ones to trample on their commands with impunity.

God has revealed himself to us as our Father, and assured us that his love to us poor wayward children, is infinitely tenderer and stronger than we can possibly conceive of. Does he, therefore, suffer us to go on altogether in our own way without chastisement or denial? Does he ever abate one iota of his just authority towards the children he loves with illimitable tenderness? Let us strive to imitate him.

OLD-FASHIONED EDUCATION.

It will never do to give up religion as a part of education. There is too intimate a relation between the two, to separate them. Of what use would be the hills and mountain ranges, if there were no streams and creeks and rivers springing from their sides, and watering all parts of our fertile country? And of what use would be learning, even though it towered up and reached the most sublime elevation to which man can ascend, if it were not blessed with the fountains of living water, and the streams which gladden the vale of our pilgrimage.

Another principle of education, well tested by experience, is the necessity of *thoroughness* in the whole work. This is a principle, in the carrying out of which "the old folks" were "at home." Drilling, memorizing rules, short lessons, frequent reviews, hard studying, &c., were the methods approved in the sending forth of many a fine scholar. The grammar was the secular Bible of good old times. Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody, meant something in those days. The new analytical method of Ollendorff & Co., is very popular in the market just now; and although it professes great achievements at the beginning, it is found to be rather superficial at the end. There is, in fact, no substitute for the patient mastering of the rudiments.

Education demands time. The modern promise of mastering a language in six or eight lessons is as great a practical lie as a reformer ever told without knowing it. The thing is an impossibility. The learning of a language requires a knowledge of its elements, its principles, its radical parts; and this knowledge cannot be the work of a day. Parents often expect too much. An apparently rapid progress is apt to be at the expense of substantial acquisition. And besides, the new method of acquiring languages supersedes, in a measure, that excellent mental discipline, which is often the best part of the whole work. We cannot expect oaks to grow up in a season; they must root themselves thoroughly; then shoot up in modest progress; and, disciplined year after

year by rain, rude wind, frost, and sunshine, they finally become majestic with branch and shade.

The natural difficulties in a thorough course of education are of great use. The modern way of explaining everything in the classics by notes and special dictionaries, is debilitating. The more you indulge a child, the less can you commonly make of him. It is a well known principle that adversity strengthens character. The adversity of a hard lesson has been blessed to many a scholar, who was, doubtless, ignorant of its use at the time. Easy textbooks make shallow students. Smooth roads on a dead level, tire and wear out horses much sooner than the hills on your national road; and therefore a sensible driver prefers a hilly route, out of mercy to his team. Can he be a sensible teacher, who gives his scholars no severe drilling, no hard tasks, no steep ascents? Education, as I intimated, must be perfected amidst the trials and discouragements and blessedness of labor. It must have time. It must be thorough in its methods in order to produce thorough scholars. And who would give up thoroughness in the training of the rising generation?—*Rev. C. Van Rensselaer*

A DREAM.

“I had a dream, it was not all a dream.”

I STOOD by a broad sheet of water. Gay and sparkling were the blue waves, kissed by the beams of the clear sun, as, with gentle undulations, they wafted innumerable barques that lay upon their bosom. Entranced with the beautiful sight, I stood gazing with delight upon the fairy boats and their happy occupants. I stretched not my gaze beyond, or looked to either side; but my enraptured vision revelled in the scene before me. Suddenly a bright angel stood beside me, with most benignant aspect. “Mortal,” said he, “why gazest thou alone upon the scene before thee? Knowest thou that this beautiful bay is but the inlet of a vast and fathomless ocean beyond?” I followed the glance of my companion, and perceived that the sheet of water before

me was but a large bay, emptying into a dark ocean, whose mad surges swallowed up every little barque that came within their power. Then I perceived that many, who were sporting upon the bosom of the bay, with music and mirth, ere they were aware, were borne on its placid waves to the ocean beyond, and buried amid the angry waters, and few indeed ever regained the bay. Everything before me now wore a new aspect. Instead of revelling in the beauty of the scene, I gazed in unutterable agony and suspense on the gay throng of happy beings before me. Then I closed my eyes, as if to shut out the terrible danger that threatened them; then turning wildly to my companion, I said:

"Can nothing be done to save them? Must they all inevitably perish?"

"Form not a rash judgment," said my guide, "look again, and examine more closely."

Then I saw that some of the barques were attached to small, but strong cords, which extended in an opposite direction from the frightful ocean; and, turning, I perceived at my right hand a pier, to which the cords were fastened.

"Is this a sufficient security?" said I, turning to my friend, with a cold shudder.

"Firm as the Rock of Ages," he replied; "but look again."

Then I saw that of all the boats, few had not some slight cord, which appeared to *them* as a security, and I discovered that all round the shore were innumerable piers, with a fair outward seeming, but underneath they were crumbling to atoms; and although some of them might appear to afford sufficient security while the frail vessels lingered near them, as they neared the ocean, and the tension of the cord became great, it suddenly snapped asunder, and they were precipitated with awful velocity into the floods.

Overwhelmed with the sight of so many immortal beings recklessly rushing to ruin, I turned to examine the ancient pier, which had stood the accumulated wrath of so many storms, and the fury of so many tempests, and by each shock had become but more firmly imbedded in the rocks of its foundation.

As I looked I perceived a beautiful boat, bearing two lovely children. Smiles and dimples wreathed their faces, and their

sunny locks were waved from their fair temples by every passing breeze. Their hearts seemed filled with joy, as they caressed each other, and sang in sweet harmony, "Little children, love one another." One hand of the little sylph was dipped in the blue water, with the other she clung confidently to her brother. It was a sight for angels to look upon. With inexpressible delight I saw that their fragile boat was fastened to the ancient pier, and I thought I saw floating above them, in the azure distance, a form of angelic beauty.

Then I perceived a mystic looking man, who was moored close by them, and I saw the little ones stretching out their arms to him, and sending kisses to him over the laughing waters, and I knew that he was their father. By his gaze of earnest affection, and his eager smile, as they sung in their joy, I knew his love for them was intense. I looked to see if he too was securely fastened to the pier. Then I saw that the cord which held him was insecurely fastened, and that many of the strands were untwisted, so that its strength was rapidly diminishing, and unless some new security were added, the first heavy wind might leave him without a support.

As I looked he produced a heavy sledge, and began with strong blows to batter the ancient pier.

"What are you doing, my friend?" said I, earnestly.

"I am trying the strength of this old pier," he coolly answered.

"But," said I, "it has stood for ages, and been proved beyond a doubt to be secure as the throne of the living God."

"Yes," he answered, "that is the very reason why I try it. It is antiquated, and perhaps rotten by this time. It may have been a firm security for my fathers, and yet not be so for me and my children." As he spoke, some large flakes of moss and pebbles, the accumulation of centuries, were separated by his strokes, and fell with a heavy splash into the water below.

"See," said he, with animation, "I have already begun to discover its rottenness."

"But," said I, "you have but to look carefully to be convinced that what you have loosened was not a part of the structure: and see, where you are now directing your blows you must inevitably

dissever, not only the cord which binds *you*, but that which fastens the boat of *your children*."

"I have no fear," he answered, "if I loosen it, let them fasten it again to this, if they feel confidence in it, or to some of the others, which are more modern, and perhaps more safe. *I would not* have them fasten to this pier, because *I* did, even were I myself convinced; let them judge for themselves."

"But," I urged, "if they are loosed from here they may never be able again to secure themselves, and this *may* be the only one that is safe, do not, *do not* loosen them."

"I have no intention particularly to loosen them," he said, still aiming blow after blow directly where their cord was fastened, "but I must try whether this antiquated pier, so long revered, is worth trusting. The age is progressing, old things must yield to new;" and again he vigorously plied his sledge.

The cord was suddenly severed, the dancing boat was borne rapidly on towards the boiling surge. "Dear brother," said the little one, "our boat sails *so* swiftly, are we not in danger?"

"Oh, no," answered the boy, "father knows, he will do all right," and again they sung. The father knew not their danger, he was redoubling his blows, and as he heard the loud reverberations, he seemed to suppose he had loosened the foundations. Alas! misguided man, he but loosened the few remaining strands, and was borne, with his weak implement, on, on to the ocean.

I cast one shuddering glance. The children, clasped in each other's arms, were being overwhelmed, and the wretched father, now fully aware of all the danger to himself and little ones, in vain struggled to avert the terrible catastrophe. Suddenly I awoke, and my heart said, "Seek for the old paths," "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I," "What shall the righteous do if the foundation be destroyed!" and my prayer arose, "Oh! Heavenly Father, suffer not parents blindly to lead their children to ruin."

L. B. M.

HOME.

O, SACRED word ! how oft doth creep
 Its cadence on my ear,
 When I compare my lot with those
 Who have no home to cheer,
 While passing through life's thorny maze ;
 They face the world alone,
 But I've a friend to lean upon,
 Within mine own sweet home.

A counselor, a guide I have,
 Who will not lead astray,
 And we, unitedly, to God
 Our daily tribute pay,
 For all His care, and kindness, too,
 Which He to us has shown,
 In giving us such treasures rare,
 Within our own sweet home.

He gave us first a darling son,
 Who woke new notes of love
 Within our heart's deep cells, which ne'er
 Before were bid to move.
 A happy trio band were we,
 We did not wish to roam,
 But found true joy and happiness
 Within our own sweet home.

Time passed away ; how rapidly—
 We scarcely knew 'twas gone !
 When another nestled on our breast,—
 'Twas on a winter's morn,
 When first she came to us,
 A pure, a precious loan
 From God's own hand, which He had sent
 To dwell in our sweet home.

And oh ! may we, my love and I,
 Forget not whom we owe
 Such debt of gratitude and praise,
 While we remain below

And may it ever be our prayer,
That grace to us be given,
To train our little darling ones
For a sweeter home in heaven.

SYMPATHIZE WITH CHILDREN.

YES! we would repeat it, sympathize with them, with deep and sincere sympathy,—not of that morbid kind which runs to pick up a stout boy who has tripped and fallen upon the sitting-room carpet, and lies roaring lustily for assistance, for of that there is quite enough.

Too much pity expressed for mere physical suffering of a trifling nature, makes boys cowardly, and girls whining and nervous; but there is a sympathy of another and a higher kind, which is too often wanting on the part of those who have the education of the young, we mean that sympathy which shares in the child's pleasures, griefs, hopes, and aspirations. The world-hardened, the sordid and selfish may live without sympathy, but the *child cannot*. If it is denied him in his home, he will seek it elsewhere.

The father who meets his little daughter with indifference when she shows him the successful result of some childish effort, and coldly replies, "it does well enough," may yearn in vain for that daughter's confidence when it is bestowed where no earthly power can withdraw it; or, when the heart, chilled and hardened by indifference, has no love to bestow on him. The mother who sweeps into the fire her boy's first effort of mechanical ingenuity, because it "litters the floor," or who hurries him away to school, when he lingers for a kiss, or a good-bye, with "there's no time to waste in compliments," may, when silver hairs are mingled with the brown, yearn in vain for the kiss now so lightly prized, or sigh at the burial of the "one talent," which might have been rendered back with usury.

The hardening process commenced by a chilling indifference in childhood, will go on, imperceptibly at first it may be, but none

the less deep and sure ; or else the impetuous affections turned from the course of their proper development into other channels, will rush on like the mountain torrent which has broken from its original course, marking its new path, by wasting and destruction.

Would you have the boy love and confide in you as he approaches manhood ? would you have him treasure your advice, and value your precepts ? Give him your sympathy now in his mental wants, his plans, his hopes ; commend him for his perseverance in mastering a difficulty, be it what it may ; appreciate the effort he makes, even though he fail, and when he is heart-sore with disappointment, sympathize while you strengthen him for new effort.

The griefs of childhood are as great in proportion to the ability to bear them as the griefs of mature years, and the child mourns as keenly for the time being, over the destruction of a favorite toy, or a successful design, as in youth over a blighted hope. The world has in it none too much of love, none too much of sympathy ; let us all seek to add to these lighteners of human misery our quota, however small, nor forget that we ourselves were once children.

A CONTRIBUTOR.

THE EYES.

THERE is a popular notion, sanctioned even by medical men, who ought to know better, that the eyes are preserved by opening them, every morning, in a basin of cold water. Some of the worst cases of ptergioum, or film on the surface of the eye, have been witnessed in those who have boasted of this practice. When water gets into the windpipe, the nostrils, or the ears, irritation is produced ; and when the eyes are opened under water, the sensation is anything but agreeable. The eye is lubricated by a secretion admirably adapted to facilitate the motion of the lid over its surface, and as this secretion is partially soluble in water, it is as inconsistent with common sense to wash it away, as it is to remove the oil from the wheels of machinery. It is, unques-

tionably, important that the cleanliness of the organ be maintained; yet this may be accomplished in the usual manner, without opening the lubricating surfaces. When the secretion is vitiated by cold or other causes, quince seed tea or milk and water are preferable for ablution to water alone. Avoid eye waters, many of which contain lead, and there are ten chances to one, they will produce an incurable film. To make this clear, dissolve a little sugar of lead in water, and pour the transparent solution in a wine glass, containing a water solution of common salt. When the fluids are mixed, a white precipitate of chloride of lead falls to the bottom of the glass. When eye waters containing lead are permitted to pass to the surface of the eye, the tears furnish salt, and the lead is precipitated. The transparent portion of the eye is sometimes extensively tattooed with this white leaden powder, and vision becomes indistinct, even destroyed.

When the general health is robust, it is astonishing what an amount of labor the organs of vision will endure; yet when it is depressed, especially, by mental disturbance during a periodical function, they are easily deranged by too close application to business. When they have become weak, much of their preservation depends upon the proper management of light to which they are exposed. When the light is in excess it should be diminished, and when it is deficient labor should be discontinued. The light blue of the sky and the verdure of the fields are the colors to which the organ of vision is naturally adapted, and which it will endure with the most ease. The flame of a good oil lamp is more regular than that of gas or candles, and is therefore to be preferred. The intermitting flickering of gas is particularly injurious, as it produces constant contraction and dilations of the pupil, and undue exercise of the whole organ. By placing a shade of light blue tissue paper over the lamp the light is ameliorated, for artificial light contains a superabundance of the yellow and red rays, but is deficient in the violet. By allowing it to pass through the bluish medium, it approaches nearer to the light of day, and is better adapted for continued application of the organ of vision.

WHAT A SAVIOUR!

BY REV. A. S. PATTON.

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."—Heb. 7: 25.

RIGHTLY to direct a soul, when awakened to a sense of its guilt and danger, is one of the most solemn and responsible duties of the Christian pastor. So vast are the interests at stake, and so various, and even diverse, are the exercises of penitents, that more than ordinary wisdom and prudence are demanded, in order successfully to counsel such in the successive and critical stages of their experience.

There are, I admit, some leading traits in the experience of all sincere inquirers, yet there are also some marked individual peculiarities. The general laws of spiritual influence seem, in most cases, to be accommodated to the age, temperament, and circumstances of the awakened; so that when an individual is brought under conviction, we expect to witness a manifestation of feeling corresponding with the known peculiarities of his character.

Thus, for instance, it will be found that the same truths that excite in one bosom feelings of irrepressible anguish, will cause another quietly to retire and commune in secret with his own heart. The same influences that constrain one earnestly and wildly to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" will lead another in the silence of his own soul to pray—God be merciful to me a sinner. While one forgets to eat his bread, or moistens it with tears, and mingles his drink with weeping, another who feels the burden of spiritual concern equally great, will be able to conceal his sorrows from the world, and even from his most intimate friends. And let it be remarked, moreover, that in cases like these the counsels and encouragements that would prove all-sufficient for the one, would be found entirely inadequate to the other. In some instances all that seems to be required is simply to direct the inquirer to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, while in others the mind is so clouded by doubts, and the

spirit is so distracted by conflicts, that the most consummate skill, and the most untiring patience are necessary, in order to bring the heart to understand and appreciate what are commonly received as the first and simplest truths of the gospel.

A striking instance of this last description occurs to my mind in the case of Mary P——. She was a regular and serious attendant upon my ministry at —, and one in whose spiritual welfare many had been led to feel a more than ordinary interest. In the early winter of 1849 the Spirit of God moved upon the hearts of his people in that town, and the result was, a manifestation of general concern for the salvation of sinners.

Among those who were made the subjects of special and earnest prayer was this young lady ; and very soon she was discovered to be under deep conviction of sin. So marked was the change in her deportment and feelings, that no one could fail to notice it. Naturally gay and cheerful, she became at once sober and sorrowful, losing at once all relish for what had before given her greatest enjoyment : she turned away from her most loved associates, and like a stricken swan that leaves the flock to heal her wound, or die alone, she sought to bear as best she could, or soothe her disconsolate spirit in protracted seasons of meditation and prayer. Not that she entirely secluded herself, nor that she was at all averse to receiving counsel ; on the contrary, every opportunity was embraced to gain the advice of those whom she believed to be pious and experienced ; and beside this, she repeatedly availed herself of the privilege of asking in a silent, but expressive manner, an interest in the prayers of God's people. Still, when at home, most of her time was spent in the retirement of her own chamber, and very sorrowful and distressing were the hours which she thus passed.

Others, though awakened subsequent to herself, had experienced mercy, and were now rejoicing in hope of eternal life, but alas, to her the prospect seemed to grow more and more discouraging. Nor was this to be wondered at, as the sequel will show.

In a private conversation had with her pastor just before the appointed hour of an evening service, the great difficulty was mutually discovered—*She had been trying to repent in order to come to Christ, instead of coming to Christ in order to repent.* A com-

mon mistake, and oh, how serious a one, turning, as it does, repentance into a kind of obstacle between the sinner and Christ.

To correct this error she was assured that there would be no virtue in our repentance, even if we could repent of ourselves, to recommend us to the favor of the Redeemer; but that there goes forth virtue from the Redeemer himself, strengthening us for that repentance which is alone genuine and acceptable. And farther, that the Apostle Peter, in declaring the purpose of Christ's exaltation to be that he might "give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins," clearly recognized repentance to be as much a gift of the glorified Christ as forgiveness, and taught the great truth that from him must come the grace of contrition as well as the cleansing of expiation.

So far the way seemed now to be clear, but immediately another difficulty arose; wicked unbelief suggesting a doubt of Christ's willingness to receive, and his ability to save one so lost and guilty. In this state of mind she left for the sanctuary. During the delivery of the discourse her countenance wore the very aspect of despair, and her case seemed more than ever hopeless. But in that same hour the Saviour was present to comfort and bless. We were closing the meeting with that subduing hymn—

"Come weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve," &c.

And just as we reached the last stanza—

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try," &c.,

seeming to catch the full influence of that holy purpose, she cast herself entirely on the mercy of Christ, and, under an instant and glorious discovery of his sufficiency—with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she exclaimed—OH, WHAT A SAVIOUR!

CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION.

MAN, since the fall, has been prone to err in thought and in action—in duty and in judgment. The manner of mental development, as well as that of fulfilling many other obligations, has been attended with much doubt and perplexity; and in a majority of cases human happiness has been sacrificed by misguided judgment. The mental part of man, no less than the physical, consists of various members or faculties, each of which, in its appropriate sphere, is equally essential to a perfect constitution, and to happiness. To suppose otherwise, would be to charge the Creator with folly.

If every faculty of the mind is, by the appointment of God, essential to our happiness, then by the same appointment, the proportionate development of each is our duty. It is evident that all the faculties are not of equal importance. Though they are all intended to subserve the same design of our creation, some of them are appointed to the supremacy, while others are to act a humbler part. It is equally evident, that if by our mismanagement we cause any faculty to transcend the limits of its own appropriate sphere, we thus far defeat the design of our Creator concerning us. We diminish our powers of enjoyment, and lose that beauty of symmetry with which the mind was at first characterized.

If we cultivate a subordinate source of happiness in opposition to a superior, we virtually and effectually reject the superior, and thus do violence to our nature; and as the established laws of nature secure to us the greatest amount of happiness of which we are capable, any violation of these laws must result in diminution of happiness, and of capacity for happiness.

It then appears that the imagination, being one of the faculties, should be cultivated. But the question arises, in what manner, and to what extent should it be cultivated? Though the imagination is a very active and efficient faculty, it cannot justly assume the supremacy. When well disciplined, it is a

powerful source of good. Its office is to assist the other faculties of the mind; to cheer and encourage hope; to enrich and beautify nature.

“ There are moments when the cares of life
Press on the wearied spirit; when the heart
Is fainting in the conflict, and the crown,
The bright, immortal crown, for which we strive,
Shines dimly through the gathering mists of earth.”

Then it is the prerogative of imagination to tinge hope as with a ray of heavenly light; and pierce the clouds that gather around the darkened hour.

It imparts to the most rugged scenes of nature an air of pleasing melancholy. Without the aid of imagination, the sculptor, the poet, and the painter, would lose their power to please.

Addison has very justly said, “ a man of a polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the *prospects* of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated part of nature administer to his pleasure; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.” But this is its effect, only when it is well disciplined; when it has been rightly developed, and made to act in its own sphere. In these two particulars, the mass of minds fail; consequently their imagination tends, not to enrich, but to impoverish them. In cultivating this faculty, they exercise it upon the wrong objects; and are not sufficiently aware of its active and aspiring nature, to keep it within its proper limits. And when this servant of the human faculties gains the ascendancy, it becomes a relentless tyrant. Unconscious of its material tenement, it roams in fields of elysian, or reposes on cygnet down in its own ethereal palaces. “ It cannot brook the low dull round of cold reality.”

Thus, though it is admitted that the imagination should be cultivated, it is evident, that the most unceasing and vigilant care

should be taken to exercise it upon such objects, and with such restraints, as will most successfully train it to perform the part for which it was designed by our Creator. The tendency of works of fiction, when read, and contemplated frequently and with pleasure, is, to corrupt and pervert the imagination; to surrender to it undue supremacy, and thus render the reader unfit for the sober duties and realities of life. They winningly infuse their "poison drop into man's purest cup," and none are so slow to see the danger as the victim. When persons, who are much in the habit of reading and contemplating works of fiction, are, by sheer necessity, brought in contact with the stern realities of earthly life, in their *own* imagination they become the objects of deserved sympathy from all around.

The perusal of fiction is a prolific source of evil to the imagination. It creates a disrelish for rational and useful reading. The individual who delights in tale, is wakeful and tearful at the midnight hour, over the brave, the noble, the suffering phantasm; while a moral essay, or a few pages on practical piety would be an efficient opiate: and the scenes of Gethsemane, and of Calvary, would not awaken one emotion, or elicit a single tear. They would be to such an one a pithless circumlocution. The social circle of the pious and the grave is intolerable monotony; and the house of religious worship presents a scene of idle vacuity, indefinite wanderings of thought, and the sighings of unsatisfied desire.

Since God has made nothing in vain, he evidently designed the imagination for some use; and from what we know of his character and works, we have sufficient reason to suppose he designed it should be a source of happiness to us; and since it is the work of his hand, to neglect it would incur guilt. Its cultivation becomes duty; yet but a small number succeed in performing this duty aright. The imagination should be so cultivated as to enable persons

"To commune with their thoughts,
With nature's changing bloom—
To find a tongue in earth's sweet spots
That tells of another home!
To find a voice in everything they see,
Speaking with a low, sweet tone,
The strains of sweetest melody."

E. C. G.

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Come gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock;
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones; your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide!
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fix'd attention claim,
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove;
Come press your velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng;
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good night; go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
 Amid the thorns of life,
 His care protect those shrinking plants,
 That dread the storms of strife ;
 But who, upon your infant hearts,
 Shall like that mother write ?
 Who touch the springs that rule the soul ?
 Dear smitten flock, good night !



CONVERSATION WITH DEATH.

WHO desires that familiar acquaintance with Death, that leads to conversation with the grim messenger? His stealthy approach awes us—the wan features—the icy chill, and the hushed stillness that follow wherever he has been—fill the soul with terror. What! sit down, as with a companion, in the presence of that dread something, that makes the loved countenance so pale and ghastly—that causes that look of deep distress, and sends those throes of agony through the frame?—that dims the speaking eye—that cuts the silver chord, and turns the bodies we loved so much, to a decaying mass, which we beg may be buried from our sight?

When a child, I used to think how very strange the idea contained in those oft-repeated lines of Dr. Watts :

“ Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
 Converse awhile with death ;”

and the scenes of all the years that have since intervened, never made me feel their full import so clearly as those through which I recently passed. The providence of God brought me for days and weeks into close communion with the destroyer, where I must watch closely the impress of his finger—where I must trace his secret workings, and feel the force of his utterances of destruction determined upon the objects of my love and care. And I found it good to take lessons of Death—good, for a heart all choked with the cares of the world—good, for affections spell-

bound by earthly attractions—good, for aspirations and desires that had directed their flight away from God and his glory.

In order rightly to appreciate the things of time, one must take their estimate from death. When standing by the bed where death is doing his strange work on a human form,

“Alas, how poor and little worth
Are all the glittering toys of earth
That lure us here ;”

its pleasures have all vanished—they are phantoms that can render no service there—its riches yield no relief from the death-pangs, neither can they purchase a passport to realms of peace. Its friends must all be left behind ; love is of no avail in that dread hour. Jewels cannot please the glazed eye, nor music wake to life the deadened ear. Then it is that all our thoughts, however far they have wandered—our aspirations for earthly distinctions—ambition, hope, love, gayety, mirth—all must stoop to converse with Death.

And it is good to be there, because thither our feet are surely tending ; and how much better to become familiar with him, than in an unexpected moment to fall into the hands of a strange enemy. Yes, we must not only make the acquaintance of death, as he takes one after another from the circle of those we love ; but we must, each one of us, “*feel* his cold embrace,” and yield up our life with all its fond associations and endearments—all its tempting pleasures and glittering honors—and lie down in the *cold, dark grave*, while the immortal spirit—where ? oh ! where will it go ? Say, reader, where will your soul find refuge, when Death tears down its clay tabernacle, and hides it in the dust ?

Come, then, converse with Death, as he now speaks in the sear leaf, and the departing, dying year—as he enters the family circle, and looks on you from the coffin and the opened grave—as he throws his withering wand over sea and land, until scarce a home is found where there is not mourning for the dead ! Take the valuation from Death, of the things of time and those of the future state, and decide in his solemn presence the momentous question, whether you choose the path that leads to life—eternal life ; or, that of eternal death.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

INCONSISTENCY.

"This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone."

"How strange it is, mother! I don't understand it at all. She subscribed ten dollars, last week, to benefit the Dorcas Society."

"Yes, it is strange, my child," replied Mrs. Moreland; "but I grieve to say that such inconsistencies are far more strange than infrequent. The more you mingle in society, the more you will have occasion to look with wonder upon the incongruities of human nature."

"O dear, I don't like to anticipate such experience, for the future. What you say makes me think of the poet's words—

'O Life, O Beyond,
———thou art strange evermore.'"

"But, mother, why should it be so with Mrs. Pelham? Why should she be so generous to one class of the poor last week, and to day insist upon her seamstress making up that piece of linen for so pitiful a sum?"

"I cannot divine the reasons of her inconsistency, with certainty, Isabella. But I think thoughtlessness has something to do with it. The claims of the *helpless* poor have been brought very distinctly before her mental view by those with whom she associates, while the wants and the rights of the *industrious* poor, have been, to use an old adage, "out of sight, out of mind."

"But one is as important as the other."

"Most certainly. The poor seamstress has an invalid mother, and a young sister, dependent for their daily bread almost entirely upon what she can gain by her needle. The reduction of her price was not only most ungenerous, but an act of gross injustice. It is worth much more to make up the linen than Mrs. Pelham has contracted to give."

"And, very likely, poor Eliza will have to suffer a great deal in consequence. Her mother has but few comforts at the best. I

think such meanness as Mrs. Pelham's is shameful. And yet she has the reputation of being very generous."

"Consistency is a jewel of great worth, my daughter, but as yet, rarely found. There is, however, reason to believe that a better state of things is approaching. Attention has been of late, by many interesting writers, called to the wrongs of the industrious poor, and in many instances with happy results. Several ladies in this street have increased the pay both of their seamstresses and washerwomen. And I am acquainted with a number of clothing merchants, who have resolved to give fair prices for every article of shop-work. So we will hope for better times, Isabella."

"And in the meantime, I can visit Eliza's mother, and see that she does not want for necessaries."

"That is right. Our indignation against an evil is not worth much, if we make no effort to lesson its unhappy influence."

L.

"LIFE IS NOT ALL SUNSHINE."

"LIFE is not all sunshine," is the stern teaching of experience. "Would that it were so," is the response of many hearts. Who does not love the glorious sunshine? When, as Aurora throws wide open her golden gates welcoming the "king of day," the silvery moon recedes, and those bright astral lamps, which during the hours of night have lighted up the azure vault, follow in her train, all nature rejoices in the sunshine. How beautiful the sparkling snow-flakes in the sunshine of a winter's morning! How lovely the dawn of day in spring, when the sun awakes the flowery petals amid the sparkling dewdrops, or on the leafy boughs where the feathered songsters warble their notes of praise. Yes, sunshine is always beautiful, and yet what desolation would soon visit the earth were we to have continual sunshine.

If after the laborer has cast abroad his seed, the sunshine is necessary to ensure a plentiful crop, the dark cloud discharging its watery treasure upon the thirsty earth is none the less so. The plentiful shower is indispensable, and even the thundering storm,

the uprooting hurricane, are not wholly messengers of desolation. Yet how perfectly natural to love bright sunny days! and to look upon the howling storm only as an evil that must be endured.

So we short-sighted, erring mortals, would fain have all our pathway strewn with flowers, and lighted up with the sunshine of prosperity. How hard to believe, when tempest-tossed, that these things shall work together for our good, that they are blessings in disguise. We would desire some milder process by which the dross might be separated from the gold, than that of being cast into the crucible of affliction. We sigh for perpetual sunshine. But our Heavenly Father is wiser than we, and he knows that in order that we may bring forth fruit, "first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear," we must endure trials. The Lord chastens those he loves; dark clouds often gather round their pathway; earthly hopes are blighted; the grave opens wide its mouth to receive its prey, and hide from sight the forms of those best loved, leaving us to journey on through earth's mazes dark and wild—*alone*, "where storm after storm" may overtake us, until we are ready to question the goodness of that hand that still guides all, and who will say to the waves that toss us to and fro, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther."

Ah! desponding one, raise thine eyes from earth. See that bow of promise spanning yon dark cloud. Blessings still await thee. How sweet the sunshine after storm! Thus the eye of faith sees the cherished ones of the bereaved, not *lost*, but as having become inhabitants of that world where the sun never sets. One after another has joined that blest band, till we feel that there are but few ties to bind us to earth. Our treasure is above. Oh! shall we not bless God for the storm that drives us nearer *home*. But ho! weather beaten comrades, we have not yet reached the port. Life's mission is not yet fulfilled. Then let us up, and with trusting, thankful hearts move onward. Bereaved ones! fatherless children look up to thee; trust in the Lord and go forward; His promises are ample and sure. Lone orphan wanderer! thy Father still hath need of thee. The trembling form of her that bore thee, and of him that provided for thy early wants, call no more for thy watchful care. They are at rest. The present is thy day of labor. The wide, wide world is the field. The sun-

shine of thy love may rest with genial influence upon many of earth's oppressed and weary ones. Through thy instrumentality

"Sun of Righteousness may arise and shine with healing in his wings" over some dark spot, and souls be won, which shall shine as stars in thy crown of glory. Sigh not then, though life be not all sunshine; but strive rather for that faith which will enable you to rejoice amid the storm, and at last to moor your bark in the haven of eternal day. ABBIE.

DAILY DUTIES;

OR,

WORK FOR THE WILLING.

"How provoking it is that she will get up so early! I'm sure there is no need to rise before the sun these cold mornings." Thus soliloquized Kate Harmer as she half opened her eyes and then settled herself for her usual morning doze. But this morning she tried in vain to forget herself in sleep; her mind was in full activity, and these were some of her thoughts, if they had been put into words.

"If I had some motive for rising early, I could do it as well as Susan, but I find the day quite long enough for the trifles that fill up my day. I wish I had some *important* duties, then I should be anxious to begin the day, and I should be so active and careful not to waste a moment. If I were a missionary—or if I had even the care of a little sister, then there would be an object in life; but, as it is, I am of no use to any one. Susan and Emily have so many occupations, it is different with them. Susan is the house-keeper and she likes it, so it is no wonder she is cheerful; and Emily is so fond of drawing and reading, that she says the day is never long enough for her; she does other things, such as keeping the parlor and father's office in order, and often goes on errands, but she does all this because she likes it, and says it does her good to bustle about a little after sitting still some hours. Heigh ho! I wish—I could go somewhere—I hardly know what I wish;—but here, I feel I am only a cipher in the family."

After indulging for some time in these unprofitable musings, Kate slowly commenced her morning toilet. She hurried over a short prayer, while the bell was summoning her down to the breakfast room.

Kate's brow looked so clouded, and she wore so grave an aspect, that her brother could not help (boy-like) teasing her a little about it.

"Now Kitty what's the matter?" said he, approaching her tapestry frame, "You look as if you had all the affairs of the nation on your mind; say, couldn't you get your curls to turn the right way, or can't you give that dear little poodle's eyes you are making, the proper squint?"

"I do wish, John, you would let my looks alone, and not interfere with what doesn't concern you. I know you think all that we girls do, is very useless, for you are forever sneering at my work," said Kate, with much pettishness.

"What a calumny!" exclaimed John, "and to disprove it I will get you to put new wristbands to my shirts, and then you could not be more usefully employed."

"Emily always attends to your mending, why don't you ask her? I must get this done by New Year's Day and can't be hindered." After saying this Kate turned away to seek some worsted, and her brother went to find Emily.

Though Kate's tapestry work advanced, and both her sisters were warm in their praises of its beauty, she could not feel satisfied, and got more and more out of humor with herself and everybody, so that Emily's remark that "such work must be very amusing," jarred on Kate's present mood, and she replied,

"I'm sure *I* don't, I am getting sick of the sight of it, and if I had not promised it to Cousin Mary, I wouldn't do another stitch to it."

"Oh! Kate," exclaimed Emily, "you are not in earnest; it will make such a beautiful ottoman, you know how delighted Mary will be to have it."

"Yes, she will no doubt express pleasure to please me," answered Kate moodily, "and then it will be put in a corner of the best parlor, and be of no use to anybody—a thing that I have been at work on for seven months!"

"But it will repay you when it is done; you have been bending over it too long, dear Kate, and probably have a headache; let us take a nice walk together, and then you will return to it with more energy," said Emily cheerfully.

"I have not got a headache, and I don't want you to take a walk just for me; where did you intend going?" asked Kate.

"Oh!" replied Emily, "my object was to cheer you, and make a little change for us both, as my eyes are a little tired with this stitching."

"But you said just now that Susan had asked you to make a cake, as she is going out; that will make a change for you; I think there are few things more stupid than to walk along a dull, dusty road; so if you are going, Emily, you must not expect me to accompany you?"

"No, if you do not wish to walk, there are many things to be done which I will set about this afternoon, instead of to-morrow morning," said Emily, as she left the room.

"Many things!" one would think to hear her talk that we had to do our own work; now I wonder what Emily can find to do, to make her so busy this afternoon!" Though Kate allowed this thought to pass through her mind, she did not think it was her duty to follow her sister, and help her to accomplish a few of the many things that had to be done. On the contrary, she contented herself with supposing Emily made herself busy because she liked it.

About an hour after the foregoing conversation, Mr. Harmer came in, looking much wearied, and throwing himself on the sofa, drew several letters from his pocket which he said he had been writing, and would like some one to copy for him.

"I will call Susan if you like, father, she always copies your letters," said Kate rising.

"Well, if she is not engaged, but now I think of it, I remember she said at dinner time she was going out; suppose you were to copy them. I am sure you must be tired of putting your needle in and out of that bit of canvas," said her father.

Kate slowly began to collect her worsteds together, and then with a sigh asked, "if *all* those letters had to be copied?"

"There are only four, and quite short, being business letters,

but I believe, Kate, if you will lend me your pen, that I would prefer copying them myself."

Kate offered no remonstrance, and after giving her father the pen, she resumed her seat.

Emily, meanwhile, was profiting by Susan's absence, to get all her jelly jars sealed up, and put away, knowing it would be an agreeable surprise to her sister. She had previously made her cake, and ironed several of her own and her sister's muslin collars. She had just filled the sugar bowl, and cut the cake for tea, when her foot slipped as she ran up stairs with both hands full; in her endeavor to save the glass sugar bowl, she fell and injured her ankle so much, that she found it was impossible to rise without assistance.

Both Kate and her father heard the noise occasioned by Emily's fall, and ran out to see what had happened. Poor Emily smiled through her tears, as she lay prostrate on the stairs, surrounded by bits of cake and sugar. Kate tried to raise her, and at the same time, Emily endeavored to help herself, but fainted in the effort, the agony of her foot was so great. Mr. Harmer lifted her up, and laid her on the sofa, and after sprinkling cold water on her face, she was soon restored to consciousness. Kate was very much shocked at the accident, and shed more tears than Emily, while the doctor bound up her ankle, which put her to much torture; she was forbid to put her foot to the ground for at least a week.

Kate lay awake a long time that night thinking. She had blamed herself very much for the accident that had befallen her sister, after hearing from Susan how badly Emily had been, and that it was in her haste to get everything done, that she had tripped on the stairs. She felt, and justly too, that she ought to have assisted her. This led her to review her conduct, and to examine herself as she had never done before. She now saw that while she longed for a sphere of greater usefulness, she had wholly neglected the daily duties which belonged to the station in which God had seen fit to place her.

Before closing her eyes in sleep she had made many good resolutions; she knew it would be a great effort for her to rouse herself, for ever since she left school, which was nearly two years

previous, she had indulged these indolent habits. Her mother died when she was very young, but at school she had a kind and faithful teacher, who, while instructing the minds of her pupils, had never lost sight of their immortal souls. Kate had therefore been piously brought up,—she knew that in herself she had no strength to do what is right, but she prayed earnestly to her Heavenly Father, that He would guide her for Jesus Christ's sake. Kate's disposition was naturally amiable, but the unhappy indolent state in which she had been living, had greatly soured it. At the sight of suffering, all her sympathies and good qualities were called out. She determined to try and make Emily's confinement to her room, as little irksome as possible, by devoting herself to her amusement, and by taking upon herself all Emily's self-imposed duties.

She arose as soon as she heard Susan stirring. On repairing to her room she heard with much sorrow, that Emily had been very feverish through the night from pain, and had hardly closed her eyes. Susan begged her to fetch some vinegar and water to bathe her sister's temples, which throbbed violently. Having done so, Kate went down stairs to attend to Emily's birds, water her plants, and dust the parlors. She felt half inclined to be angry with Margaret, the servant girl, who exclaimed on seeing her, "Why Miss Kate! are you about already? is it so late? for you never come down before Miss Emily has got things in order, and I have breakfast all ready for you." Kate restrained the sharp reply which trembled on her lips, and answered quietly—"Emily's ankle is so much hurt she will not be down stairs for some days, can you tell me where she keeps the dusters?" "Yes, sure, here they are, but let me do that; you are not used to it," said Margaret good-naturedly.

"It is time I should be *used* to it," said Kate, smiling, "so give me the duster, and you can get breakfast ready meanwhile."

Before she had quite finished, Susan joined her, saying Emily was easier, and had dropped asleep. She saw with pleasure how actively Kate was employed, but she judiciously refrained from making any remark upon it. Susan had to go to market after breakfast, and had some necessary shopping to do, so several little culinary matters devolved upon Kate, who performed them

cheerfully, but very slowly, for she was unused to such employment.

The morning slipped rapidly away, so that Kate was astonished when the clock struck twelve. She always thought the mornings were the most tedious part of the day. She was engaged in trifles, it is true, but it is just those trifles that conduce so much to the general comfort. There was a good deal of running up and down stairs to see that Emily was comfortable, and to fetch her books or sewing, or do any any other little errand to please her. Though poor Emily was obliged to sit quiet in one place, her thoughts were constantly busy, thinking of this thing or that to be done for her father or brother, or to save Susan's having too much to do; for Susan's health was not very good. She had no sooner expressed a longing that she could jump up and do it, than Kate offered her services and felt happy while thus engaged.

The next day brought its appointed duties, and Kate went through them much quicker from knowing exactly in what they consisted; and thus was able to put some method into them; besides, she moved about more nimbly as Emily had begged her to come and sit with her as soon as she could, for she found it dull sitting alone as her head ached too much to amuse herself with reading.

"Shall I read to you, Emily?" said Kate, as she seated herself opposite to her.

"No, I thank you, I would rather hear you talk, but you ought to have brought your work; do get your ottoman, I shall like to watch its progress."

"I have put that quite away," replied Kate cheerfully, "and do not intend to put another stitch to it till you are well."

"Oh! do not say that," said Emily, "for I may be tied to my chair for two weeks. Dr. Graff says my ankle has received a severe sprain, so I must take in a stock of patience."

Kate left the room for her tapestry work; on returning with it, she said, "I have been looking in your work-basket for the fine piece of linen from which you cut John's wristbands, I wish to stitch a pair before I do any embroidery; so, please tell me where I can find it."

"No, no, dear Kate, I have stitched three pairs and have the others by me ready cut out; I might as well finish them, for sewing

and reading are about all I can do now;" and Emily half suppressed a sigh.

"I shall do the rest, and for the future, dear Emily, I wish to do my share of the mending; I see your look of astonishment, so I suppose I shall have to tell you that I have resolved to try and be a better girl—I feel that I have been leading a very selfish life; for some time I have felt uncomfortable and restless, and your accident has been the means of showing me why my heart was not at ease, for it led me to examine my conduct; and the result has been as I said before, that I found I have been very, very selfish." As she said this she could not restrain her tears.

"Dearest Kate, you are too hard upon yourself, I am sure you should not reproach yourself so."

"I cannot reproach myself too much, and I am thankful that God has opened my eyes to see my folly—it is worse than folly, it is *sinful*. Last night as I reviewed my conduct for only one day, I was ashamed and grieved to see how selfish I had grown. You did not, perhaps, know that John asked me to alter his wristbands, and I refused, saying it was your business not mine. And then when father asked to have his letters copied, how I avoided doing it by offering to call Susan, who I knew wanted to go out, and then, by my ungracious manner, forcing my poor father (though he was very tired) to copy them himself. And again, I knew very well that you were as busy as you could be, but"—

"Now you shall not say another word," said Emily gently putting her finger on her lips, "I will not let you rake up so many grievances against yourself."

"Well I will not *say* anything more about them, but I shall not promise not to *think* about them, and I hope my deeds will show that I have thought about my selfishness to some profit, and after you are well I intend to continue to take an active part in the house."

"The house is so small Susan and I can easily manage it, for I know you want to finish your ottoman and you are not fond of housework, whereas I like bustling about," said Emily, good naturedly.

"And I," said Kate, laughing, "must learn to like to bustle about, and you and Susan must learn to like to sit still sometimes,

and make ottomans, or any other fancy work; you know many hands make quick work."

The sisters tenderly embraced each other, and then Emily declared herself well enough to read aloud, in their library book, "The Experience of Life," which they knew would be an interesting book when they saw the author's name. They soon became absorbed in it, and drew many a practical hint from that humble, excellent Christian "Aunt Sarah"—whose history it related. Kate's good resolutions were kept, and she daily became more and more necessary to the happiness of each member of her family; and while living for their comfort she promoted her own.

* * *

I WANT TO GO HOME.

"I want to go home," said a little child,
That had lost its way in the forest wild,
While the tear that stole down its soft, white cheek,
Told far more plainly than words could speak,
"I want to go home."

"I want to go home," said a youth, as he roll'd
On a bed of pain in the land of gold;
"To gaze once more on a mother's face,
To be clasped in a sister's fond embrace
"I want to go home."

"I want to go home," said a sea-rocked one,
As he gazed through his tears on the setting sun;
"O hills of my youth! ye will never depart
From the pictures that hang on the walls of my heart.
I want to go home."

"I want to go home," said an aged saint,
"My pulse is feeble, my heart is faint,
My friends have all gone to the spirit shore,
Welcome the wave that shall carry me o'er.
I want to go home!"

W. G. BROWN.

THE NECESSITY OF A WELL DIRECTED MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

It is the duty of the preacher and the moralist, not so much to discover new truths, as to proclaim and enforce principles long acknowledged to be of primary importance; and it is well—it is right—to enforce upon each successive generation of mothers, the vast amount of responsibility resting upon them. To the humblest mother is committed an heir of immortality, whom she may train for eternal blessedness, or consign to everlasting woe:—a future member of society, who may, by her care, become useful and happy, a blessing to the family, and to the world;—or she may cherish one who, like a serpent, may first sting the bosom which nourished it, and whose track through life may be marked by blight and desolation. If mothers did but duly estimate the value of maternal influence they could not remain indifferent as to the manner in which they meet the obligations which it impose. If they felt that they were responsible both to their country and their God, for the manner in which they employ it—if they could look down through the long vista of time and eternity, and see that influence deepening and extending, how sacredly would they guard their precious trust—how carefully watch themselves—how prayerfully seek the Divine aid, that the influence daily exerted might be such that they should rejoice to meet it at the bar of God.

It is the influence of the mother that forms the character of her children. The spirit she habitually breathes, the temper she daily exhibits, the moving principles which actuate her, the ten thousand petty acts of domestic life, perhaps deemed beneath notice, *these* mould the character of the family,—*these*, in fact, educate her children. It is not the isolated act—it is not the formal lesson, it is not the grave precept, which forms the character of the man; and our children will become, not what we wish, but what we are. It is wonderful, it is fearful, to see the influence which the mother exerts upon her family; to see how often her children are but miniatures of herself; not as she is in the draw-

ing-room or the church, but of what she is in the nursery and by the fire-side. Although the influence of the mother is first felt in the family circle, it is not long confined to it. The family is a fountain which will send forth pure streams, to gladden and bless the world; or, if the mother fail in her duties, it may be a noxious pool, which shall spread around miasma and death.

We have said that it is the influence of the mother which forms the character of her children. The father speaks with the voice of authority. The mother does not continually awe; she soon lays aside the tone which commands; and the sentiment through which she sways is at once pure and elevated, sweet and tender; and her influence is felt long after the authority of the father is withdrawn; and, when the pride of manhood would spurn restraint, often does the influence of the mother fall like the dews of night, or the showers of spring, upon the heart seared and blighted by the feverish passions of life; restoring the freshness of youthful feelings, and reviving the hopes and joys of early life. To every mother, then, is committed an amount of influence, and from the responsibility which it involves she cannot escape. Intelligently or unconsciously she is moulding the characters and deciding the destinies of her children.

The nature of the influence she exerts must depend upon her own character, and, that it may be salutary, it should be founded on habits of obedience, early and judiciously formed, strengthened by right principles carefully instilled, confirmed by a daily example, in accordance with these principles, and secured by the habitual manifestation of an ever watchful, tender affection. The mother who does not control her children in infancy will never be able to exercise an intelligent influence over them in future life; and the period in which she should secure this power has often passed before she has been aware that it had arrived; and we are sure that observation will justify the remark that no mother can secure the influence she should desire to exert over her children who allows their infancy to pass without forming habits of obedience and respect. Authority, when it is once established, gradually softens into influence, which, when secured by love and confirmed by respect, the mother will retain through life. As she should exemplify in her own deportment the virtues which she wishes her

children to possess, she will find it the hardest task in the education of her family, so to guard her own heart, as to conform her life to the precepts by which she would regulate theirs.

We have said that the influence of the mother should be secured by love. The love which restrains, is greater than that which indulges, and we often do a greater violence to our own feelings in punishing our children than we can by any sacrifices which we make to promote their gratification. But while we are conscious that we are making sacrifices and exertions that prove the depth of our love, we may indulge in a temper which will mar their comfort, and chill their affection, and in giving the higher proof of paternal love, may forget the minor acts which sweeten life and keep the chain of family love bright and firm. And on natural affection must be grafted the kindness and long suffering of the gospel, before the fruits can be joy and peace. The cares and trials which fall so heavily upon mothers during the early years of her children, may make her fretful and impatient, and they may leave her with the impression that they have been regarded as incumbrances, rather than welcomed as blessings; and through all their future life may rather dread than love her.

Let the mother, then, who desires to exert a controlling influence over her children in future life, make their home and their early years happy, and when they leave her, let them carry with them a deep and abiding sense of a mother's love, of a mother's faithfulness. So shall the influence of the mother bless her family, the church and the world.

E. F. C.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF C. B. P.

THE bird which sung so sweet has flown,
Its thrilling notes no more we'll hear,
A fairer land has claimed its own,
And gentler lays 'twill warble there.
No more, as seasons pass, 'twill come,
To cheer with song the *parent nest* ;
No more, in Spring's soft hour, we'll feel
The influence which its song possessed.

The voice which waked up memory's chord,
Within our home, lies hushed and stilled ;
Those chords vibrating, deep and strong,
With mournful echoes now are filled—
That voice with us no more will join,
In evening song, and morning prayer ;
Its joyous notes seem lingering still—
Sad contrast to the gloom now here !

Though lost to us, that voice is tuned
To nobler songs than earth can give !
E'en now, triumphant praise resounds
To Him, who died that she might live !
To God who gave, then let us bow,
If He see best his gift t' recall ;
Still let our faith unshrinking trust,
And *feel* that love has ordered all !

S. P. C



W. B. 1795

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MOTHERS.

BY MRS. P. B. FORD.

MUCH has been said, and more yet remains to be said, on this subject; and very few, methinks, understand fully and judiciously their responsibilities. The mother's, truly, is a fearful task; and had not the Saviour promised to be her wisdom and guide, she must fail in the attempt of its discharge. Hers it is to direct the path of the nation. Her own finger points her infant son to the star of fame, and by her untiring zeal, he may sit beneath its twinkling light; or, by her neglect, where, oh! tell me, where may she not fear to find him! Perhaps in the gutter by her door, or in yonder prison awaiting the sentence of death, or to drag out a miserable existence. Is this picture, dear mothers, too highly colored? Is it not true? Is not the infant soul committed to your care and keeping? Do you not have the power to mould and fashion its passions as they unfold in your presence? Can you not, like the careful husbandman, direct its tender yet supple branches? You can: by the grace of God, your sons and daughters will fill the desires of your heart, and call you blessed. Then arm yourselves, mothers, and prayerfully discharge your duties—ever leading them by that living example that speaks in after life; removing every thing that will mar their intellectual and moral beauty and growth, until, like the parent stem, they become strong and able to breast the storm of life.

Do not expect your children to be men and women while they are in the cradle, or prattling by your side. How would old heads look on infant shoulders? "When I became a man," says the Apostle, "I put away childish things." But forget not your position as mothers; take your stand high and holy, and lead them step by step, until you see them men and women, carrying out that important principle, of being good and doing good. Never allow yourselves to fall into that fretful, impatient spirit, which children frequently manifest; but as our Redeemer was to

the world, so be ye before your children a pattern for all things.

True it is that some women feel that their influence could be more generally felt, were it customary for them to act in the public arena of life. But who is prepared to say that she would be honored by it? Would her presence at the polls reflect glory on her character? Would not that spell that binds the unhallowed passions of man in her presence be broken, and would he not treat her with much more disrespect than his fellow-man. And have we not, my sisters, already as much to perform as we can do? What mother does not feel that her domestic cares are already keeping her too long from her nursery? Our children are suffering from this very source, (too much to do,) and the myriads of difficulties that arise in the family circle, or in her absence. When she is there, with the dignity and heart of a mother, every thing moves along in peace and order. A mother at home! how sweet the sound! How delightful to the little children, as they return from school, to know they will find mother at home; and the devoted husband and father, who can describe his fond anticipations as he returns from his toils and cares to the affectionate embrace of his family!

Then let us be content with the spheres we now occupy, and enjoy the holy quiet of the family circle, and send our sons to act in public duties, well qualified, and with a mother's blessing. Then, dear mothers, you may seek your sons in the legislative hall, or in the sacred desk, and your daughters running on errands of mercy—plucking the thorn from the pillow of pain, comforting the broken hearted, and pointing the wayward to that fountain which was opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, and every transgression; and, like many of earth's good and great, they will "bless you with their latest sigh." Are we not blessed with a heaven-born privilege? Who can esteem it lightly to receive to her bosom the newly formed spirit—a glorious charge indeed! Notwithstanding the fearful responsibilities it brings, still the devoted mother receives it with joy.

Be encouraged then, thou faithful and devoted mother; and although your path in life be strewed with cares, anxieties, and

difficulties, the day of your redemption draweth nigh, and your reward will be glorious.

Still bear your cross, nor lay it down,
Until to you is given
A many starr'd and sparkling crown,
To deck your brow in heaven.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

"THE world," is a term applied not only to this "great round ball that seems swinging in the air," as we learned from Peter Parley; but it is often used to imply the inhabitants of this little planet called Earth. To this latter meaning our thoughts seem at present most inclined to turn. The study of human nature is a deeply interesting one, and at the same time, one that is much neglected. This is a curious world, *i. e.* these curious people in it. Did you ever think of it? What a diversity! As no two are exactly alike in outward appearance, so also no two minds are the same. There is something in each member of the human family that distinguishes them from others. Some seem only created to *laugh*, others to *weep*; some for *society*, others for *solitude*. While some are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, others seem to come into the world with an iron spade in hand, and ever after remain down in the ditch—dig, dig, digging, from which they never ascend, and scarce ever turn their eyes to the fair heavens above them. But I confess that I cannot see that all of the "*silver spoon*" class are much better off; for some appear to need to be fed on spoon victuals all their lives, such is their pusillanimity. Now, although a silver spoon is desirable enough, still I think if I had that in my mouth, I should want in one hand a good mining apparatus with which to explore the mines of knowledge, and in the other a kind of safe in which to store my treasures.

But this is a queer world! what one likes, another dislikes. While to many the accumulation of dollars and cents appears to

be the maximum of human happiness, and the chief end for which they were created; a *few* are foolish enough to esteem mental treasures of greater worth, and nearly *all*, whether the objects of pursuit be monetary or literary, are seeking the aggrandizement of self.

Not many seem to understand that the great end of their creation is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever. Enjoy God for ever? What a thought! Well might those who have begun to find that enjoyment here which shall increase, and still increase through eternity, exclaim, "I have found it! I have found it!" Found that which alone is able to render fruitful the moral wastes of the world we live in, and lay the sure foundation of that intellectual greatness of which this same odd, distorted, and deformed world seems to possess the latent capabilities.

But before such a day shall dawn, there is much labor to be performed. There is much rubbish to be removed, and the walls of the strongholds of superstition and prejudice must be broken down. There is labor to be performed, and by whom? surely by this self-same world. Angels will not do it. The spirits of the departed will not. But the great trouble here is, that while we see others, we lose sight of ourselves. We forget that we are one of the specimens of humanity that go to make up the world we live in. We can easily perceive that this one is singular, or that one a slave to custom. That *he* is not very smart, or *she* is not a lady, and so on, of many other things of greater or less importance. We laugh at the mistakes, the ignorance, or the misdeeds of others, and they in turn amuse themselves with our peculiarities.

Now what is to be done with such a world? Many call this an age of improvement; but still many things connected with the world we live in, remain as they were in the past, and will probably continue the same while we live in the world. But when we shall "shuffle off this mortal coil," thus dissolving our connection with the human family, we leave earth and its inhabitants behind, and enter upon another state of existence, to reap the fruit of the evils to which we have yielded our whole lives, or with enlarged and healthy faculties enjoy the bliss of a perfect holy world.

ABBIE.

ABIGAIL

BY AXIE ALLEN.

"Now the name of the man was Nabal, and the name of his wife was Abigail, and she was a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance; but the man was churlish and evil in his doings." How it happened we are not told, that a man of whom no good could be said, should have for a wife a woman beautiful, intelligent, and without doubt decidedly pious. Perhaps she was given away by a parent or guardian without her consent, or she might have been dazzled with the great wealth of Nabal, and thought, with many at the present day, that to be happy we need only to be rich. I think, by reading the narrative, Abigail could not have been a very happy woman as a wife. As mistress of a large establishment doubtless her mind was very much occupied with domestic concerns, and the oversight of servants; besides this it seems she did not fully trust her husband with the management of out-door concerns, knowing that his pettish disposition was unchecked by the fear of God. The servants understood the difference between their master and mistress, and dared to condemn his policy in the present instance, in the hearing of his wife, and she concerted a plan with the servants to counteract the will of Nabal.

There must have been many hours of sorrow, of bitter tears, and unavailing regret; a hope of reform must have died from her heart, and dark despair have taken its place, before a woman of "good understanding" could stoop to converse with servants about the misconduct of their master and her husband. But she dared to disannul his decision to the servants of David, and gave to him and his famished followers a queenly gift without the knowledge of her covetous lord, and then, while she acknowledged to David her husband's folly, humbly begged that she might bear the iniquity of it. While looking at her course of conduct, some might think she acted quite unlike an obedient, dutiful wife, in giving away that which her husband had refused in his own name,

and in speaking of him in the manner she did to David. But we are sometimes justified by the circumstances with which we are surrounded. So Abigail, by bestowing a gift, saved a fortune; by disobeying her husband's orders, doing contrary to his wishes, and without his knowledge, saved his life and the lives of many others. When her object was accomplished, and David's wrath appeased, she returned to her house, not to commune with her husband, and tell him her adventures and the results of her journey, as is perfectly natural for a wife to do. O no! Abigail had no husband to sympathize, console, or advise her that night; her secret must be locked in her own heart, for Nabal was drunken with wine, and was not a suitable companion for any honorable woman.

It is not reasonable to suppose that riches or splendor gave her any pleasure at that time. All her support was derived from a consciousness of integrity of purpose, a conviction that she had done the best she could; and without doubt she put her trust in God for the future, not knowing what a day would bring forth. Perhaps she anticipated Nabal's wrath, when he should hear of what she had done, and anxiously waited the first return of reason to tell him of his danger, and by what means his life and property were preserved. A brighter day was nearer its dawn to her than she expected! God smote her drunken, churlish husband, and took him away. Death is death! solemn, dreadful, let it come to whom it will; but when it comes to the tyrant, the captive can but breathe more freely. I do not suppose she could be glad, for death was the giving up of hope for him; yet how could she mourn for the man whose better nature was all perverted—whose heart had never answered to the nobler impulses of generosity, benevolence, and sobriety!

I have often thought of the Abagails of the present day. Many, very many have a Nabal for a husband without his riches, and a numerous family to increase the burden of the wife and mother. Many a woman brings her children to the sanctuary that they may learn to reverence God in his house, while her husband sleeps away his time, or spends it in a worse manner. Many a one gives to the poor man who works for them, to remunerate him for the unjust weight or measure of her husband. Many maintain for their family a respectable position in society,

when the husband alone would have sunk into contempt or utter obscurity. Many a woman of generous nature gives her alms without her husband's knowledge; she feels the calls of humanity, and the love of God burns in her heart; she cannot turn away and feel justified, and to avoid an outburst of passion from her husband, she gives without his knowledge. Many a well informed woman is united for life with a rich, ignorant churl, who knows as little about common national affairs, as Nabal professed to know about the 'son of Jesse.' It is impossible for an intelligent, virtuous woman, to honor, reverence, or respect a man who is intellectually and morally her inferior, however much she may desire to do so. There is no way for an Abigail to do, but to do right: to have the conscience enlightened by the Word of God, then act up to its dictates.

'Tis not well to look on the dark side of life long at a time; but seek to have every adversity sanctified to the purification of earthly passions; striving to discern a Father's hand in every trial: knowing that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Do not say with one of my acquaintance: "God hath forsaken me—He does not hear me when I pray—He does not pity me in my affliction—there is no space for repentance for me;" yet that same woman went, as a duty, to the sanctuary with her little children, and God, by the mouth of His servant, addressed her from the words, "There is no hope." Every sentence seemed adapted to her. Her despondency yielded to hope and trust in God, and on that manna she will live until He gives her another taste of food divine.

O, ye Abigails! do right according to the Word of God; suffer and bear anger, taunts, and reproaches; labor for the good of your families; and, if need be, even bear the iniquity of your chosen companions. Remember, God's eye is on you; He has not forgotten your tears and wrongs, and ye shall be saved in His own time and way.

BURY ME, OH, BURY ME!

BY CAROLINE ELLEN.

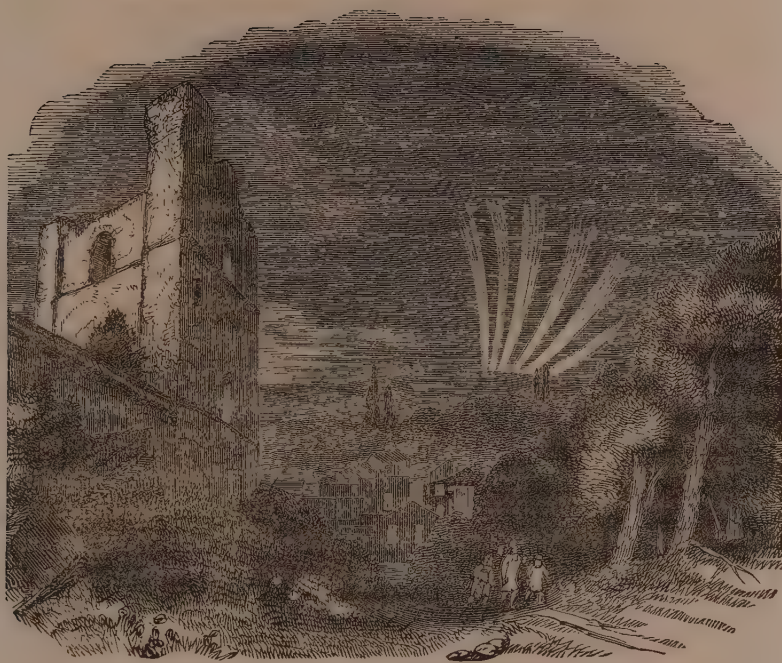
Bury me! oh, bury me
 Close by my mother's side!
 Where the long-leaved willow droops,
 Where the waters glide:
 Where, above her gentle head,
 Blossom roses white and red.

Bury me, oh, bury me
 Where my father sleeps!
 Where the grass waves mournfully,
 Where the cypress weeps:
 There, in solemn peace they rest,
 Toward the bright and glowing west!

Bury me, oh, bury me
 Near my brother's mound!
 Where the sighing balsam stands,
 Where the path winds round:
 He was all my life loved best,
 After they two went to rest.

There they sleep, these loving three,
 Mingling clay with clay;
 Flowers have blossomed o'er and o'er
 Since they passed away!
 Oh, how sacred is the spot!
 Whispering "Forget me not."

Bury me, oh, bury me
 With their precious dust!
 Earth may boast its kindred earth,
 Heaven has holier trust!
 Spirit gems are *there* reset,
 In its household coronet!



Comet of 1744, as seen in Switzerland.

THE COMETS.

BY S. S. GURLEY.

My young friends will recollect that in a previous article I gave them a peep through the telescope, at the great planets belonging to the solar system. We will now let that instrument rest for a time, while I give you a sketch of the comets, those singular stars with bright shining trains, which sometimes appear in the heavens for a few evenings only; then vanish from our sight, and are gone for a long, long time; their visits being "like angels", few and far between."

The word comet is from a Greek word which signifies hair. It

was given to these stars on account of the hairy appearance of their trains. People in ancient times were very much terrified at the sight of comets. They considered them as messengers of evil to mankind, bringing war, pestilence, and famine. The poet Milton alludes to this in his passage in *Paradise Lost*, where he says:—

“Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That, from its horrid hair,
Shakes pestilence and war.”

Some of the ancients, however, regarded them as celestial chariots, in which the souls of their departed friends were borne to the regions of bliss. The Romans thought so of one that appeared near the time that Cæsar the dictator was assassinated, about forty-four years before Christ.

Some of the learned in ancient times considered comets as nothing more than meteors, born and perishing in the atmosphere of the earth. Others of a later age have more justly concluded that they were permanent bodies, moving like the planets, in fixed paths around the sun, though in very different orbits, coming, sometimes, very near that body, and then flying off beyond the most distant planet. While the planets move in orbits nearly in form like a hoop, always from west to east, and in that part of the heavens in which the sun appears to move, it is not so with the comets. They move in almost every direction; sometimes from east to west, or cutting the ecliptic at right angles, and may be seen in any part of the heavens.

It is supposed that there are a vast number of these mysterious bodies, but only a hundred and thirty-seven have been recognised, and the times of their revolution assigned. Halley, an astronomer living in the days of Newton, was the first to anticipate the return of a comet, and calculate its periodic time, which he did with great precision; the comet itself proving the accuracy of his work, by appearing just at the time predicted.

In the year 1680 a comet of vast size and fearful aspect appeared in the heavens. It came so near the sun, that the celebrated Newton supposed its body must have been heated two hundred thousand times hotter than red hot iron. When its nucleus

had set, its immense flaming train, of four hundred and twenty-three millions of miles, streamed upward to the zenith with glowing and fiery corruscations, flashing through its whole extent, giving to every beholder the idea of "the Cherubim and flaming sword" at the entrance of Eden, "which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

This illustrious visitor, covering such a space, and traveling at the amazing speed of eight hundred thousand miles an hour, might well attract the astonishment of mankind, and it is no wonder that the eyes of the learned world were turned towards it. They examined the chronicles of the past, and came to a pretty fair conclusion that it was the identical comet which appeared at the death of Cæsar, and that its periodical time was about five hundred and seventy-five years. If this be true, it is now winging its mysterious flight far beyond the distant Uranus, and its next return will be in the year 2255. How vast the journey! How strong the contrast in the extremes of the route! One in the solar blaze, the other eighteen thousand millions of miles from it! The heat how intense! The light how strong! The cold how severe and withering! The darkness how great! The sun is then reduced to a mere point, but the comet is not beyond his influence. His attractive force will at last overcome the force of its amazing velocity, and draw the comet back to its perihelion, or place nearest the sun. How wonderful is this power of the heavenly bodies! How wise the Being that gave them this power! Without it the sun, the planets with all their moons, the comets, and all the stars, would go rushing through the heavens; one world dashing against another till all would be hurled to ruin, and not a single star left to light the darkened universe.

At the first recorded appearance of this comet, forty-four years before Christ, it was seen as a hairy star in the skies of Rome. Pliny has preserved to us his published memorial of it, which ran thus, "In those days, during the solemnity of my games, there was seen a blazing star, for seven days together, in that region of the sky, under the north star, Septentriones. It arose about the eleventh hour of the day, and was evidently seen in all lands. By that star it was signified that the soul of Cæsar was received among the divine and immortal gods."

Its second exhibition was in the reign of Justinian, A. D. 531. It was seen in the western sky, with its train inclined to the north, and was called by some Lampidas, on account of its resemblance to a burning lamp. Its third visit was in the year 1106, in the reign of Henry II. of England, and was then described as a "blaze of the sun, having an immense train." Its fourth appearance was in 1680, as above described.

Another remarkable comet made its appearance in the year 1456, filling all Europe with alarm. It passed very near the earth, and swept the heavens with a tail more than sixty degrees in length, in the form of a sword. The Turks were then at war with the Christians, and masters of Constantinople. The comet variously excited hope and fear, as he was deemed friendly to the Crescent or the Cross. Each night after sunset he was seen rising in the west, and traveling towards the east, approaching the moon. The night of its full it happened to be eclipsed. Some persons seeing this flaming sword in the heavens thus boldly marching towards the darkened moon, supposed it was a sign that the Christians of the west were about to march against the Turks and overcome them. The Pope, however, considered the comet in league with the Turks, and ordered Ave Marias to be repeated by the faithful three times a day instead of two, and the church bells to be tolled at noon, a custom which still prevails in catholic countries. To the Ave Maria was to be added the prayer, "Lord save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet."



The periodic time of this comet, as afterwards calculated by Halley, is seventy-six years. From his great labor in this work, and its actual appearance at the time he had predicted, it has been called Halley's comet. Its later apparitions have been far less brilliant than its former ones; though in 1835 it was tolerably distinct, being often seen without a telescope.

The comet of 1744 excited great attention. It appeared with a tail divided into six branches, all diverging, and curved in the

same direction. Each of the tails was about four degrees in width, and from thirty to forty-four in length. The edges were bright and decided, the middle faint, and the spaces between dark as the rest of the firmament and the stars shining between them. In Switzerland it was seen with its nucleus below the horizon, its six tails beautifully curving upwards, half way to the zenith. Its aspect in this position was striking and beautiful in the extreme.

The comet of 1759 was observed with great interest. Its advent had been confidently predicted from mathematical calculations, and its return within a month of the time appointed was deemed a remarkable proof of the then newly discovered law of gravitation. At its next return, after an absence from the immediate vicinity of the solar system of about seventy-six years, its appearance was greatly changed. Its train was very small, but at the same time a luminous jet was seen directed toward the sun. At first it was single and narrow. Afterwards it became broader and swallow-tailed, like a flattened flame, and again two or three jets turned toward the sun. The jets were very bright near the nucleus, but grew dim toward the extremity; they curved backwards like smoke before a strong wind. In form and direction these emanations were exceedingly capricious, changing so much as not to be the same on two succeeding nights.

Another comet, with somewhat remarkable features, was seen in 1809. Its train was divided in two parts, varying in size and appearance. Coruscations, flickering and vanishing like the northern lights, seemed to shoot out in an instant from the train, to an immense extent.



Comet of 1843, as seen from the Essequibo.

THE COMETS.

CHAPTER II

THE autumn of 1811 witnessed the most beautiful comet that has adorned our heavens since the days of Newton and Halley. It was first beheld in the early part of September, and was visible more than three months in succession. It shone with the greatest splendor, attracting the gaze of an entire hemisphere. Its luminous train extended through a space of one hundred and twenty-three millions of miles in length, by fifteen millions in breadth. Supposing the nucleus of the comet to have been placed on the body of the sun, and its tail on the plane of the planetary orbits it would have reached over those of Mercury, Venus, the Earth

and bordered on that of Mars. When nearest the earth, it was yet distant one hundred and forty-one millions of miles. Its periodic time, as assigned by Lamaur, is four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven years. Others give it a less time. What an immense journey that, to be traversed by an object whose return, at the lowest estimate, cannot be expected till the year 4857. Before its expiration, no doubt, the angel who shall stand one foot upon the sea and the other on the land, will lift up his voice and swear, by him who liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no longer.

“The appearance of the comet,” says our chronicler, “was strikingly ornamental to our evening sky. Many a reaper, late in the harvest, stayed his hand, and many a peasant, homeward bound, stopped to gaze on the celestial novelty, as it grew distinct with the declining day.” The Ettrick Shepherd has left his impressions in the following lines :

“Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !
 Shred from the pall of glory riven ;
 That flashest in celestial gale—
 Broad pennon of the King of heaven !

Whate’er portends thy front of fire,
 And streaming locks, so lovely pale,
 Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
 Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !”

Those who were alive in 1811 will recollect the warm summer and bland autumn of that year, with its bountiful harvest and abundant fruits,—the blessings of which were assigned by many to the resplendent comet. But accurate calculations by the learned have clearly shown that the presence of a comet has no effect on the temperature of the atmosphere. Therefore, no credit is due to them for warm weather or abundant harvests. Much superstitious fear was still blended with the admiration occasioned by the splendid visitant of 1811. As the comet of 1680 was deemed the presage of that direful act which caused the persecution of the French Protestants and the long wars that followed, so our beautiful guest was now regarded by many as the herald of some awful event: nor was it doubtful what the event might



Comet of 1811

be, when the city of Moscow was fired, and the legions of Napoleon were led forth to perish amid the snows of Russia; neither was it an uncertainty in the minds of some of our own countrymen, when a second war with the mother country was announced, and her soldiery landed on our shores. But the harmless comet passed away, unmindful of the slanders of the ignorant and superstitious, and probably will return to visit *us* no more.

Passing some which have made their advent without trains, and whose periodic times are much less, we next mention one, which startled the world with its sudden apparition, in the spring of 1843. Its train was first discovered shooting upward in brilliant pencils of light, in the south-western sky, just after sunset. This was one of the largest comets ever observed, and if it could have been seen under favorable circumstances, it would have been one of the grandest cometary exhibitions ever witnessed. The portion of the tail which was seen, as measured by Sir John Herschel and others, was from thirty to forty-five degrees. It is supposed that its immense train must have extended into celestial space to the vast length of one hundred and sixty millions of miles. When first discovered, it was traveling away from the sun with amazing velocity, and soon vanished from our sight into the limitless regions of immensity. In South Africa its presence was very distinct. A Mr. Maclear, near the Cape of Good Hope, caught

a favorable view of it from the heights of the Cedarberg. He states that "few of its kind have been as splendid and imposing as the grand comet of March, 1843. I remember that of 1811. It was not half so brilliant as this."

It was also favorably seen by a European traveler among the savages in the wilds of South America. They were encamped on an island in the Essequibo river, four degrees, eleven minutes north. From his description we make the following abstract. "For the first time since our departure from the coast, the sky was clear, exposing toward the south-west its deep tropical blue, span gled with stars. But what was our amazement when in the W. S W. we beheld a broad white nebulous band inclined to the horizon, and stretching to the height of forty-five degrees. The zenith was covered with those beautiful clouds called cirrocumulus. The sky was clear however on both sides of the band, which was more than one degree in width, and of a pure white, forming a delightful contrast with the deep azure of the celestial dome. What was it? was the first inquiry. My Indian friends stood around me looking now at the wonder in the heavens, and now askance at me. But the next evening, March 9th, our doubts were solved. It was a comet! About 7 o'clock the clouds in the west were cleared away and there was the comet in all its grandeur, its nucleus about twelve degrees above the horizon, and as large as a star of the second magnitude, with a train forty-five degrees in length; the whitish light, and transparent vapor of which, resembling those clouds which are

"The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,"

diverged about twenty degrees below the foot of Orion in nebulous stripes. We moved not for amazement. It was the most remarkable object of the kind we had ever seen. I well recollect the beautiful comet of 1811 with its diverging beams of fiery light, but its train was much less in length than the one we now beheld. There we stood on an island in the midst of the Essequibo; the foaming waters thundering on over the black stony masses;—I the only civilized being among a number of naked savages, some standing upright with their arms across their breasts, some squatting on the ground, but all with their fearful eyes turned towards

the stranger star, with its luminous train. Not a word was spoken, nor a sound heard save the rush of the foaming waters. Tamanua, a young Indian of more intelligence than many of his tribe, at last broke silence. 'This,' said he, 'is the spirit of the stars, the dreadful Capishi. Famine and pestilence await us.' The savages then burst into a torrent of declamation, bewailing the dreadful precursor of evil. I was surprised to find, among my Indian followers, the same superstitious dread of a comet, which in all ages has rendered their appearance the terror of the ignorant and vulgar. The Indians around me were composed of three tribes. The first called the comet by a name which signifies 'the spirit of the stars;' the second, by one signifying 'a fiery cloud,' or 'a sun casting its light behind.'

We have now sketched an outline of the most important comets of which we have any knowledge. We have seen them extinguished in the solar light, and have followed them till they were lost in distance beyond the utmost stretch of imagination. What their mission is, in their immense journeys, no one knows. That they are the ministers of evil to mankind is not proved. They are exceedingly rare bodies, not denser than vapory clouds, stars having been seen through every part of them, and it is supposed they would cause no disaster should they come in contact with the earth's attraction. The chances that such a collision may take place is said not to be more than one in two hundred and eighty millions.

And still, we wonder what these flaming torches are, and the answer returns, "None knoweth save He who lit them, and sent them forth, flashing terror in the eyes of a world, and exciting the admiration of many." If these, which are the work of his fingers, are so wonderful and glorious, what must be the glory of him, their Creator, who sitteth in the circle of the heavens, and holdeth the stars in his right hand! And how great was the stoop when he condescended to be clothed in flesh, that he might die for us, a mere speck, which he might have blown away with a single breath of his nostrils. Well might light retire abashed, when he was veiled in the darkness of death.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

THE wood fire burned cheerfully in the little Franklin stove, and the polished brasses reflected its bright light. Not a shred was to be seen on the rag carpet. The plain table was covered with a neat cloth and strewed with books. The muslin curtains were snowy white, and the plants that stood on the little stand were thrifty and well cared for. On a small lounge, covered with curtain calico, sat a lady who might have been twenty-five. She was not beautiful, but her soft chestnut hair was braided so becomingly, there was so much expression in her dark eye, with its long lashes, such a simplicity and neatness in her attire, that one could scarce behold her without pronouncing her a lovely woman. By her side sat a plain but intellectual looking man, some five years her senior. One arm encircled her waist, and his brown hand clasped hers as he bent towards her, and his tones were low and tender, while ever and anon those eyes looked up to his confidingly.

The twilight deepened, and the flickering flame cast but a faint light; still the lovers, (for such they really were, though twice twelve months had passed since they took the vows that united them,) noted not the coming shadows.

"It is so pleasant to be at our own home again," said Ellen.

"And it is quite as pleasant to have you here once more," answered her husband; "I can never consent to have you leave home for a whole week again. Why there has been a shadow upon everything. Ah, Ellen, you are the light of my home. But say, dearest," and a slight shade passed over his open brow, "did you not sometimes sigh amid the splendor of your cousin's dwelling, when you thought of your plain home, and still plainer husband? And when you reflected that her splendid mansion might have been yours, but for your girlish recklessness, to prefer a plodding farmer to a city merchant?"

"Oh! Edward!" answered his wife, a tear dimming her eye, "how can you speak so? You know I *never* loved William Spen-

cer—you know I gave you my whole heart, and have never repented it.”

“No, my love,” answered her husband, soothingly; “I did not mean that; I have never for a moment doubted your affection. But when you saw your cousin surrounded with all the luxuries and elegances of life, with servants to do her bidding, and her husband dressed to the best advantage—and then thought of your own low roof, with its simple furniture, with only your own self to be maid of all work, when you saw Isabella always at leisure, or only employed about some pretty piece of finery, did you not think of the scrubbing, the cooking, the patching, the darning, and all the etceteras that engrossed your time? And then your laborious husband, with his work-a-day attire—did not one sigh escape?” and he looked half playfully, half earnestly into her face.

“No, Edward, never. I never loved William, and of course could not have been happy with him in any situation. Isabella does love him dearly, and her husband dotes on her, yet I doubt whether they have half the real happiness that we enjoy. Isabella is a little, a very little fretful, and her servants often vex her. Then cousin William is so very particular about his food, and an over-done beefsteak is no more palatable from a silver fork, and heavy cake is no nicer from a silver basket. I am glad you are not annoyed by trifles, Edward. I shall know how to appreciate you now.”

“And are you quite sure that I am not annoyed by trifles?” asked her husband, archly.

“Certainly. Have I not proved it by two years’ experience?”

“I am not sure of that, Ellen. You have never tried me with *such* trifles. Let me have my food half cooked and ill seasoned from the hands of a slatternly girl, instead of the plain, well cooked dishes prepared by my neat-handed wife, and see then—but I interrupted you. I am sure Isabella must be very happy all the day, in that splendid parlor, with a carpet so dainty that it seems a breach of propriety to step on it, those enormous mirrors that betray all one’s awkward movements; then those ‘antique chairs,’—I believe you call them—covered with rich velvet, and the lounges, the sofas, the wrought ottomans, and the other elegant things of which your humble husband does not even know the name.”

"No, no, Edward," said Ellen, "you are not quite so ignorant as you profess; but it is of no consequence, for it will be but a little while before the fashionable world will be obliged to have a new style of furniture, because we country people have learned the names, and are beginning to imitate the style——But we were speaking of Isabella. I think she is not as happy in the midst of this splendor as I am, because I am always busy. It is not necessary for Isabella to labor, and it requires considerable decision of character to keep one's self employed where there is no incentive. If I set my pantry in order, I have no one to disarrange it, and I am more than repaid by the pleasure I take in seeing it tidy. If I stitch the wristband, or darn the stocking, I know that this will add to the comfort of him I love; if I weed and water my flowers, they always smile upon me in return. Even in cooking, which so many count a drudgery, I am always thinking how I can make the best article with the least expense and trouble. At cousin Isabella's, servants do all this, and she takes no interest, except to scold them occasionally, when things are *too* bad. When in company, Isabella is the personification of gayety, but I suspect there are many hours when she sits alone in her splendid apartments, and sighs, though she cannot tell why. I am far more inclined to pity than envy her, I am sure."

"But you say they love each other. Surely when evening comes, when that brilliant chandelier is lighted in the hall, and the parlor is illumined—when the heated air is diffused so softly, when they draw around that splendid centre table, strewed with engravings and periodicals, then Isabella must be happy."

"Yes, her dreamy eyes light up; and as William puts on his embroidered slippers, and seats himself beside her, kisses her fair cheek, and plays with her jeweled fingers, and calls her all sorts of fond names, she looks perfectly happy. But after a short time he takes a newspaper, (the only reading he seems to have any taste for,) and she looks over the last magazine, or does a little fancy work, and so the evening passes, varied perhaps occasionally by some trifling conversation, or a dish more of fondling."

"You do not disapprove of affectionate manners altogether, do you, Mrs. Howell?" said the gentleman, with mock gravity.

"No, you know I do not," said the wife, smiling; "but it is like rich cake; a little, mingled with plainer food, is delicious; but

were I to live upon it I should soon get cloyed. No, Edward, when, after having been busy all day, the evening comes, and we sit down in our own little sitting room, and read together, occasionally laying aside the book to interchange thoughts, and give expressions to ideas and feelings we might never have had, if the reading had not given rise to them, I am sure I enjoy a more exalted happiness than Isabella ever knew. But look, it has grown quite dark while we have been idling here. Let me go till I bring lights, and then I will take my knitting work, which I have scarcely dared show at cousin Isabella's, and you will read to me from those charming Miscellanies of Macaulay once more."

The next morning, when Mr. Howell saw his wife in a neat morning dress, tripping lightly about the house, and heard her musical voice singing,

"'Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er the loved ones dwell,"

he felt quite sure the heart contained a wealth of happiness which money could never have bestowed. L. B. M.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

Oh! give me back my cottage home,
Among the blooming fragrant flowers,
And o'er the hills, oh! let me roam,
As oft I did in childhood hours.

Oh! give me back my humble cot,
For there my happiest days were past,
But dearer still I love the spot,
'Twas there I saw my mother last

My cottage home give me again,
Beneath the beech let me recline,
Or wander through the winding lane,
Or swing upon the laden vine.

Give me that cot—contentment's shade—
O'er which the oaks so proudly wave;
And dying, there let me be laid,
Beside a mother's lonely grave.

J. K. E.

MARY AND THE VISITORS.

MARY was fond of drawing. Her mother bought a drawing-book for her, and made her a nice portfolio, and put pencils, paper, and India rubber in it, and told her that at two o'clock every afternoon she would give her a drawing-lesson. Mary found it very difficult to hold her pencil rightly. She thought she could make much straighter lines, when she curled her fingers around her pencil.

"Mama," said she, "why can not you let me hold my pencil as is the easiest for me?"

"Because, Mary, I wish to have you learn to hold it right. This is one object I have in view in teaching you to draw."

"What do you mean by 'object'?"

"It is one thing that I teach you for. It is to have you *hold* your pencil rightly, that I take the trouble to teach you. I had rather have one of those chimneys drawn, with the pencil held right, than to have a whole sheet full drawn, with your finger cuddled up, in your fashion."

Mary took a great deal of pains to learn what her mama desired, and at length it became easy.

One day her mother praised a gate which Mary had drawn.

"It is very well done, Mary."

"I can draw much better now, mama, when I hold my pencil as you taught me. I do not think I could make a good gate, to hold it as I used to. May I try, mama, just for fun?"

"Yes, you may try. You will always find that the *right* way is the easiest way, to do everything, in the end."

Two ladies now entered the parlor, and mama sat down on the sofa to talk with them. Mary tried to draw a chimney, in her old way. It tumbled down one side, and she began to laugh heartily. She took the sheet of paper and ran with it to her mother.

"Mama, only look at my chimney."

"I am busy now, and cannot attend to it, little daughter."

Mary returned, slowly, to her seat, and mama went on talking with the ladies. Mary tried, next, to draw a gate; and she made such an odd-looking gate, that off she ran to her mother again.

"O, mama! mama!—my gate! my gate!—it is really very funny."

"You must not interrupt me again, Mary. I just told you I could not attend to it now."

Mary put down her drawing, but she was very restless. She hopped about the room on one foot, until her mama was obliged to speak again and tell her not to make so much noise. Then she went into her play-room and brought out her boat and her wax doll called Cate. She placed these in the lap of the lady who smiled the most, and began telling her the history of the boat, how Harry once broke the sailors, and papa glued them on for her, and how many clothes aunty had made for Cate. The lady could not attend to anything else but Mary during her call.

When the ladies had gone, mama said to Mary, "You troubled me to-day, when I had visitors. You were asking me questions, or making a noise, or interrupting the conversation, in some way, all the time; did you know it?"

Mary hung her head, but made no reply.

"You are old enough now to remember what I am going to tell you, and to do as I wish you to. When you were a little girl, I used to send you up into the nursery if you made a disturbance; but now I think you ought to stay in the room when I have company. I wish to have you take pains to be still and quiet. Be very careful not to ask me any questions. I must attend to my visitors; I cannot leave them every minute or two to talk with you; it troubles me. Reserve *your* questions until we are alone."

"Does reserve mean—mama—does it mean—"

"Try; you can think it out."

"Does it mean I must keep my questions until the company are gone, and then ask them?"

"Yes, that is what I mean. Then I wish you to be careful, and not trouble the ladies. Do not ask them questions, and beg them to look at your play-things, unless you see that they want to. Remember they came to see mama, and not little folks."

"The lady, to-day, mama, smiled and asked me about my dollies."

"When visitors *ask* to see your dollies, then you can show them; and when you think they want to see your boats and sailors, then you can show them. You are old enough now to judge for yourself, whether a lady wishes to talk with you or with mama. What I wish to have you do is, to be careful not to be troublesome either to visitors or to mama. Once I went to make a call, and there was a little girl in the room—just about as old as you are. She teased her mother, first for one thing and then for another, so that her mother could not talk with me at all. After she had done teasing her mother, she came troubling me. She pulled my shawl and tumbled up my collar. She would not mind when her mother called her away; or rather, she would go away for a minute, and then come right back to teasing me again. At length, to keep her quiet, I handed her a very pretty bead-oag. She sat down on the carpet, and went to playing with it. This kept her still, so that I could talk with her mama. But when I rose to go, and took my bag, I found she had opened the clasp and taken out my card-case, and broken the little hinge which held the cover on, and tumbled my cards all over the floor."

"She was a very naughty girl, mama. I think I am old enough not to be so troublesome as that."

"I think you are, too. Still, to-day, you troubled me so much that I lost all the pleasure of a call."

Mary said she would try and remember all this when her mother had visitors again, and she did remember it. She became quiet and troubled no one, and her mother's friends thought she was a lady-like little girl.—*Little Mary.*

HYMN FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

STAYING THE PLAGUE. NUMBERS xxxv. 11.

O THOU, so wont of old to bless
The children for the parents' sake ;
Around thy Throne of Grace we press—
To bless our sons, awake ! awake !

Though ours be not the strife of blood,
The deadly plague of sin to stay ;
We would be zealous for our God,
And turn thy righteous wrath away.

Be our own hearts forever pure !
Our hands, our voices swift to aid
The inexperienced and secure,
By many a deadly snare betrayed.

O, may we watch with heedful eye,
The erring footsteps of the young ;
And point their hearts and hopes on high,
Ere yet the Tempter's snare be sprung !

Alas ! too late we mourn to see
The children of our love beguiled ;—
O God ! where can a mother flee,
But to thy grace, to save her child ?

So may the dire contagion cease,
O'er which our breaking hearts have sighed :
Send thy sweet covenant of peace,
With us and with our sons abide.

J. N. B.

THE PASSAGE.

The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death :
 In Christ I live ; in Christ I draw the breath
 Of the true life ; let, then, earth, sea, and sky
 Make war against me ! On my heart I show
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?
 Yes ! but not his—'tis death himself there dies !

COLERIDGE.

THE expiring believer does not see death : he sees the heavens opened, and Jesus Christ standing at the right hand of God. It is no dark valley through which he passes, but he moves along the highway of the Lord, to the palace of the great King. He escapes out of this Golgotha into the only true land of the living. Stephen was not vanquished on the field of martyrdom ; he came off victor over enemies, human and Satanic ; yea, he was more than conqueror ; cast out of the city, he ascended to heaven. Amidst the shouts of an infuriated mob, and a shower of stones, "He fell asleep." None of these things move him, neither counteth he his life dear unto him. He is full of the Holy Ghost, and so is full of joy and peace. He was not killed ; he has only fallen asleep in Jesus ;

"Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Never did evening shadows lengthen more quietly, nor the dews come down more benignly, than he, than every true believer, sinks to rest. "He is not dead, but sleepeth." "They which sleep in Christ are not perished." They live ; they live in him, and with him,—a life higher, holier far than this. The protomartyr, now opening his eyes as never before on the glory of God, and on the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God, can say, "I laid me down and slept ; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." The French Assembly may vote "Death an eternal sleep ;"

the atheist Mirabeau, when speech fails, may spend his last strength in writing, "Death is but a sleep;" the atheist Danton may play off his horrid levity on the scaffold—"Let me go to sleep;" but that is to fall asleep in sin, sorrow, wrath; it is to fall into outer darkness, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."

Stephen, in holy calmness, in the quiet sublimity of a triumphant faith, prays for himself—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" prays for his murderers, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" bids earth good night, and sinks into the repose of heaven. "So he giveth his beloved sleep." In the hour of dissolution, every saint in Christ Jesus, whether sinking under a shower of stones, or the assaults of disease, hears a voice saying, "Come up hither!" Before escaping from this prison, light begins to break in. Gleams from the sunshine of everlasting glory find their way to his cell.

"O what joy!" exclaimed Dr. Gordon. "People have said that death is frightful. I look on it with pleasure. I see no monsters around me. Death! I see no death at my bedside. It is that benign Saviour waiting to take me. I could not have a fear. This is not the testimony of one who has nothing to live for. I am in the prime of life, with comforts and friends around me. But the prospect of heaven is more than all." "I fear I am sinfully impatient in so longing after heaven; but it is so glorious! Christ, not death, is about to take me from earth. There is no death to the Christian. That glorious gospel takes away death." Such a departure is *mors sine morte*,—a dying without death; it is the believer's birth-day of eternity,—his last, best birth-day, his birth into glory unutterable and unending.

The saint, no less than the sinner, must depart this life. Of all the millions who have yet lived, two only have been translated; and, in time to come, those only who are alive at the coming of our Lord, shall in the twinkling of an eye be changed, without tasting death; but the law is—and these exceptions are hardly to be named—that all must die. The most eminent saints, the men and women after God's own heart; the beloved disciple,—the one just referred to,—who, on the eve of departure, saw the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of

God; and he, who years before decease, was caught up to the third heaven, have alike been obliged to pass through the same door into the unseen world. It was revealed unto venerable Simeon that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ; but the sight of him who is a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel, made it no less necessary for him to behold the King of Terrors.

That is the epoch of dissolution when soul and body part company till the resurrection. The substance of the soul suffers no harm, and its consciousness no abatement, by that change. "Then shall the dust return unto the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom." Paul speaks of death as the hour of his departure, and departure to be with Christ. The believer's soul is then disembodied, not destroyed, not consigned to sleep, but sent forth, active and immortal. His tent is struck for the last time, and he passes over Jordan. The ship goes to pieces, but the passenger is safe. The believer may one moment be in the agonies of dissolution, the next reposing calmly in Abraham's bosom.

The transition is doubtless instantaneous. It is no tiresome walk down through a lonely dark valley; it is no weary flight upward, as the eagle mounts, higher and higher; but no sooner is a believer's soul disembodied, than it is in Paradise. The partition once broken down, what shall hinder an immediate view of all beyond? And O, what a morning is that day-break of glory! The sun of righteousness shines in all its brightness. It is the effulgence of Christ's person which lights up that whole far-stretching world, and sheds a quickening radiance on every resident there. If, two thousand years before the coming of Christ on earth, Abraham rejoiced to see his day, what must be the joy of seeing him as he now is, at the right hand of majesty, in the heavens!

Stray beams of his lustre often fall on the dying believer, before his soul leaves its tenement. "This is heaven begun," said Rev. Thomas Scott; "I have done with darkness forever—forever. Satan is vanquished. Nothing now remains but salvation, with eternal glory—eternal glory." Come to the veranda

of a Brahminic temple. In the last spasms of Asiatic cholera, Gordon Hall cries, "Glory, glory, glory!" and he

"Passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth!" Blessed are the dead, not survivors, not the most favored of those who remain here, still sinning and repenting, and so imperfectly serving God—but blessed are the dead in Christ, who have ceased from sin, are made perfect in holiness, and have passed into Paradise.

Transplanted trees flourish best. Shall we grudge those plants of righteousness their better soil and purer air? Shall we grudge an escape from the hovel into the palace of the Great King? "Children," said the mother of John Wesley, the last thing she uttered, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." Music sounds best after sunset. It is no time to mourn here, while angels clap their wings, and the whole family above cry, Welcome home! Who would keep his tears for the coronation day?

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!"

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

Shall not this abate the dread of dying? That dread is instinctive; it is deep. By most, death is regarded as *ultimum terribilium*,—the extremest of things terrible; but is it not gain, great, unspeakable gain, to the child of God, to die? And shall we hesitate to encounter the little inconvenience of stepping ashore from this shattered vessel? Why so in love with perils? Whence this fondness for buffetings, sickness, and protracted wreck? Whence this aversion to enter the haven of everlasting bliss? For all saints in Christ Jesus, death has been unstinged. What if the serpent, deprived of its fangs, do hiss?—he is harmless.

"How hard it is to die!" remarked a friend to an expiring

believer. "O, no, no!" he replied; "easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying!" Looking up at the clock, he said, "I have experienced more happiness in dying, two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. O, I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death!"

Chrysostom, when banished, said to a friend, "You now begin to lament my banishment, but I have done so for a long time; for since I knew that heaven is my country, I have esteemed the whole world a place of exile. Constantinople, whence I am expelled, is as far from Paradise as the desert whither they send me."

A few moments before he expired, Edmund Auger said to a friend, "Do you see that blessed assembly, who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music, with which those holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go. We must go. Let me go." O, death! where is thy sting?

What is it to die? To believers, it is to drop the body of this death, and to put on a joyous immortality; to pass from darkness to everlasting sunlight; to cease dreaming, and commence a waking existence; yes, to awake in the likeness of God—satisfied, fully and forever satisfied. What is it to die? To feel the last pang, to shed the last tear, to raise the shield of faith against Satan's last dart. It is to go home to God; to open the eyes on the enthroned Mediator; to close the ears upon all discords, all sounds of woe, all the falsehoods, the maledictions, the blasphemies of earth, and open them to the harmonies of heaven. What is it to die? It is to stop sinning, to cease grieving the Spirit and grieving the Saviour, to close up the inconsistencies of terrestrial profession, and commence a forever blameless life in bliss. What is it to die? To lean on the Almighty for a few steps down a narrow valley; to step out of Jordan, upon the borders of the Better Land; to pass up to the New Jerusalem; to enter by one of those gates of pearl into the city; to have ten thousand angels come and utter their cordial welcome; to see—O, let me die the death of the righteous!—to see the Saviour smile benignantly,

and to hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" That is to die.

But in order to that, there needs be "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast,"—a most earnest "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." It was not in the hour of martyrdom that Stephen first beheld the Lamb of God. The religion that is good for nothing in life, is good for nothing in death. The time will come, when we shall need a strong arm near, and a firm faith to grasp it. The sentimentalities of fading flowers, and falling leaves, and of moonlight musing, all the prettinesses of poetry, all natural amiabilities, and mere natural charities, however cultivated, will avail nothing in the day when God shall require the soul—in the day when we stand at his bar. Faith alone will suffice,—an appropriating, justifying faith; an operative, vitalizing faith; a hearty, adoring faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who stands as Redeemer and Advocate at the right hand of God.—*The Better Land.*

A FAMILY SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY REV. DR. BELCHER.

A HUNDRED years ago, there was, probably, not a Sunday school in the world,—very little literature adapted for the young had ever been published; and both in Europe and in this land, eminently favored in other respects, there was but a small portion of evangelical piety. Even then, however, God had his "hidden ones," and he was at no loss to devise means by which his banished people could be brought near to him. The reader will perhaps allow me to bring under her view a sketch of a family in the old country, in which the omnipotent grace of God has been signally displayed, some of whose members have for many years past occupied places in our American churches, and whose olive branches already adorn the vineyard of the Lord. In the preparation of this sketch, imagination has had nothing to do, and the only task

of the writer has been to "put in order" facts drawn from documents furnished by members of the family.

About ninety years ago, might have been seen at Olney, in Buckinghamshire,—afterwards the residence of Cowper, the poet, of John Newton, the eminent Episcopalian clergyman, and of John Sutcliff, a useful Baptist minister, the bosom friend of Andrew Fuller, and one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society ;—here we say, might have been seen a poor orphan girl of nine years, living in the family of a poor widow. This little girl had no education, was unable to read even the child's primer, and had not then ever heard the way of salvation, even from the pulpit. In the same town lived a poor boy, the son of pious parents, who taught him to read and write, but as his father died when he was very young, he had no further opportunity of acquiring knowledge, except by his own efforts ; and being the eldest son, he had to take care of a widowed mother, and younger brothers and sisters.

These two young persons, whom we have thus introduced to the reader, in very early life became acquainted with each other, and were married. They were poor, honest, and industrious, but neither of them was under the influence of religion, till seven children had been given them to train for time and eternity. Under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, they then became the followers of Christ, and were both baptized by the excellent John Sutcliff. Our friend Robinson, for such was his name, then became sexton at the Baptist church, and his wife, as often as she could attend on the worship of God, rejoiced in association with his people. The husband could now and then snatch a few moments from his hard labor to cultivate intellectual and moral improvement, but the wife and mother had to grieve over the almost impossibility of acquiring even the first elements of education. She did indeed learn, somewhat imperfectly, to read her Bible, but she never advanced further than this. Constantly did she mourn that her mind and soul had been neglected, till the duties of a family so hardly pressed upon her.

One duty she could discharge, and she never neglected it—inconstant labor for the highest interests of her children ; one privilege she did enjoy, and which she would never forego—a morning

visit to her closet; and one object she most earnestly prayed for—that she might live to see all her children learn to read and write, and especially that all might be brought to Christ. This first desire of her heart, as we shall soon see, was accomplished.

It must not be supposed that her husband was less intent on Christian duties than herself. Like his wife, he lived for his family. He contrived to devote a short time every evening to the instruction of his children, and encouraged them to spend the little sums devoted by other children to toys and candies, to the purchase of useful books, though alas, such books as *our* children are blessed with, had no existence then.

Sunday schools were not then what they are now; indeed, comparatively few of them existed. The good man had no idea of sending his children to school, to save his labor in instructing them at home: nor would he expose them to any evil influence which might be exerted upon them in going to and from school, nor to the petty jealousies which are too often found among school-mates. He adopted his own plans, which, among other advantages, could be pursued in all states of the weather. In the intervals of worship he always gathered his children, who were capable of instruction, into a room, where he taught them to read, questioned them on the sermons they heard, explained any difficulty they might meet with in hearing or reading, and furnished them with small manuscript books, in which he taught them to record the texts and heads of the sermons to which they listened. He had the ample reward of seeing them grow up intelligent and estimable members of society, and converted in early life, they were happily distinguished as well-informed and happy Christians.

In 1802 these happy parents were blessed with seeing their first-born son baptized by the venerable John Sutcliff, at the age of eighteen years; and four years afterwards, in 1806, they took their final leave of him on earth, on his departure to engage in the labors of the missionary field in India, where he faithfully and successfully labored in connexion with the Baptist Missionary Society, for the long period of forty-seven years and a half,—being the oldest missionary, it is believed, of this century. He died at Dacca, Sept. 2, 1853.

Here was indeed a happy family. Eight of the sons and daugh-

ters were baptized and added to the church before they formed matrimonial engagements, and all in the end married members of the same church. The young people were the objects of admiration for their consistent profession of piety, and for their devotedness to their parents. Often did they sing with delight the good old child's hymn of Watts:—

“Thanks to my friends, whose care in my breeding,
Has taught me betimes to love working and reading.”

Sickness seldom entered their dwelling, and death paid not a single visit to the family, till all had been sometime married. Industry and economy had enabled the good man to build himself a comfortable habitation, and here he lived till all his children had settled from him. One of his married daughters had even then come to this country, where she has long been the wife of a Baptist minister, who is now engaged in an agency for one of our public institutions. Another daughter, we may add here, long since immigrated with her husband to this happy land, and in the State of New Jersey is an active and devoted Christian.

But the time approached when the good man should die. More than fifty-three years had he and his wife “walked in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord, blameless;” never once had they seen a corpse in their house; and very few households had known fewer sorrows of any character. The good man addressed his eight children, who surrounded his dying bed, and expressed his joyful confidence of meeting them all in heaven. To describe the scene would be impossible, especially when he told them that he had ceased to know one of them from another. The good old lady has long since followed her husband to the celestial country, but their children, and many of their children's children, yet live to adorn the Gospel of God our Saviour.

This narrative suggests many important lessons, but as they will be obvious to every reflecting reader, it is not necessary to specify them. May the religion of Jesus thus elevate and sanctify many families of our own land, and throughout the world.

ALPINE VALLEYS.

You cannot think how beautiful are these Alpine valleys. Our course, all the first morning after we left Chamouni, lay beside a broad, hearty, joyous mountain torrent, called, perhaps from the darkness of its waters, Eau Noire. Charming meadows skirted its banks. All the way along I could think of nothing but Bunyan's meadows beside the river of life, "curiously adorned with lilies." *These* were curiously adorned, broided, and inwrought with flowers, many and brilliant as those in a western prairie. Were I to undertake to describe them, I might make an inventory as long as Homer's list of the ships. There was the Canterbury bell of our garden; the white meadow sweet; the blue and white campanula; the tall, slender harebell, and a little, short-tufted variety of the same, which our guide tells me is called "Les Clochettes," or the "little bells"—fairies might ring them, I thought. Then there are whole beds of the little blue forget-me-not, and a white flower which much resembles it in form. I also noticed, hanging in the clefts of the rocks around Tête Noir, the long golden tresses of the laburnum. It has seemed to me, when I have been traveling here, as if every flower I ever saw in a garden met me somewhere in rocks or meadows.

There is a strange, unsatisfying pleasure about flowers, which, like all earthly pleasure, is akin to pain. What can you do with them?—you want to do something, but what? Take them all up, and carry them with you? You cannot do that. Get down and look at them? What, keep a whole caravan waiting for your observations! That will never do. Well, then, pick and carry them along with you. That is what, in despair of any better resource, I did. My good old guide was infinite in patience, stopping at every new exclamation point of mine, plunging down rocks into the meadow land, climbing to the points of great rocks, and returning with his hands filled with flowers. It seemed almost sacrilegious to tear away such fanciful creations, that looked as if they were votive offerings on an altar, or, more likely, living

existences, whose only conscious life was a continued exhalation of joy and praise. These flowers seemed to me to be earth's raptures and aspirations—her better moments—her lucid intervals. Like everything else in our existence, they are mysterious.

In what mood of mind were they conceived by the great Artist? Of what feelings of his are they the expression—springing up out of the dust, in these gigantic, waste, and desolate regions, where one would think the sense of his almightiness might overpower the soul? Born in the track of the glacier and the avalanche, they seem to say to us that this Almighty Being is very pitiful, and of tender compassion; that, in his infinite soul, there is an exquisite gentleness and love of the beautiful, and that, if we would be blessed, his will to bless is infinite.

The greatest men have always thought much of flowers. Luther always kept a flower in a glass, on his writing table; and when he was waging his great public controversy with Eckius, he kept a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage about flowers. As to Shakspeare, he is a perfect Alpine valley—he is full of flowers; they spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Witness the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Even Milton, cold, serene, and stately as he is, breaks forth into exquisite gushes of tenderness and fancy when he marshals the flowers, as in *Lycidas* and *Comus*.

But all this while the sun has been withering the flowers the guide brought me; how they look! blue and white Canterbury bells, harebells, clochettes, all bedraggled and wilted, like a young lady who has been up all night at a ball.

"No, no," say I to the guide; "don't pick me any more. I don't want them. The fact is, if they are pretty I cannot help it. I must even take it out in looking as I go by."

One thing is evident; He who made the world is no utilitarian, no despiser of the fine arts, and no condemner of ornament; and those religionists, who seek to restrain everything within the limits of cold, bare utility, do not imitate our Father in heaven. Can not a bonnet cover your head, without the ribbon and the flowers? say they. Yes; and could not a peach tree bear peaches without a blossom? What a waste is all this colored corolla of flowers, as if the seed could not mature without them! God could have cre-

ated the fruit in good, strong, homely bushel baskets, if he had been so disposed. "Turn off my eyes from beholding vanity," says a good man, when he sees a display of graceful ornament. What, then, must he think of the Almighty Being, all whose useful work is so overlaid with ornament? There is not a fly's leg, nor an insect's wing, which is not polished and decorated to an extent that we should think positive extravagance in finishing up a child's dress. And can we suppose that this Being can take delight in dwellings and modes of life or forms of worship where everything is reduced to cold, naked utility? I think not. The instinct to adorn and beautify is from him; it likens us to him, and if rightly understood, instead of being a siren to beguile our hearts away, it will be the closest affiliating band.

If this power of producing the beautiful has been always so fascinating that the human race for its sake have bowed down at the feet even of men deficient in moral worth, if we cannot forbear loving the painter, poet, and sculptor, how much more shall we love God, who, with all goodness, has also all beauty!

All this while we have been riding on till we have passed the meadows, and the fields, and are coming into the dark and awful pass of the Tête Noir. When we were winding along the narrow path, bearing no more proportion to the dizzy heights above and below than the smallest insect creeping on the wall, I looked across the chasm, and saw a row of shepherds' cottages perched midway on a narrow shelf, that seemed in the distance not an inch wide. By a very natural impulse, I exclaimed, "What does become of the little children there? I should think they would all fall over the precipice!"

My guide looked up benevolently at me, as if he felt it his duty to quiet my fears, and said in a soothing tone, "O, no, no, no!"

Of course, I might have known that little children have their angels there, as well as everywhere else. "When they have funerals there," said he, "they are obliged to carry the dead along that road," pointing to a road that resembled a thread drawn on the rocky wall.

What a strange idea—such a life and death! It seemed to me, that I could see a funeral train creeping along; the monks, with their black cloaks, carrying tapers, and singing psalms; the whole

procession together not larger in proportion than a swarm of black gnats; and yet, perhaps, hearts there wrung with an infinite sorrow. In that black, moving point may be a soul, whose convulsions and agonies cannot be measured or counted by anything human, so impossible is it to measure souls by space. What can they think of, these creatures, who are born in this strange place, half way between heaven and earth, to whom the sound of avalanches is a cradle hymn, and who can never see the sun above the top of the cliff on either side, till he really gets into the zenith?

What they can be thinking of I cannot tell. Life, I suppose, is made up of the same prosaic material there that it is everywhere. The mother thinks how she shall make her goat's milk and black bread hold out. The grandmother knits stockings, and runs out to see if Jaques or Pierre have not tumbled over the precipice. Jaques and Pierre, in return, tangle grandmother's yarn, upset mother's milk bucket, pull the goat's beard, tear their clothes to pieces on the bushes and rocks, and, in short, commit incredible abominations daily, just as children do everywhere.

In the night how curiously this little nest of houses must look, lighted up, winking and blinking at the solitary traveler, like some mysterious eyes looking out of a great eternity! There they all are fast asleep, Pierre and Jaques, and grandmother, and the goats. In the night they hear a tremendous noise, as if all nature was going to pieces; they half awake, open one eye, say, "Nothing but an avalanche!" and go to sleep again.

This road, through the pass of the Tête Noir, used to be dangerous; a very narrow bridle-path, undefended by any screen whatever. To have passed it in those old days would have had too much of the sublime to be quite agreeable to me. The road, as it is, is wide enough, I should think, for three mules to go abreast, and a tunnel has been blasted through what seemed the most difficult and dangerous point, and a little beyond this tunnel is the Hotel de la Couronne.

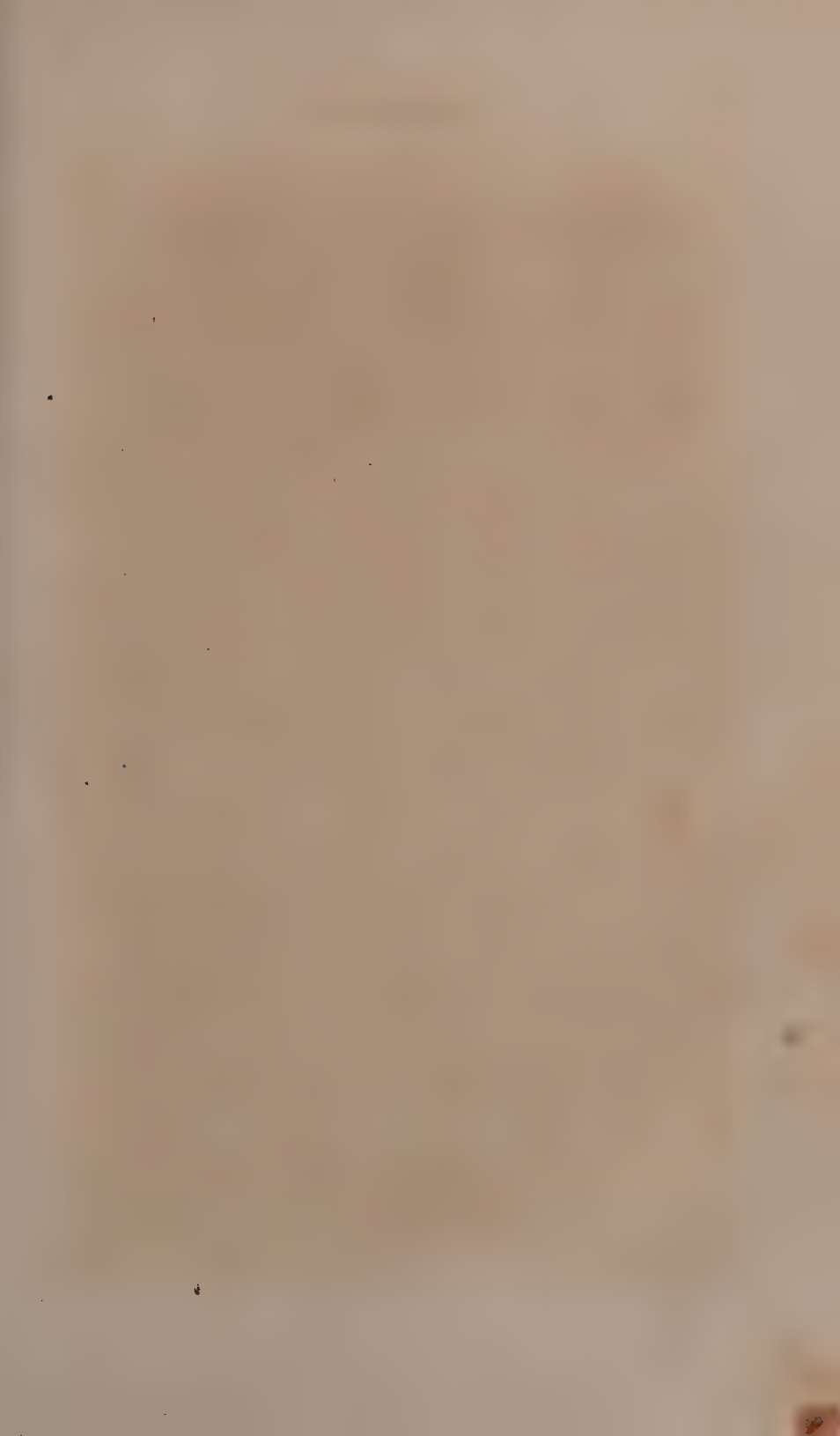
If any body wanted to stop in the wildest and loneliest place he could find in the Alps, so as to be saturated with a sense of savageness and desolation, I would recommend this hotel. I thought I should like to stay there a week, to be left there alone with Nature, and see what she would have to say to me. But two

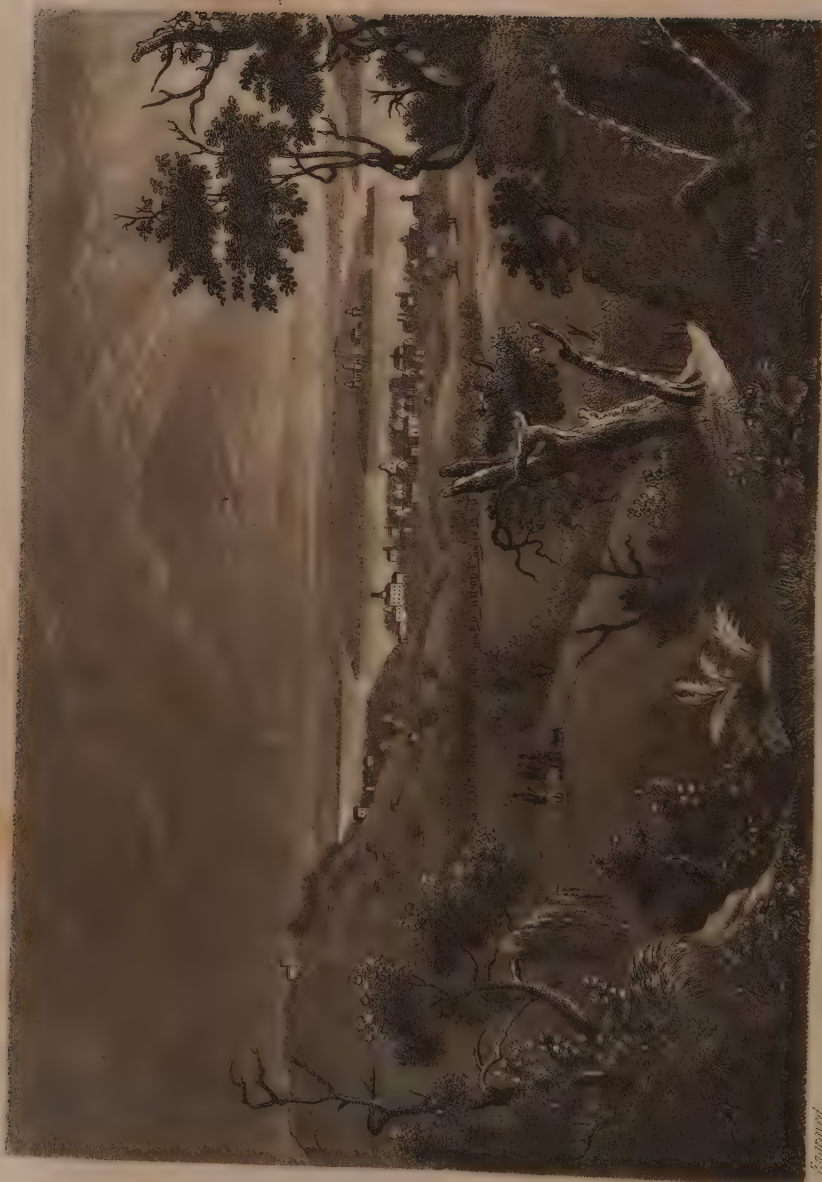
or three hours' ride in the hot sun, on a mule's back, indisposes one to make much of the grandest scenes, insomuch that we were glad to go to sleep; and on awaking we were glad to get some dinner, such as it was. After our dinner, which consisted of a dish of fried potatoes and some fossiliferous bread, such as prevails here at the small hotels in Switzerland, we proceeded onward. After an intolerably hot ride for half an hour, we began to ascend a mountain called the Forclaz.

There is something magnificent about going up these mountains, appalling as it seems to one's nerves, at particular turns and angles of the road. At last we reached the top, and began to descend; and there, at our feet, as if we were looking down at it out of a cloud, lay the whole beautiful valley of the Rhone. I did not know then that this was one of the things put down in the guide book, that we were expected to admire, as I found afterwards it was; but nothing that I saw anywhere through the Alps impressed me as this did. It seemed to me more like the vision of "the land that is very far off" than anything earthly. I can see it now just as distinctly as I saw it then; one of these flat, Swiss valleys, green as a velvet carpet, studded with buildings and villages that looked like dots in the distance, and embraced on all sides by these magnificent mountains, of which those nearest in the prospect were distinctly made out, with their rocks, pine trees, and foliage. The next in the receding distance were fainter, and of a purplish green; the next of a vivid purple; the next, lilac; while far in the fading view the crystal summits and glaciers of the Oberland Alps rose like an exhalation.

The afternoon sun was throwing its level beams in between these many-colored ranges, and on one of them the ruins of an old Roman tower stood picturesquely prominent. The Simplon road could be seen, dividing the valley like an arrow.

I had gone on quite ahead of my company, and as my mule soberly paced downward in the almost perpendicular road, I seemed to be poised so high above the enchanting scene, that I had somewhat the same sensation as if I were flying. I don't wonder that larks seem to get into such a rapture when they are high up in the air. What a dreamlike beauty there is in distance, disappearing ever as we approach!—*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.*





W. L. D. Cross

England

HOME.

How many pleasing associations cluster around this word! How many sweet memories of by-gone days it recalls to mind, by which the heart is cheered, and the spirits enlivened amid the darkest hours of life's chequered scenes. Do we wander in foreign climes, and mingle among men of diverse tastes and language from our own, how sweet then is the memory of home; how gratefully do the thoughts of it recur to us, as they come booming across the distance, filling the heart with the recollection of the sunny feelings and joyous ecstasies of fireside scenes in early life. Have years come over us, and are we busy amid the cares and solitudes of life; has time swept away the hearth stone of our early home, and laid in the sepulchre those dear ones who reared us in our infancy, and matured us to meet the sterner duties of after life; does neither parent nor homestead remain to identify to us the scenes in which we once reveled with delight, yet the heart garners up what time cannot efface, and brings sweet reminiscences, which the vicissitudes of life can never erase from the mind.

A happy home in early life has the most salutary and permanent influence in the formation of individual character. The tender sympathies and affectionate solicitude of devoted parents, or the confiding love and genial attachment of beloved sisters, mould and soften into pliancy all the finer sensibilities of the heart, and fit man to become the companion of kindred spirits, that shall afterwards cling to him in similar relations of life. The practical wisdom and judicious counsels of a kind father give strength and efficiency to the first germs of thought and feeling in youth, and mature those germs into vigorous and virtuous principles in riper years. The tender care and unceasing watchfulness of a beloved mother trace her image in living characters upon the plastic susceptibilities of earliest childhood. And the confiding trust and warm attachment of every beloved companion of the fireside, soften and mould into form all the generous im-

pulses of the youthful heart, causing the sister's affection and the brother's sterner nature to contribute to the general happiness of the entire circle. These endearing relations render home one of the most powerful and efficient means of determining character that God has given to man. Other relations of life are abstract in their nature, and remote in their affinities. Their influences are modified by circumstances, and neutralized by the distance with which they act upon the heart. But around the fireside of home, where mind comes in contact with mind, and the first beatings of the heart can be taught to pulsate for truth and heaven, there is found the school to form and determine character.

But home, to become thus hallowed in its influence, must be rendered attractive. Every external means possible should be employed to interweave the affections of its inmates with all its relations. It should be invested with such interest to each member that no other place would be preferred to it. In early life the most ample means of rational amusement should be placed within the reach of every child. Free scope should be given to every playful faculty. The gushing impulses of the young heart, as they bound forth and fill the soul with gladness by their very exercise, should find a generous response in the looks, and words, and general mien of the parent. The inventive powers also, which are so constantly developed in the construction of the means of amusement, should be encouraged and directly aided by the older members of the family. Every opening faculty should find some innocent and rational means of gratification. The doll, the play-house, the hoop, and the marbles, with every other facility for the mind's occupancy, consistent with health and amusement, should be furnished, so that home may not become a place, irksome to the mind, and an aversion to the heart. If such means of amusement are not furnished, the mind will prey upon itself, and thus the health suffer, or places and companionship will be sought without the domestic circle, that may lead to the ruin of character, and embitter the declining years of the most affectionate parents with the deepest sorrow.

Home must also be made the circle of confiding attachments. We may make it ever so attractive by external helps. The play-

house may be well stored; the out-door amusements the most ample; and every facility for recreation afforded that the youthful heart could desire, yet if the heart has not been trained to entwine its affections confidently within those of the parent, if its attachments have not been formed and matured by years of growth, the influence of home will not be such as will mould the character aright, after the domestic circle is broken, and its members scattered far and wide in the world. There must be a strong bond of union between all the members of the home circle,—and so enduring in its nature that no vicissitudes in life shall weaken or sever it. Heart must be linked to heart from earliest life, as “with hooks of steel,” and then when adversity darkens the pathway of any member—the beloved of the family will ever be ready to sympathize with the sorrowing and afflicted, and the calamity of one become the calamity of all.

Perhaps no one thing does more toward lessening the hold of the parent upon the affections of the child in after life; than the failure to secure the confidence of children in the home circle. When the parent is never made a confidant, and the secrets of the young heart are never revealed to those who feel so deep an interest in all their plans in life—the result will be that other friends will be sought for advisers and counsellors, and the most affectionate parents become forgotten and overlooked. But where such confidence is implicitly placed in a parent, and the child turns to such as his best friend in maturer life, no words can express the moral power which such confidence has upon a son or daughter whenever or wherever temptation assails such in the multiplied relations and associations of life. S. R.

“ELEGANCE resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpeting, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabras, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling.”

LITTLE LAURA.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels *unawares*."

A little stranger came to me,
And sought its home upon my breast;
I loved it—oh, so tenderly!
And daily, hourly 'twas caressed.

It grew,—but, like a tender flower,
So fair, and yet so fragile too—
We kept it 'neath affection's bower,
Safe screened from each harsh wind that blew.

And well it did repay our care,
So fond and gentle, precious child!
Love clustered in each ringlet fair,
And ever in her blue eyes smiled.

Ah! little, haply, did we think,
As round our hearts the golden chain
Was sweetly weaving, link by link,
We did an *angel* entertain.

But now, what then was hid, we know—
Our Laura's home was in the skies;
Awhile she tarried, thus to show
What guests we hold in mortal guise.

And, sure, their mission well they fill—
Blest are our homes while here they stay;
And luminous their pathway still,
Which draws us heavenward away.

M. A. E. F.

A WORD ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

WE love to talk about the children, because they have found a place in our hearts. They all claim a share of our affections. The tiny little one, who has just learned to answer a mother's look with a smile, the arch rogue who, to satisfy curiosity, is constantly in mischief,—laughing, romping Kitty, and the pensive, thoughtful Allie—each and all, have something in them that interests us. Whether rich or poor, well clothed or in rags, clean or dirty, still they are children, all dear, but all differing from each other; not only possessing *family*, but also *individual* traits. Who but has remarked the great difference in children of the same family?

But leaving others to inquire into the reason of this, we would ask if this does not prove an item of difficulty in domestic training. If all were alike, we might form a code of laws and require indiscriminate obedience; or the employments and amusements of one might be suitable for all. But experience teaches us that this will not do. We cannot thus generalize the matter. Different dispositions require a diversity in the manner of treatment. Hence the mother's task is not an easy one. It requires wisdom and forethought; it requires our time and our strictest attention. Mother! do you wish to have good children? Then study their dispositions, and act accordingly. However much individual character may be owing to education, still it is certain that the mentality of all is by no means the same at birth. It is ours, then, in the first place, to find out what they do, and what they do not possess, so that, by proper training, that which is too weak may be strengthened, and that which is already too strong held in check. But, instead of this, that which is already too prominent, is often rendered still more so. For instance, we see a child full of mirthfulness and hope, and not wanting in self-confidence. In the pursuit of his roguery he is continually meeting a parent's smile of approbation, even in wrong doing. "*He is so cunning!*" how can one find fault with him?" And thus these

faculties continually receive new accessions of strength, and thus this child may grow up embracing the idea that he is a natural genius, and from this very reason will fail to use that effort which renders one a genius, or genius of value. On the other hand there may be another, of very different qualities, who, with little hope, is always fearing lest he may do wrong, and this very fear is constantly leading him into numberless mistakes and accidents; and as he can not, like the other, turn even vices into virtues, he must be content to receive harsh words and frowns. And O! with what withering effect do they fall upon his sensitive heart! We do not realize what an indelible stamp may be made on the mind of our child by one harsh word, which impression will cling to him through life. We know a lady who, when quite young, was asked by her father to sing for him. She sang, but instead of a word of commendation for her effort, he simply said, "You can't sing." This was enough. Although many years have passed since then, and she possesses a sweet voice, she cannot bear that any one should hear her sing. With such a one, a word of encouragement, fitly spoken, may be the kindling of a spark which shall increase and yield fruits of happiness and fame in after life. Thus we see that it is a matter of importance that we study the dispositions of our children.

But fancy hears some mother saying, "I am obliged to toil day after day to provide food and clothing for my children, and it is the least that they can do to obey me without my stopping to give them the whys and wherefores, or to inquire whether they are suitable to their minds or not." Now we do not ask you to do any such thing as this. Your commands may be right, and what you know to be for the good of the child, and yet they may not understand the reason of such command. But perhaps they may understand these reasons much better than we suppose, many times. They can see and *feel* too, whether what we require is to satisfy the dictates of fashion, or some other equally unworthy end, or whether they proceed from higher motives.

But another says, "I like to have my children do as I say, whether it is pleasing to them or not. That is the way my parents taught me, and these new ideas on domestic government are ruining our children; we had better follow the old paths." In many

respects these paths may be wisdom's paths, but to say that they can in no wise be made better, seems to us folly. No mother that is worthy of that name can think her duty well discharged when the outward wants of her child are alone provided for.

Nay, the greatest, the most noble part of her work still remains to be done. Better far let some of your work, which has reference only to bodily wants, go undone, than to neglect the intellectual and moral training of those committed to your care. It were even better that much that you now do should be left without doing. It would do no harm to make that dress a little plainer or a little less fashionable; and if you should not find time to make quite so many pies and cakes, no evil would result from it, but much good, in rendering your children more healthy and far less liable to burden you with sickness, or, to say the least, perpetual pettishness.

Many think the period of childhood emphatically the season of happiness. Without stopping to inquire whether it may be more so than in advanced life, we would at once say that it is, and ought to be, a sunshiny period. Children are naturally gleeful and joyous, and we love to hear their ringing laugh, or to gaze upon their cherub faces, illumined with smiles; and how many hours the mother spends for this one object, of rendering her children happy; and they will be happy, if we will only *let them be*. Then let them be happy, by being engaged in congenial employment. Children are active; they must be doing something; and by our love to them, let us not hinder their activity for the sake of keeping them dressed like dolls, or because we do not like to have our rooms littered, or furniture misplaced. Let us not repress their curiosity, and prevent the development of their inventive faculties for fear of having our houses turned into infantile workshops. Let them work, while we direct their efforts in the proper channel. Now, although this may seem a task, yet in our opinion it will be found an easier one than that of trying to make them happy, deprived of their dear and innocent enjoyments. Now we would not be understood as thinking that order and neatness are not matters of importance. On the contrary, we think they are generally undervalued. But how can these habits be better formed in youthful minds than by teaching them to practice such habits in

the sports of childhood. Let "Daughter" learn to keep "Dolly's" wardrobe in perfect order, and let the boys have a *place* for carts, hoops, ropes, balls, &c. Thus this and kindred habits may be formed almost imperceptibly and pleasurably, the influence of which on future life cannot now be estimated.

If these scattered "words about the children," shall serve to awaken in any mother's heart a train of thought, which shall tend to increase the happiness of the little ones and make them better, we shall be well repaid. We would like to say more, and while talking of physical and intellectual training, urge mothers not to forget the moral also, but to remember that they are entrusted with the care of immortal spirits, concerning whom God has said, "Take these and nurse them for me, and I will give thee thy wages." O, what responsibility rests upon us! We must reap according to what we sow. But while it is a responsible, it is nevertheless a noble task; and if we sow aright, under the blessing of him who giveth rain and sunshine in their season, we may reap a glorious harvest.

ABBIE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

IN this age of books and learning, almost everything seems to be scrutinized. The heavens and the earth, the solid rocks and the restless deep are alike analyzed, and every part and particle carefully examined as to its nature and relations, and yet we cannot forbear the remark, that whilst we are citizens, and mingle, it may be, daily, with the living world, and know much of Society, that after all we do not sufficiently study it. We do not mean so much its business or fashion, nor are we referring to what may be artificial or accidental, but we mean the real Philosophy of Society.

There is a *philosophy* of society, a philosophy as thoroughly established, and subjected to laws as certain and as sovereign as are the heavens and the earth. And it is in this respect that we fail to study it.

We have been in the habit, quite too much, of looking at the

human race as a heterogeneous mass, thrown together by mere accident; made up of all classes, nations, ages and conditions; bound to each other by *no laws*, holding no natural or necessary connection, and hence no special obligations arising therefrom. But let us examine a moment, and see if there may not be a mistake upon this point, a mistake the most disastrous to the well being of society.

Is it mere *accident*, that whilst yonder stands a mansion of wealth, filled with all the rich luxuries that heart can desire, that hard by, you see the cottage of poverty, or what is worse, the cellar or the garret of squalid wretchedness? That at the doors of this mansion, are knocking the chilled, trembling hands of the half clothed and half fed? Is it a mere happen, that near by the home of intelligence and refinement, are scores of ignorant and debased minds? That while our own houses are filled with the means of light and knowledge, thousands around us are groping their way in deep darkness? Is it nothing to us that whilst we are reposing in the bosom of kindred and friends and rejoicing in old and well established friendships, by our doors are multitudes of aliens, and strangers saying, "no man careth for my soul?" Is there no ordering of these relations? How is it that when your home is the abode of prosperity, that your next door neighbor may be cast down and well nigh destroyed? How is it, we ask again, that when blooming health may be clothing your household with beauty and vigor, that sickness and death at the next door may be sending the groan of agony, or the wild wail of despair up into your chambers, and the "mourners go about your streets?" How is it that there are so many orphaned children, and mourning widows in this world? Have we been accustomed to study this subject? Have we looked well into the interior, so as to feel the force of the underlaying and ordering of this mighty living structure? Do we suppose that no hand guides the waves of this ever-rolling, restless ocean of living, dying humanity? Are we to suppose that its mighty oscillations, which are daily rending old relations and forming new ones, are merely "happens," the results of accident, or chance? By no means. There is the work of a God in all this. We may see, if we will

look, the very hand that guides the comet in its wild flight across the heavens, and eases the sparrow in its fall to the ground.

If these things be so, ought we not to study society. Should not our minds become familiar with its philosophy? Should we not look well to its relations and claims? Should not our eyes be opened to the needy, and our ears to the cries of the "ready to perish?"

Society has claims upon us which we must not, we cannot escape. It imposes duties imperative in their nature, which no man or woman can neglect with impunity. These claims arise from the very nature of the relations which we sustain. And these relations the Creator, as we have seen, instituted, and we have no power to dissolve them; for, "The poor ye have always with you." And ever since sin entered and cursed the world, bringing with it sickness and death, the cry of the orphan, and the wail of the widow, and the prayer of the perishing, have called alike, that we should "weep with them that weep." And "blessings from the ready to perish" will descend like the dew of evening on all who faithfully meet their righteous claims. The Creator has so decreed it. It is the established law of the universe, that when we bless others, we thereby bless ourselves. Or, when we minister to others, as our duty demands, then we are most certainly ministered unto ourselves. This the Saviour of the lost declared, when he said, "To him that giveth it shall be given again, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall men give into your bosom." Go, then, reader, understand your high privilege; scatter your bread upon the waters, that at length you may gather it again, greatly increased. Make yourself rich in ministering to others. Then, with Job, you can say:—

"When the ear heard, then it blessed me;
And when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me;
Because I delivered the poor that cried,
And the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me;
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

M.

THE FADED FLOWERET.

BY LEA.

SWEETLY bloomed a tender floweret
During bygone summer days—
O, we watched its growth with pleasure
'Neath the sun's resplendent rays.
But, alas, we saw with sadness
When that plant began to fade—
Soon it lay all pale and wither'd—
Ah, how soon our hopes decay'd!

Faithful we its growth had nurtur'd,
Glad had seen the pearly dew
Sparkling on its petals brightly,
As it older, stronger grew.
Now, alas, its place is vacant.
Ah now bleed our aching hearts!
What, oh what our grief can solace?
What extract stern sorrow's dart?

But the darkness fast is fading,
And we see an angel hand
Draw the vail, in love revealing
Yonder sin-unburdened land.
There we see Life's crystal river
There are plants that never fade,
There are shining angel-watchers,
There is nought to make afraid.

There behold a floweret blooming;
Oh, it is the one we love;
Now, transplanted into Eden,
It forever lives above.
Praise to thee, O Holy Father;
All thy ways with us are kind
Thou hast taken lovely Clara,—
Make us to thy will resign'd!

THE OLD MAN.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"THAT'S right boys! I like that. That's genuine old time politeness," thought I, as I saw two little boys bow to an aged man. That one act shows where the mother's heart is, and what the fireside circle may be at home.

There is something under those yellow curls, in the flashing of those bright, blue eyes, that will make more than men of you, if great ye are to be—that will make you good; for without goodness there is no true honor.

God bless the aged man. There are a world of memories clustering in his bosom, that send oftener the tear than the smile to his dim eye. He has folded babes to his bosom; he has dreamed over infant beauty that dream that Hope weaves in the soul of every parent. He has kissed the white lips, and twined the golden ringlets around his hard fingers. He has felt that glow of which sometimes tears are born, when the innocent lips first said "Father."

He has bent over the little pallet at night, with that true one at his side, and read immortal dreams in dimples. He has woven a path for the unconscious sleeper that should be more brilliant than diamonds, softer than beds of roses; for would it not flush with the radiance of his love? would not his love be a wall of adamant, over which no danger, with glaring eye-balls and fiery breath, could leap to destroy his heart's own darling? And O! woe! he has held out his arms to fence back the cold angel that with his gleaming scythe, has glided over those walls of love, into the beautiful path, and spoiled the thornless flowers. He has sunk sobbing by the little still couch, all curtained by angels; he has laid his hand on the throbbless bosom and wondered at its waxen loveliness—but O! such a dumb, chilling wonder! He has shut out the sunlight from his home, and shuddered to behold it glaring full into that dark grave, that long, narrow cradle for his babe, in which the beautiful body would never be rocked to wakening,

though the very birds sang their most thrilling melodies all day
v its side.

God bless the aged man! Sorrow, with folded hands and drooping brow, has taken her abiding-place at the very threshold of his heart. There is a wreath of hyssop bound about her forehead, and she holds in one hand the faint flickering torch, almost inverted, and in the other the cup of life, with but a few drops of dregs at the bottom. Under her feet lay meek-eyed angels, the hopes of this world—but they have lost their wings; they are helplessly abject to sorrow; yet like him whose soul they have brightened, waiting for the change which makes them immortal.

And beyond the vision of that old man, though not beyond the outstretching of his arms, hangs the glittering veil that his last feeble breath shall rend asunder; and beyond that, O! who has ever yet painted the glories of heaven?

God bless the aged! Children, bend your heads at their approach, lift your hats reverently, speak to them as you would to God's messengers, love them dearly, and never insult their gray hairs by one irreverent word or thoughtless smile.

God bless the aged!—*What Not.*

CLOTHING AND EXERCISE OF INFANTS.

THERE seems to be a decided determination on the part of man to mar as far as possible the Creator's intentions respecting his chief work. In the Ethnological room of the British Museum may be seen a cradle, so contrived as to flatten down the forehead of the infant, and to give it all the appearance of an idiot. In the Celestial Empire the feet are so cunningly bandaged as effectually to make a Chinese lady hobble all her life; and, until very lately, a neighboring nation, who, like the Chinese, boast of being in the van of civilization, without, however, laying claim as yet to the immutability of their institutions, used to bind up the limbs and bodies of their little ones as carefully as the Egyptians did their dead. We have fortunately no such plans to deprecate at

home, but when seeing an infant dressed for the first time, we have often been struck with the idea that many of the pretty little things with which he is harnessed might be dispensed with. We are afraid we have already said enough to raise against us a whole army of mothers, grand-mothers, and nurses; but having given utterance to half our opinions, it would be unmanly not to conclude, and say that, in our estimation, so long as an infant is a perfectly passive little thing, without even the power of crawling, it would be quite enough to bandage him with a roller, and dress him in a loose gown. With a flannel and a blanket the child may be made as warm as necessary. At all events, there should be nothing tight about him, and, above all, no pins by which he might be wounded.

The child should be accustomed to go bare-headed both day and night. This is generally admitted by medical men to be the best plan of warding off a tendency to determination of blood to the head, and those affections of the brain which are so fatal at that age. A thin cap, as gay as a mother wishes, can be always ready to be put on, so often as the child is brought down into the drawing room, to be the cynosure of all eyes, and the admired of all observers.

We think it good to short-clothe a child early, and thus to give him as soon as possible the greatest freedom of his limbs; but in this, parents must be guided by the season of the year, as it would not be well to make this change in winter. On undressing a child from two to three years of age, we frequently find the frock tied tightly around the waist, so as to give a graceful appearance to the figure; for the same reason are the under-garments similarly tightened, and sometimes so much so that red lines are marked upon the body. Now it must be apparent to all that this constant pressure must tend to prevent the full development of the chest requisite for respiration, which is repeated so many times during every minute, and that it must likewise interfere with the growth of the child. Again, the little clothes are supported by bands and tapes which are called shoulder-straps, although they are not so in reality, for they are thrown off the shoulders to make the children look pretty, and press upon the side of the arm about an inch below the head of a bone which can be easily felt, and is the *humerus* or bone of the arm. This

pressure cannot be made without depriving the child of the free use of his arms, to extend which he has to overcome the weight and pressure of the clothes. Muscular action being thus impaired, the child is prompted to assume a stooping position, and thus is laid the first foundation of round shoulders, of contraction of the chest, and of flattening of the ribs.

But in this favored land there are many mothers judicious enough to consider the health of their little ones of more importance than their appearance, and will seek it by all the means which can be brought home to their understanding. Having been told that the child should be left free of his dress, they will take care that there be sufficient space for the hand to pass freely under his clothes, and then fancy that the child's health is safe so far as dress is concerned; but the body runs almost as great a chance of deformity on account of the plan of throwing the shoulder-straps off the shoulders, so that the whole weight of the clothes presses on the side of the arm and under its joint.

Such are the defects of the present system of dressing children. By showing how they ought to be dressed, we shall at the same time show how these defects can be avoided. The child's shirt should be roomy, but not too full so as to make creases. The bodice should be made long-waisted, and to fit the frame, but a large piece of elastic tissue in front should permit the free expansion of the chest, as in the child's bodice, invented by Mrs. Caplin. The shoulder straps should be sewn in front of the bodice, and pass over the shoulders so as to cross each other, and button under the blade-bone of the opposite side; for if, as Mr. Bishop has shown, the weight of the soldier's knapsack should rest as much as possible on the shoulders, it stands to reason that the shoulders should bear the weight of the child's clothes. The petticoats must be buttoned to the lower part of the bodice, so that no tight strings may impede respiration. The frock ought not to be made tighter than the bodice: it must rest, like it, upon the shoulder, so that it may no more impede the raising of the arms than a man's coat. In a few words, the weight of the clothes should rest upon the shoulders by a band, which can be made of elastic tissue; and until the eighth or ninth year, when the hip in girls is sufficiently formed to sustain the petticoats, they

should be buttoned to the bodice. Mothers and dressmakers may object to covering the shoulders, but by so doing, the chest will be preserved against the evil effects of a variable temperature, so often causing fatal complaints; and if the shoulders are covered in childhood, they will be better worth exhibiting at a later period in life. Fashion at this moment, however, coincides with common sense, and children are beginning to be dressed more "en cœur," as it is termed, or to show less of the shoulder; and perhaps even some of our most prejudiced fair readers will smile our forgiveness when we tell them that the shoulder-straps can be so arranged as to be passed under the arm, completely out of sight, whenever the mother is anxious to show off her little one to the best advantage.

Flannel next the skin is unnecessary, and should be kept in reserve in case it should be required at some later period of life; but if children are delicate, or prone to chilblains, lamb's-wool socks should be worn throughout the winter.

There is nothing exaggerated in the following picture of a fashionably-dressed child, as drawn by Dr. Maunsel, in his valuable work: "Who has not seen one of those miserable victims of parental vanity, whose appearance in our streets will sometimes, upon a March or November day, strike cold into our hearts? The cap and feathers set upon, not covering, the child's head, and probably of a colour and richness contrasting mournfully with blue ears, sharpened nose, and shrunken cheeks, in which cold has assumed the features of starvation,—the short kilt and Highland hose, exposing between them cracked and shivering knees,—altogether require for their description more graphic power than we presume to lay claim to."

Need we say that a mother should not gratify her vanity by letting her little ones thus go bare-legged, or sometimes even bare-kneed in winter, since there are wollen leggings to be had? For if she so much wishes to see the contrast of the flesh-colour on the white displayed above and below, we suggest the possibility of matching the flesh tint so well in some warm material, that children may be kept warm, while they seem to be "*sans culotte*."

During the first months of infancy, exercise is principally passive, and the nurse should be careful never to carry the infant *in a sitting position*, during at least the first four or five months. If

this precaution be neglected, its large and heavy head will be observed to hang over on one side, in such a way as to impede breathing and even swallowing. Hufeland mentions a case in which even death was caused to a very young infant by a sudden jerk of the head to one side. After the fourth or fifth month, the sitting position may be allowed for a few minutes at a time, if the child seems to like it. But when the infant is prematurely carried in this way, even the compression upon the chest, caused by the hand supporting it in front is not unattended with inconvenience.

"In *lifting* young children," as Dr. Barlow has observed, "the nurse should be very careful never to lay hold of them by the arms, as is sometimes thoughtlessly done; but always to place the hands, one on each side of the chest, immediately below the arm-pits. In infancy, the sockets of the joints are so shallow, and the bones so feebly bound down and connected with each other, that dislocation and even fracture of the collar-bone may easily be produced by neglecting this rule.

"There is one very common mode of exercising infants, which, we think, deserves particular notice—we mean the practice of hoisting or raising them aloft in the air. Some people are so energetic as to throw up children and catch them in descending. This rashness there can be no hesitation in reprobating; for however confident the person may be of not missing his hold, there must ever be risk of injury from the concussion suffered in the descent, and even from the firmness of grasp necessary for recovering and maintaining the hold. The motion of the body, too, has a direct tendency to induce vertigo; and when the liability of the infant brain to congestion and its consequences is considered,—when the frequency of hydrocephalus in infants is borne in mind, an exercise which impels blood to the brain will not be regarded as wholly insignificant."

When the infant begins to be strong enough to take active exercise, he should be placed on a carpet, or, in fine weather on the grass, with a few playthings in reach and then allowed to teach himself to use his muscles for crawling and walking. The nurse should watch him without meddling with his first efforts, or frightening him by her tones of fearful apprehension.

LETTER TO A DISTANT FRIEND,

Upon hearing of the death of her youngest darling child, of two and a half years

MY DEAR MRS. N.,

I was both surprised and pained, to learn, by an eastern paper, a few days since, that your dear and cherished boy had been removed from you by death. I, of course, know nothing of the circumstances attending his decease; but whatever they were, I know indeed that they must have been painful to a mother's heart; and especially so to one who has repeatedly been called to part with the dear objects of her affection. My first emotion was the deepest sympathy for you, and I would fain now make such an expression of that sympathy, as would in some way soothe or console you in your sad bereavement—but how difficult to offer any thing in mitigation of grief when a tenderly loved object has been taken from us, though conscious that the rod is appointed by an unerring hand. I would not bid you cease to mourn, for when the heart is crushed and well nigh broken, nature demands *time*, at least for its healing. I would not bid you forget, for in the sad recollections of that dear child, you may experience some of the happiest moments of your life. How often will every association connected with his short pilgrimage pass in review before your mind's eye, and at each time will the remembrance of him become infinitely dearer to your heart.

He was indeed lovely in his life—I can seem to see him, with his deep blue eyes and laughing lips, closely nestled in his mother's arms. But, dear E., can you not think of him now as incomparably more lovely, disencumbered from his tenement of clay, enjoying the immediate presence of his Saviour, and reflecting his resplendent glory?—I know your heart, and indeed your whole being, yearns for his companionship—you each day miss more and more his sweet voice, and the thousand interesting ways and incidents connected with the development of his various faculties, which none but a mother could fully appreciate; and yet would you be

willing to recall him to this world of sorrow and perplexity, to take him from that omnipotent Friend, who said, when on earth, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"—How delightful, dear E., to think that you have been permitted to commence the training and discipline of an immortal spirit, the completion and perfection of whose discipline is to be by your Heavenly Father. 'Tis a fearful thought truly,—and yet what a distinguishing favor, that you have been chosen for so momentous a work; how sweet the reflection that the undying spark, which so recently animated your own cherished babe, is now uniting with angels in praising God and the Lamb.

It is true you have been repeatedly and severely afflicted—but has not each affliction brought with it a balm? What satisfaction in the consciousness that each dear object of your affection is now at rest; that no more care, no more sorrow can ever assail them. When thinking of that group of your own little ones, that loved sister, and those dear brothers now holding communion with spirits purified and redeemed through the blood of Christ, around the throne of God, do you not feel at times as if you would fain loosen the cords that bind you to earth, and soar away and be at rest in those heavenly mansions? How cordial the welcome you may expect from those loved ones;—how delightful the consciousness that there is a beloved family group, assembled in the courts above, observing with intense interest the effect of these oft repeated afflictions, and prepared to hail you with shouts of joy, when you shall have finished your course on earth, and through Christ shall have won the crown of rejoicing, prepared for those who love God.

I know full well, dear E., that this is indeed a severe bereavement, for I remember distinctly how fondly your affections twined around that darling babe; with what untiring love you watched over his infantile helplessness, and that he seemed an indispensable part of yourself; yet I truly hope you will be enabled to see the hand of God in it, and to feel that he does not afflict willingly. Remember he is a God of love, and endeavor, if possible, to appreciate in some degree at least, his goodness in lending you

such a blessing, even for a short time. He gave—and shall he not recall his own?

Every mother's heart must be filled with intense anxiety for the welfare of her children, while exposed to the temptations of this life of sin and sorrow; but by the early removal of your loved one, you have been spared all doubts, all fears in regard to his future; when had he lived to manhood, he alone who knows the end from the beginning could tell what trials might have awaited him, or to what temptations he might have yielded. And now can you not feel grateful that his presence was so early required in the "celestial city," thereby rendering it impossible for him to suffer by contact with the manifold impurities of this world?—What safety in feeling that he is with Jesus. Remember that our ascended Saviour knows full well the bitterness of your cup of affliction; he sees the fullness of your heart, and can you not with the eye of faith seem to see him yearning over you, his countenance beaming with love and sympathy? We are assured that he wept with his afflicted friends when on earth, and we cannot for a moment suppose that his interest in those who love him, is in the least diminished. And now I beg you, let your trust in him be so entire, your faith so perfect, that you will feel that it is indeed a mercy that he has seen fit to take the guardianship of these dear little ones, bearing in mind that the separation will be only a few short years at most. Rest assured these afflictions will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, than you could possibly otherwise enjoy.

I would most gladly be with you, my dear friend, to perform those offices of kindness and sympathy, which are so grateful to one in the hour of affliction, but that may not be. I trust other hands are near, to discharge such duties, since distance deprives me of the privilege. I commit you again to our dear Redeemer, who alone is able to sustain you, and make your pathway once more joyous. Adieu, dear E——.

Affly, A——E.

SABBATH MORNING

SWEET and mellow is the chiming
Of the Sabbath morning bell;
Angels come on earth to linger,
While of Jesus' love they tell.
Hark! as through the air they float,
Sweetly swells each tender note.

From distracting cares they call us,
From the wide world's angry strife,
And with sweet constraint they draw us
To the wells of heavenly life;
Wells whose waters, ever sure,
Through eternity endure.

Blessed Saviour, may our spirits,
In a waiting frame be found;
Keep us humble, keep us prayerful,
While we tread on hallowed ground;
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Foretaste of eternal rest.

Sabbaths seem like sweet oases
In the desert of our life,
Where we come to sing thy praises,
From the rude world's noise and strife;
Oh! may all such seasons prove,
Rich repasts of heavenly love.

And when we again are scattered,
Mid the tumult and the din,
May our souls be kept in safety,
From the tainting touch of sin;
May we ever strive to be,
Blessed Saviour, more like thee.

L. B. L.

CARRIE'S LESSON.

BY MISS M. A. COLLIER.

CARRIE LENOX was but ten years old when she went, for the summer season, to a boarding school in the country. It was a damp, chilly afternoon in the beginning of May, when she stood upon the steps of a very large, very old-fashioned brick house, at the corner of —— street in Boston. A dark merino frock, and a little straight willow bonnet was her traveling dress; and stepping lightly into the coach that drove up the street, stopping at her father's door, she was whirled away, and before many minutes had passed, was looking out upon green fields. The spring had been so cold and backward that Carrie was surprised at the verdure of the country, but her observations were soon replaced by a new set of images, for a ride of a couple of hours had brought her to her new home. She found herself in a spacious sitting-room, plainly furnished, with a grave-looking carpet, of brown and white, flag-seated chairs, and a piano. About a dozen girls, mostly older than herself, were enjoying the luxury of a very cheerful fire in an open grate.

It needed only one sight of the face of Mrs. Howard, the mistress of this mansion, and one tone of welcome from her lips, to make all these girls, and Carrie among the rest, feel happy and at home. There was a peculiar charm in her manner of addressing them. All felt its power. Each pupil was wont, from this institution, to bear away, into future life, a memory so dear, as to be almost sacred, of one who was at once instructress, companion, friend.

It was on the first day of this term, a cold, easterly storm came on; and it lasted for several days, making the blazing fire in the sitting-room a real blessing. Suddenly, however, the wind changed, and the sun shone out so warm and bright, that the whole world seemed rejoicing. The lilac budded, and the flowers hung in masses of rich purple on the fresh green trees. Carrie loved to be in the country. She had found here, moreover, some

girls of her ~~own~~ age, and she loved (who could help it?) Mrs. Howard, dearly.

Some of the girls came from a great distance, and Carrie had an especial pity for one little girl whose home was in Texas, and whose parents visited her only once in two years. Far different was it with Carrie, for on pleasant summer afternoons, her mother would often ride out in a carriage to see her.

One afternoon, just as she was finishing her drawing lesson, and was in the act of giving the last touch to a group of old, rough-looking trees by the side of a stream, she heard the gentle voice of Mrs. Howard, telling her that company had arrived, and that she might be released for the time from school. She looked out from the school-room window, and saw her mother alighting from the carriage. She bounded to the door and was enfolded in a warm embrace.

"Did you take your mother into your sleeping-room, Carrie?" asked Mrs. Howard, at the tea-table that same evening. Carrie replied that she had done so. Mrs. Howard smiled, and added, "*I hope she found it in good order.*" Carrie blushed deeply at this remark, so deeply, that Mrs. Howard could not help noticing it. She waited for a moment, in silence. At last Carrie looked up, and met the inquiring glance of Mrs. Howard.

"How was it, Carrie?" said that lady.

"Indeed, I *cannot* keep my things in order. I am always trying, but I never can." Here a shadow came over her countenance as she added, "my mother was greatly displeased."

"If," said Mrs. Howard, "you are always trying, and never succeeding, it is very strange."

"Well, I *am* always trying, but somehow, things will get out of place—the first that I know about it, they are all in a heap."

"And you really wish to improve?"

"Indeed I do, dear Mrs. Howard."

After rising from the table, both went together to the chamber of Carrie. It was in tolerable order, owing to the reproof of her mother, who had so lately been there; but the willow bonnet, lying upon the bed, was crushed by the shawl that had been thrown upon it. Moreover, half a dozen sheets of letter paper had been blown from the table to the floor, where they were scat-

tered, and a corner of the long, white window curtain was unfortunately dipped into the inkstand.

Carrie quickly folded up the shawl, and laid it, with the bonnet, on a shelf in the closet, then she picked up the white paper and laid it all carefully in the little drawer of the table. Then the room looked tidy.

"I see," said Mrs. Howard, "that you can put your room in order; now the thing is to keep it so." As Mrs. Howard said this, she took a crayon pencil from Carrie's drawer, and wrote with it on half a sheet of paper, in large black letters, "FIVE."

"What is that for?" asked Carrie.

"You shall see, my dear," said the lady, as with a quiet smile in her eye, she proceeded to fasten the paper to the wall. Carrie looked on, wondering.

"This," said Mrs. Howard, when she had finished, "is to help you to keep things in order."

"I'm sure I cannot see how."

"That I am going to tell you," said the teacher. "Every day it is part of your morning duty to devote five minutes to the special purpose of ascertaining whether or not there is any disorder in your room; a trunk, or drawer, or box, that has by any means become disarranged, anything, however trifling or minute, that is not in as perfect order as possible."

Carrie kissed her teacher, and thanked her for the suggestion.

"The constant sight of this paper," said Mrs. Howard, (which I admit is by no means an ornament) "will prevent you from forgetting."

When the summer term closed, Carrie's habits of neatness and order were so changed, that it was remarked by the other girls.

Had she been a philosopher, instead of a school girl, she might have entertained herself by watching the inner growth of the love of order—the passion for arrangement. She might have observed, carefully, how it extended itself from one class of objects to another, and another; how the eye, educated by special attention each day for a period of time too short to be felt as a loss, became pained at the sight of the disorderly desk in the

school room, and almost without intention kept it carefully arranged.

When Carrie returned home the next winter, occupying once more her own room, she had no need of the black letters to remind her of disorder, and found herself doubly rewarded in the value of the habit, and the pleasure of her mother.

TO A CHILD.

NEVER, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day;
If happy dreams have bless'd thy sleep,
If startling dreams have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread;
If wealth her bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow;
If He who gave should take away,
O ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss;
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

THAT "there is a right way of doing everything," is an oft-repeated adage, the due observance of which has ever been attended with satisfaction and pleasure. Its application, however, to the production of voice, is almost completely lost sight of. It is true that, in singing, such things as compass, modulation and inflection, are held to be essential. But it would seem that, in speaking, the wisdom of the adage had been studiously avoided, and the wrong way deliberately pursued. Indeed, so widespread is the evil, that it is beginning to be no uncommon thing to say of the public speaker, "Oh, I care nothing about his voice; I look for development of mind."

Now, surely if vocal culture be necessary to set forth the sentiment of song, it is also necessary to render speech effective; and especially so, when it is considered, that speaking is a comparative degree of musical utterance.

The true sentiment of speech can only be realized when the speaker approaches his auditors in the order of their *physical* as well as intellectual nature, and this can only be accomplished when attitude, gesture, and voice, are all employed to the best advantage. It should be borne in mind that the outer man, with its senses and susceptibilities, is the great avenue to the inner, and that therefore the speaker should be a man of good and acceptable physical as well as intellectual and moral manifestations. He must be able to subdue the inner man, by appealing through the same susceptibilities as does the hero of the stage, when he sets the mere combustibles of the soul on fire. But if the voice be destitute of volume and music, the speaker lacks the power on which he *must* rely, if he would fire the soul and sway the mind.

When we look around, and see great numbers of the sweetest singers hanging their harps on the willows; when we see the most eloquent counselors retiring from the bar, and the profoundest statesmen silenced in the halls of their country; when we see thousands of the messengers of peace, dropping like stars

from their orbits, and doomed to perpetual silence, their message not half delivered; and all for want of a correct knowledge of the nature and properties of the human voice, we feel that we have a mission of great importance and responsibility to perform, and we are oppressed with the fullness and value of our subject, and of our own personal inadequacy to exemplify the views we are called upon to advance.

The object of the present lecture is, to demonstrate that the diseases incident to public speakers and singers may be both prevented and relieved, and the weakest and harshest voice made strong and melodious; in doing which, we shall first invite your attention to some remarks on the *production* of voice.

One of the most common errors is to confound cause and effect, and to mistake the latter for the former, the manifestation for the producing cause. Hence the prevalent opinion that the chest, lungs, and throat are the organs to be used in the production of voice. But it is a still more common error to locate cause and effect in close proximity, whereas the effect is an ultimate, and proceeds always as far away as possible from the cause, before it manifests itself. This is an immutable law.

The electricity generated at the cylinder, industriously seeks the end of the wire, to flash forth the proofs of its existence. The effect of the cannon ball is not in or near the gun. Precisely so, is it with the human voice. Generated, so to speak, at the base of the pyramid or trunk, it ascends to the throat, and manifests itself in that remote locality.

Let it be observed, then, that all the varied and sensible phenomena of expiration are, in conjunction with atmospheric pressure, produced by the contraction of the abdominal and dorsal muscles upon the viscera, so that the viscera, by being continuously pressed against each other, from below upward, shall act upon the lungs at each muscular contraction, and thus mechanically expel the air. The throat and its attachments perform the same office in speaking, that the fingers perform in playing on the flute. They have no agency in the creation or expulsion of sound, except their modulation of the same, which is denominated voice.

The human trunk is governed and moved on much the same

principle as a pair of bellows, and may, in most respects be compared with the same; the throat or windpipe, answering to the passive metallic pipe or nose of the bellows; the chest, to the great vault or cheek, having, like the bellows, no *self-contracting* power by which to expel the air. The abdominal muscles answer to the handles of the bellows, shutting or contracting the vault by their proper action, compressing the furniture within, and forcing it against the lungs, thus mechanically expelling the air. We also see, that like the handles of the bellows, the abdominal muscles are situated at the most remote and largest part of the chest or vault, to increase their force of leverage on the same, at its most movable part. Now who, in using a pair of bellows, would seize them by the sides or nose? And yet every one who attempts to talk from the lungs or throat performs an act equally absurd.

So true, indeed, is it, that articulated sound is the result of abdominal effort, that if the viscera are suddenly elevated against the lungs, with a favorable position of the vocal tube, dead or alive the man must speak! This may seem incredible. It is nevertheless true, as an illustration from the history of our own experience will sufficiently show:—Many years ago, a party of body-snatchers started off, in bold defiance of popular feeling, to possess themselves of a new subject. But fearing detection, and being in great haste to escape with the body, they laid it rather roughly on its back across a rail, when, by a sudden contraction of the abdomen, a most unearthly and terrific sound was expelled through the vocal tube, causing every hair to stand erect upon the heads of the disturbers of the dead man's repose. And so much of a reality was this voice from the dead, that one of the resurrectionists instinctively seized a club to inflict a blow upon his supernatural adversary, for whom, in the dark, he mistook one of his associates, and commenced beating him with a will.

The great secret of developing and preserving the voice, lies in the due exercise of the organs which produce and modulate the same.

You have only to listen to the deep, guttural, and proud tones of the untutored Indian, to feel that he speaks from the deeps;

that he, too, *boosts* or *lifts* out his characteristic tones. His stately form and erect head, indicate the tense and firm condition of his abdominal muscles. These are just adapted by their *slightest* contraction to compress the lungs and force the air through the comparatively straight vocal tube. And, when he sings his war-song, and yells his war-whoop, he is able by this means to make the welkin ring, and drive terror into the very bones of his enemies. Yet, I have been unable to learn that an Indian was ever hoarse or bronchitic, from vocal effort. His physical habits forbid it.

Take next the infant, before he is old enough to go astray. Lay him upon his back for a cold wash. See how he pushes out his feet, and spreads his toes, thrusts out his arms and clinches his fists; how he throws back his head, opens his mouth, straightens his spine, draws in a full inspiration, contracts his abdomen, concentrates *all* his energies in one strong pull, and a pull altogether of his muscles, whereby the lungs are directly compressed, and *don't he scream?* repeating and re-repeating the charge, with undiminished energy and clearness, until the house is brought to terms, and all without the least hoarseness, or inconvenience to himself? Now lay your hand upon his abdomen at the zenith of one of his screams. The contracted abdominal muscles will be found so tense, that you will begin to fancy your hand in contact with a satchel of live snakes. But so soon as he relaxes his muscles for a new expiration, his abdomen is as soft as down. The same principle also applies to all instinctive and involuntary utterances, common and necessary to the action of the physical organization, which, to the reflective mind, needs no specification.

Public speakers, especially clergymen, who suffer from bronchitis and other vocal derangements, usually suppose that the pain and weariness of the back, the constipation, the indigestion, and great sense of vacancy and "*goneness*" in the region of the stomach and breast, which they generally experience, are all caused by the affection of their throat, and accordingly expend much money, and oftentimes much vital energy, by local and constitutional appliances therefor, in the hope, as they often express it, of "preserving the power to serve in the sanctuary;" whereas

their physical indolence and indiscretion have induced a relaxation of the muscles, and a consequent derangement of the viscera and nervous system, producing a train of evils which subsequently, if not simultaneously, affect the throat, thus affording to all an easy illustration of the way in which the effect is mistaken for the cause. The difficulty generally begins at college, where the body is too often unscrupulously robbed to benefit the mind, just as though a clergyman was expected to live without a body, or as though his mind was practically anything without a healthful body. The ground-work of ruin once laid, it is easy enough to go on in a lazy and lounging manner of studying and preaching, until the wreck is complete; and then, forsooth, this breaking down of body and mind is quaintly, if not wickedly termed, "wearing out in the gospel!"

In order to exhibit the cause of this disease and of other vocal derangements, let us take the case of a minister who preaches calmly by note from a low desk, with the head depressed, the shoulders drooping, and the mouth not freely opened. First, then, he bends forward, and relaxes the muscles of the abdomen, which lets down the viscera from supporting the diaphragm, and thus deprives himself of the proper vocal leverage, the starting-point in the production of the voice. Next, he contracts the dimensions of the lower chest, and of course compresses the lungs there, compelling the superior lobes to do more than their part. In the next place he is compelled to speak by the contraction of the chest, caused by bending forward and inclining his shoulders, and not by the uplifting of the abdomen, as he should speak. The expelling power is thus applied at right angles and not in a direct line. Of course, then, more power is required and more force is exerted in this unnatural mode upon the tubes or air cells, inducing a straining or concussion in them, which is both painful and permanently injurious. Besides, under these circumstances, the air is not expelled directly upward, but sent out in all directions, and thus a general concussion is produced, together with a confused and vibrating motion, instead of a smooth, continuous, and melodious sound.

Thus it appears that bending the head forward in speaking presents a natural obstacle to the progress of the air, making it

strike the palatine arch or roof of the mouth, whence it again rebounds, producing a general vibration in the whole column of air, and of course a more or less violent and extensive concussion of the lungs. The air is expelled by a continual sideways and oblique pressure, in lieu of the direct and alternating pressure and collapse of the abdomen. When the mouth is not opened freely, as in this posture it cannot be, the exit for the air is not commensurate with the volume passing upward and seeking egress. This constitutes another mechanical obstruction, which again increases the concussion and scatters the air, driving some of it through the clenched teeth, or the elongated mouth—a shape not celebrated for producing the proper sounds of the vowels—and forcing it backward and out of the nostrils.

To the public speaker, then, we say, you must stand erect, elevate the head, move the lips freely, vary the shape of your mouth so as to cause the various vowel sounds to be clearly emitted, and expand your chest. The body should talk all at once. Let neck and heels turn speaker. Strive to concentrate the will upon the abdominal muscles, so as to effect their sudden contraction at each syllable, as in ejaculating the word *shoo!*

Ministers of the gospel should leave off preaching by note, or use an elevated framework to hold their manuscript, so that they can stand erect, at some distance, and yet read distinctly, by merely casting the eye upon the page, without bending the head or back. They can then see their audience, and the audience in turn may see the minister's *face*, not the top of his head. His attitude will thus become correct, to say nothing of the more graceful and manly bearing, and his vocal organs performing each their appropriate work, the speaker will stand some reasonable chance of holding the attention of his people. His voice will also be clear and of a large volume, pleasant alike to himself and his hearers; and though his throat be sore, dry, and stiff, he may continue to preach, not only without further injury, but almost without inconvenience, for every effort he now makes will contribute to the improvement of his voice, just in the same way that a limb diseased from want of proper exercise shall improve by the supply of that want.

But after all, though beautiful and desirable it be to stand forth

as a Man, how few aspire to the true dignity of manhood. Physical education is not deemed necessary to the formation of the noble structure, and yet every one knows that the mere cultivation of the intellect is not a sufficient guarantee for an erect and symmetrical form of body. It is a lamentable thing that man should live on, generation after generation, as though he were totally incapable of appreciating the loftiness and the loveliness of his physical bearing.

If we fully realized the important truth, that sooner or later the day of reckoning about the use of our bodies must surely come, more of the time and talent of the present age would be enlisted in the cause of physical education. Nor would mechanical pathology be so much neglected, as that a class of diseases, not cognizant of medicine, and which from their very nature, can only be aggravated by constitutional treatment, should be spread upon the list of human woes. Alas! the watchmen are asleep; the world is almost intoxicated with psychological abstractions; and, the once noble and imposing physical structure of man, is fast receding before the destructive influences of polished, *civilized* life!

In conclusion, let me say, that I should be untrue to Medical Science and the best interests of Society, as well as to myself, if I did not here remark, that the treatment of diseases originating from improper postures in speaking and singing, consists in the *mechanical replacement of the organs*, and in attending to such things as shall restore to them the power to preserve their natural and reciprocal relations.—*Dr. Banning's Lectures.*

A WORD TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

ALLOW me to address a few words to Christian mothers, and ask of them a few plain, practical questions. I would ask, do we, who are mothers, have upon our minds continually such a sense of the amazing responsibility devolving upon us as we should have? Does this sense of responsibility hang, as it were, with

weight upon our minds, that it is uppermost in our thoughts? If so, what corresponding effect does it produce upon our course of action in respect to our children? Some mothers will doubtless exclaim, (as I have myself heard them,) "what! do you wish us to become *slaves* to our children, and *sacrifice* the best period of our lives in unceasing watchfulness over them?" We answer no, not *slaves*, but *Christian mothers*, deeply feeling as you ought, that the immortal destiny of your little ones is, in a most important sense, trusted in your hands, and that with almost as much facility as the potter moulds the yielding clay to the desired shape, can you mould and shape the mind and morals, committed to you for that purpose; that is, provided you commence young enough, and guard against strong counteracting influences, which might render yours of no avail. Does not that woman desecrate the name of *mother*, who can feel *anything a sacrifice* to secure so great and glorious a result as the successful training of a child for heaven! To mothers who thus feel, I have nothing to say, since their conscience must be seared to all religious arguments on the subject, but that there are not a few of such, who call themselves Christians, we have, unfortunately for the church and the world, too much evidence.

There are, however, many who are sincerely desirous to do right, in the training of their young children, who still from want of thought, and the pressure of other cares, are in danger of neglecting the subject entirely. Will such pardon me, while I ask and answer a few questions, which may present the matter plainly to their attention. Do you make it the daily duty of your lives, to teach to your children so much of divine truth as time will allow, reading to them, explaining and enforcing the words of inspiration. This is a duty which most mothers seem to feel quite unnecessary. They wait until their children are of sufficient age to attend the Sabbath school, and having consigned them to the care of a teacher, they feel as if their duty was all discharged. But what a vast mistake is thus committed. Those years in which the child is considered too young to be taught religiously, are the very ones most precious to the mother, who is desirous to imbue the mind of her child with a love for God's word, and a veneration for religion. The little child who would not listen to the words of his teacher in Sabbath school, but whose eyes and

thoughts would be wandering from one end of the room to the other, would drink in with intense interest and delight, the words of pleasant instruction from the lips of a beloved mother, as he sits by her side in the still hour of twilight, or the privacy of the chamber. I would not deem it advisable to read to a little child wholly from the word of God, since it would be unintelligible, and therefore not interesting to such a mind; but there are most valuable epitomes, designed expressly to meet the difficulty, such as the series called, "Line upon Line," "Peep of Day," &c., which are invaluable to the mother, and will create an appetite for the Bible itself. I have known this course of religious instruction commenced at the age of four years, and continued for two or three years, each night, just before the time of rest for the child had arrived, until the severest deprivation which could be inflicted for any fault, was a refusal to read as usual; so that when told to prepare for bed, the invariable inquiry of the child was, "Mother will you read to me," and, at the close of a chapter, always a petition for more. Let any mother try the course recommended for a few months, and I am well satisfied neither she nor her children would willingly forego the privilege.

Are you habitually careful, that both by word and deed you do not counteract, yourself, the religious instruction you impart to your children? Do you diligently teach and enforce upon them, obedience to God's commands, and yet constantly violate these laws yourself? Do you constantly adopt the maxims, habits, and modes of thinking of the world, and do you expect them to do otherwise? Do you teach them to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and then by light and worldly talk, entertaining visitors, or visiting yourself, on that holy day, set them an example contrary to your precept? surely you need not wonder if they grow up Sabbath breakers; so of any other duty. We do not sufficiently consider the keenness of children's observation, and the quickness with which they draw their conclusions, and act upon them—and that with *them*, as with *us*, "practice is better than precept." Do you guard your children carefully from counteracting influences, which may operate effectually upon their minds, preventing any good results from your labors? This is a matter upon which there prevails a lamentable remissness. We teach our children

God's truth, and have them instructed on the Sabbath, and then turn them over during all the remainder of the time, to the care of wicked, corrupt and debased servants; who in many instances, in less time than we take to teach them, undo all the fabric we have industriously reared. I speak now of comparatively small children; for I hold to the doctrine that, "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and think there was much wisdom in the remark of the celebrated Roman pontiff, who said, "give me the first seven years of your children's lives, and you may have the balance." Those children who are not brought very young under wise and holy influences, rarely are influenced by subsequent training, in the right way. It is a fatal mistake to trust their opening minds, so susceptible of impressions, either good or evil, to the care of wicked and immoral servants, for at least one half their time; and we do believe it operates most fatally on the moral and spiritual welfare of many children. We know of no way in which a mother can prevent this evil, other than by obeying a solemn injunction of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, which in these latter days seems to be of small repute, "let the younger women be keepers at home;" but so long as the young mothers of the church feel it of the first importance to spend their time in visiting and gossip, it is in vain for us to expect that their children should not reap the bitter consequences of their neglect.

Do you conscientiously correct your children when detected in serious faults? This question, in these days of *enlightened reason*, when mothers have become so much wiser than Solomon, is one which is peculiarly distasteful to many minds. Correction is certainly a painful and unpleasant duty; but if God's word be true, it is as certainly a command as to pray, or read the Bible. The eternal welfare of our little ones is placed in jeopardy, when it is neglected. "Correct thy son with the rod, and thou shalt save his soul from hell." The best trained and regulated children will occasionally need the divinely appointed remedy for out-breaking sin, and that parent incurs a great responsibility who withholds it wilfully. It is in vain to teach or pray with our children, and yet allow them to grow up with uncorrected faults, and unrestrained passions. So long as society requires the strong arm of the law to restrain out-breaking

sin, so long will the rod, in the parental hand, be needed to keep in check the little family community. Let any Christian read in God's word the history of one of Israel's high priests—old Eli, in the days of Samuel—and the judgments of God denounced against his sons, with the reprimand given to himself, “thy sons have made themselves vile, and thou hast restrained them not,” and say if God's displeasure may be not as likely to follow, and his judgments poured out, upon the heads of their offspring also. Let mothers only *reflect* with the word of God in their hands, and half the work is done. Children will be trained up in the way they should go, so that when old, they will not depart from it.

S. B. S.



AN EXTRACT.—FOR DESPONDING MOTHERS.

How much more subtle and difficult is moral than intellectual training. How hard oftentimes to trace and correct and guide the hidden and intricate springs of feeling, and motives of action that lie buried in the human heart. We try to inculcate as much as possible, an abandonment of selfish interest in our children, and a seeking of each other's happiness, but we are often compelled to feel that we accomplish very little in giving these and kindred lessons. One thought, however, may comfort us, and it is that we are often not aware how strong and sincere are the efforts and resolutions which children do make to overcome temptation, and to do right. They are creatures of impulse, of quick and ardent feeling, of inexperience of their own moral weakness, and if we, who have all the advantage of lessons learned in the school of maturity, of experience dearly bought, of the treachery of our own hearts, and the weakness of our best resolutions; if we find it requires moral effort—strong, unflinching, and constant

—to keep our hearts and lives, with all diligence, shall we wonder if they require “line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little?” Shall we think some “strange thing hath happened,” either to us or them, if after we have endeavored to enforce kindness to each other, and have received sincere and apparently earnest resolutions from them, that they will try always to act and speak kindly,—we hear the tart reply, and witness the selfish action? Yet we must not be discouraged, if we do not see the immediate fruits of our labors, nor must we infer that they will bring forth no fruit; for all the time there may be going on within the soul of the child, a process of moral discipline, concealed from us, yet not the less sure in its results upon the future character.

OUR SARAH.

“ Oh ! send the word Divine,
Far, far away ;
In every heathen clime
Its light display.
Oh ! let the Burman sing,
‘ Worthy is our Saviour, King,’
And loud his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

“ God’s word to every land,
Send, send away ;
He will with bounteous hand,
Our love repay.
Oh ! we shall happy be,
When the heathen we shall see,
Dwelling, gracious Lord, with thee
In heaven, for aye.

“ Oh ! may we willing be,
With heart and hand ;
Oh ! how to give to thee,
At thy command.

Oh! may we spread thy fame
Over every hill and plain,
Till thy great holy name
Fills every land.

“Then in that happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh! we shall sweetly sing,
‘Worthy is our Saviour, King,’
And with the heathen ring,
His praise for aye.”

“O, Mamma, is not that a beautiful little hymn, and it goes to the tune of ‘Happy Land.’ Will you teach it the infant class? Then all the children will bring more pennies, and put them in the missionary box, to help send the Bible and missionaries to the poor little heathen children.”

Day after day, little Sarah's voice could be heard singing,

“Oh! send the word Divine,
Far, far away.”

A few weeks after, on New Years' morning, Sarah and her brother had each a quarter of a dollar given to them, to spend as they chose. A new bright quarter of a dollar they had never had before. They were highly delighted, and for three whole hours not a word was said about spending them. At length Willie asked, “What are you going to do with your money, sister? I am going to buy a book with mine.” “Why, brother, I shall take mine to the school next Sabbath morning, and put it in the missionary box.” “What, Sarah, all of it?” “Yes, I shall give all of it to the missionaries, I want the poor little heathen children to have the Bible.” “Well, sister, I will tell you how you can get it changed into cents, and put two in the box every Sabbath, and then it will last a long time.” “No, Willie, I shall give it, *just as it is*, next Sabbath morning.”

The Sabbath came, and the school rooms were filled with happy children, but Sarah was not among them. The infant class sang “Oh! send the word Divine,” but her sweet voice was not heard.

The missionary box was passed around as usual, but her sparkling eye and ready hand were missed. After a short, but very severe illness, the blessed Saviour who loves little children even better than do their parents, took her to that "Happy Land, far, far away."

The day before she was taken sick, she said to her mother, "I am very glad Willie did not die when he was so sick. I asked God a good many times to make him well, and he did. God was very good to make him well, was he not, Mamma?" After a few moments she continued. "Mamma, if I should get sick and die, would I go to heaven?" Her mother told her if she was sorry for her sins, and asked God to forgive them, because the Lord Jesus died on the cross to save sinners, even little children, and if she tried to love and serve God, he would take her to that happy place. "Well, Mamma," said she, "I do pray to God very often to make me a good girl, and ask Him to put his Holy Spirit in my heart, and make me fit to go to heaven." "But, my child," said her mother, "if you ever get to heaven, will it be because you pray to God, and try to be a good girl?" "O no, Mamma, it will be because the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross for me." "Would you like to go to heaven, Sarah, and live with Jesus?" "Yes, Mamma, if you would go with me, but I do not want to go without you."

Soon after, she wanted her mother to sing, "Lord, teach a little child to pray." After singing that, in which she joined, she said, "Now, Mamma, sing my hymn, 'I want to be an angel.'"

Two days after this conversation, the Angel of Death visited our dwelling, and took our dear little Sarah from this vale of sin and sorrow; but we trust she is now an angel, safely folded in the arms of the Good Shepherd, who once said, "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." O how full of kindness is Jesus, and will not little children, who read this, love the Saviour, and remember the little children in heathen lands, who have no Bible, and no one to tell them of Jesus?



THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

OLD-FASHIONED things are passing away. The stage-coach might have been champed down the throat of the iron horse, so far as its use is now concerned. Grass grows over the ancient highway, and roads of gleaming iron curve their snaky length

through the ancient strongholds of forest trees. Old-fashioned homesteads are but rarely met with; ambitious heirs have built them modern gingerbread houses, and dignified them with the name of villas. Old-fashioned manners are fast disappearing. Who sees now the noble matron, with her strong linen apron, to keep soiling from her neat dress; and, hanging at one side, that badge of good housewifery, the bunch of pantry keys, at the other the pin-ball and needle-book, always well supplied.

Who calls in the morning upon the lady—a pattern of the olden time—and finds her among her servants? No one; our modern lady dances till five, and sleeps till dinner-time; and as to labor, she is delightfully ignorant of a thing so vulgar. The old spinning-wheel is tucked away in garrets, and the farmer's daughter leaves her healthy home for the smoke and clatter of a factory, and some poor genteel husband who spends her earnings in dissipation.

But the old blacksmith's forge has been left untouched. There the giant bellows, the wonder and delight of merry children, pant and blow as they did fifty years ago. The forge over which aspiring minds have thought themselves into greatness, still stands massive and black, only relieved by a semicircle of red hot iron, the famous horse-shoe.

There is not a more cheery sight in the world than that of a blacksmith's shop on a dark night. The little building all ablaze with light; brawny workmen shaping the glowing metal; showers of sparks forever rising and falling; tall figures flitting athwart the blaze, form a homely but surely an instructive picture of industry.

The smith is always "well posted up," and the sires of the village linger around his premises to talk of crops and politics. The cold villager, on his way home from the little market, stops in to warm his fingers, and admires the skill with which young Vulcan shapes the shaft. The traveler drops choice bits of news while his horse is shoeing, and altogether the smithy is a place of general interest.

May the shadow of the forge never grow less!—*What Not.*

PATRIOTISM.

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Of thee I sing."

IN the present exigencies of our country, what theme is more fitting? Within the memory of the present generation there has been no time when the love of country was more imperative—when indifference or supineness was so unpardonable. For when the "ship of state" glides smoothly on, over a fair sea, leaving in its wake naught but prosperity, then we may and should enjoy both the sunshine and the breeze. But when we see tempests ahead, aye, when the tempest is already howling around us, and the gallant ship is creaking and groaning in its almost dismembered parts, it is then we count her strength, and arouse ourselves for the rescue, that with her salvation our own may be secure.

Thus should we do now. But it may be asked—what have our mothers and daughters to do with this subject? they are not, and do not wish to be recognized at the ballot box, and what can they do, either to prevent the recurrence of the calamities which have already overtaken us, or, to avert those impending? They can do much. Let them but come up, en masse, to the work. Let them come in their silent, quiet, invulnerable might, and our country shall feel their power; not as it would feel the earthquake's shock, but as this globe feels that grand cohesive power, which cements its heterogeneous masses and binds them in one harmonious, glorious whole. Nor need they leave their homes, nor swerve from the common routine of their delightful duties; for patriotism is not opposed to home, and the loved domestic circle; for in the quietude of that sheltered spot its deepest roots are struck.

But it is no part of my present purpose to speak of the influence of home-training on the character of our countrymen, for that subject has been so often and so ably discussed that it needs no comment from my feeble pen. I have but one point now to

urge,—it is this: Let us—the women of America—aid in preventing so enormous an importation of foreign manufactures, to the injury of our own countrymen. Let not the wealth of our smiling valleys and spreading prairies, nor the immense revenues accruing from our majestic rivers and extended lakes, from our forests and our mines, be lavished on foreign luxuries. Let not so many of our husbands, our sons, and our brothers, be obliged to forego all the delights of home and the advantages of refined and Christian society, enduring more real loss than the Christian pioneer even, to delve in California or Australia, for scarcely gold enough to meet our foreign indebtedness. I quote words of high authority. “Thirty-eight millions of dollars in gold—over nine-tenths of our receipts from California during the year, as officially reported, have simply passed through the country in transitu, and have been shipped away to pay for imported products of European labor, and the interest on our European debt.”

Truly we have slept on this subject. A darkness, which I trust but harbingers the dawn, has enveloped us, else our wardrobes would not now be filled with foreign fabrics, at *such cost*. Nor would our parlors and drawing rooms be graced with so much of transatlantic ornament. We have fabrics truly American by which the greater part of these articles might *now* be replaced. And but encourage, for a little season, our own artists and artisans, and what may we not hope?—Let them not be obliged, forever, to bow to the real, or fancied supremacy of the foreigner, nor need they. Think you that the thousands of our females now out of employment, and lacking bread even, might not twine, if trained and encouraged, beneath our fair tree of liberty, garlands as fine as even the Frank has seen? Nor do we need examples of what has been done. Have not our own inventors trained the swift-winged steam, and harnessed it to the proud ship, and have they not taught even the forked lightning to do their bidding?—And have we not had a West and a Cole? And we have now a Powers and a *host* of others that might be named, who need but the fostering and encouragement which our wealth retained at home would permit us to give them, to enable them to compete with the best schools of English or continental art.—Let us not always say *this is superb!* it is à la Francaise, or German,

or English, or Italian; but may we be proud to say, *this* is the product of *our country's skill*. *This* is American!

But if our husbands and fathers must become bankrupt, let it not be through our extravagance. Let us deny ourselves the use of luxuries which cost our country so much, not only from a love of country, but from love to Christ. Are we not, from north to south, from the Atlantic to the broad Pacific, already flooded with the Roman and infidel foreigner, who must *be evangelized*, or we hazard both our liberty and our religion. Let us then engage in this work, and we shall have invested our surplus funds in an enterprise that shall tell an hundred fold of profit while time endures; yea longer; that profit shall continue to augment while eternity rolls on!

A CORRESPONDENT.

IMPORTANCE OF THINKING.

How averse men are to thinking; I mean, on serious and important subjects. We are *all* ready enough to think of those things that relate to this life, and upon subjects connected with the advancement of our own selfish and ambitious aims. Anything that we think will increase our happiness of to-day, to-morrow, or next year, is eagerly seized upon by the mind, and thought and reasoned upon, that it may be made to afford us all the gratification possible. The student thinks, and constantly and closely. Early and late he is at his books; and often does he tax his mental powers to such a degree, as to incur permanent ill health, and not unfrequently premature death. But what is his aim? What is the great purpose of life with him? is it not that he may be thought pre-eminent by his fellows that he may gain the plaudits of the wise, and be thought great because learned.

The physician thinks, and thinks intensely. The study and practice of his profession requires close application and deep thought. He is even ready to hazard his own life, if professional

duties seem to require it. At midnight, when most men are wrapped in silent slumbers, he is often at the bed-side of the sick, with all his mental powers active, studying how he may best soothe the troubled spirit, quiet the delirious, or in any way stay the hand of disease, and prolong what is most dear to every man—life.

The lawyer thinks of his client, and feels that no mental or physical sacrifice is too great, if he can but win the case, and restore him to friends and liberty. Parents think, and upon almost all subjects, but the moral and physical education of their children. In fact, the whole multitude of men and women are engaged in deep thought,—we are a care-worn, anxious, and thinking people. All thoughts, but right ones, take possession of our minds, and lead us captive at their will. The student forgets that the day will come, when books, philosophy and science will avail him nothing. His day on earth will be finished, and then he must be judged from the book on which has been recorded all the transactions of his life. How will he stand the test? Will he not be compelled to exclaim, I have ruined myself. I have been walking up and down the little streams of life, sporting in its rills, chasing its sun-beams—but God, the great first cause—the fountain of life, light, and all things, I have not worshiped.

The physician talks long and often of the cause and cure of disease, of sanitary reform—the violation of natural laws, as the cause of diseases; he prides himself on his skill in nicely trimming the wick of life, but the flame, the immortal spark, that is to burn on forever,—too seldom engages his attention. The lawyer spends his days in the courts of earth, but puts far from him the day when he must stand before the Supreme Court of Heaven, and there, before the assembled universe, and the eternal God, give an account for the manner in which he has spent his earthly existence.

What we want in this age is deep, religious thought. If we could induce the impenitent to give one-half hour each day to meditation on their own moral characters, as connected with God, and a future state of existence,—who can calculate the consequences that would follow. Would not thousands at once begin to inquire after those things which make for their eternal peace. Would it not be well for Christians to reflect more, and study

more closely their *own* characters, and the character and attributes of that Being who supplies all their temporal wants, and promises them eternal life in his presence if they will, by faith, seek those things which are from above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. If we would be devout Christians, and be ready at all times to give a reason for the hope that is in us;—if we would be ready to meet all the emergencies of life, and to meet with composure the last great enemy;—we must make religion more of a study, and a subject of deep contemplation and prayer. With what draughts of living water might the Christian refresh his soul, if he would oftener leave the murky streams of this world, and drink of those celestial streams, of which, if a man drink, “he shall never thirst.” How important it is, that parents should think earnestly of the best means which can be used to promote the moral, physical, and religious education of their children. How important the duties which parents have to discharge to those committed to them, and how fearful, or joyful the results that must follow the right or wrong discharge of those duties. Every child should be expected to render implicit obedience to all the commands of their parents. If they are not taught to respect the authority of those who have a right to command on earth, how shall we expect that they will be ready to obey Him who has a right to command from Heaven. How many of the evils that afflict society, how many of the horrid crimes that are daily committed, spring directly from bad government, and wrong principles inculcated at the fireside. How many parents, as they walk down the declivity of life, have to lament the unfaithfulness of their children to them, to society and God. But it may be asked, what can be done to remedy the evil complained of. We would answer, let parents *think* until they become fully impressed with the importance of the duties which devolve on them, and then anxiously consider how they can best be discharged. Let all remember that we can do nothing truly great, for ourselves, our children or our fellow-men, or make any considerable progress in the path that leads to God, without deep thought, meditation and prayer. . . . D.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"MOTHER," said a little girl of ten years, as she looked up from her atlas over which she had been poring for some time, "Mother, will you please tell me if these are the Sandwich Islands that I have read so much about in the papers lately?"

"Yes, my child, they are. You have often heard me speak of them as the home of your dear uncle. They have lately become so Americanized that there has been some talk about admitting them into our Union."

"But, mother, I thought all the South Sea Islanders were heathen. I have read dreadful stories of their cruelty—that they buried their dear little babes alive, and killed and ate the sailors that came to their shores, and did a great many other horrible things that frighten me to think of. Were those true stories, mother?"

"They were true at the time they were told, my dear; but, within the last few years missionaries have been among them, and the Sandwich Islanders have been converted and civilized."

"But, mother, I should not think uncle would like to live among such a people, or my little cousins either?"

"They would not have liked it; indeed, they could not have lived there had no change taken place among the people. But they are not now savage heathen. They have heard the gospel, have learned to love and obey its precepts, and are now a peaceful civilized nation. The Sabbath is as well observed in Honolulu, their principal town, as in this city.

The children meet in the Sunday School as in this land, and the missionaries, or sometimes the converted natives, teach them of God and Christ, as you are taught. Their parents gather at the sound of the Sabbath bell as cheerfully and constantly as yours. All bring an offering for their pastor's support, and to aid in sending Missionaries to the heathen around them. Some bring bananas; others, bread fruit, arrow root, and other productions of the island. Some offer themselves as missionaries.

Formerly, they had only one kind of school, in which they were

taught their wicked amusements, such as the act of breaking a man's bones for the purpose of robbery. Now the children are taught in good schools. Besides these, there has been established at Honolulu a Royal College on the same plan as our institutions. Your cousin is receiving his education there.

Alexander Liholiho, who has just been proclaimed king, was once a scholar in these schools. He is a young man of fine talents, and has traveled extensively, in the United States and in Europe. While traveling in this country he visited, among other important institutions, our public schools, and noticed with interest our modes of instruction."

"Mother, do their school-houses and churches look like ours?"

"No, my dear. The better class are of coral, whitewashed with coral lime. They are of one story only, and very large. The poorer sort are merely frail thatched buildings with no floors. The ground is covered with dry grass, and then spread with mats neatly braided from the *lauhala* leaf.

Your uncle's house is of coral, two stories high, with an observatory. At each end of the house is a verandah, over which a luxuriant passion-flower is trained. Back of the house is the cook-house, covered with the branches of a night-blooming cereus, which blossoms far more beautifully than we have ever seen it. In their garden, where eight years ago there were no trees, a thousand are now growing. Among these are the tamarind, orange, lemon, fig and cocoa-nut. Hedges of geranium supply the places of fences, and their gardens are full of flowers whose beauty is never blighted by frost or snow.

The climate is very delightful, except in the heat of summer, when your uncle and other residents of Honolulu leave their city homes, and live in the valleys where the cool mountain breezes temper the tropical heat."

"Well, mother, why do our people wish these islands for one of our States?"

"I do not know. One reason may be because they are nearer the seas where the whale's home is, than any other land, and the whalers go there for supplies of fruit and other fresh provisions. In your aunt's last letter, she speaks of more than a hundred vessels being then in the harbor.

Formerly, whenever a vessel reached the shore, a quarrel occurred between the sailors and the natives. The natives were ignorant, and the sailors took advantage of them.

A missionary has given us their description of the first white men they saw. 'The men are white; their skin is loose and folding,' (mistaking their clothes for their skin,)—'their heads are strangely shaped,' (supposing their hats to belong to their heads,)—'they are gods, gods of the volcano, for fire and smoke issue from their mouths,' (referring to cigars,)—'they have doors in the sides of their bodies,' (their pockets,) 'in these openings they thrust their hands and take out many valuable things,—their bodies are full of treasure.'

One of their first missionaries attempted to preach to them. He gathered a group around him and rose to pray. Instantly the people rushed from the house and hid in the forest. They thought he was going to *pray them to death*.

They were very wicked as well as ignorant. Whatever they could steal was sure to disappear. They indulged in intoxicating drinks and committed every kind of wickedness.

As a natural consequence of their ignorance and wickedness, they were very poor.

If a native wished to build a house he went into the forest, and with the aid of fire and a stone axe, succeeded in procuring some poles. These he brought home on his shoulders, fixed them firmly in the ground and covered them with dried grass or leaves, leaving one opening for a window and another for a door. He strewed the ground with dry grass, on which he spread a coarsely braided mat. On this the whole family lounged and slept, and ate from one calabash, their *poi* (raw fish) with their fingers.

Thus, surrounded with everything calculated to make them happy, they were miserable because sinful. The gospel, in removing their sinfulness, has removed their misery, and raised this once degraded people to a place among civilized nations."

S.

HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

FROM THE N. Y. EVANGELIST.

Observatory, Washington, Jan. 22, 1855.

YOUR letter revived very pleasant remembrances. * * * Your questions are themes. It would require volumes to contain the answers to them. You ask about the "*Harmony of Science and Revelation*," and wish to know if I find "*distinct traces in the Old Testament of scientific knowledge*," and "*in the Bible any knowledge of the winds and ocean currents*." Yes, knowledge the most correct and valuable.

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?"

It is a curious fact that the revelations of science have led astronomers of our own day to the discovery that the sun is not the dead centre of motion, around which comets sweep and planets whirl; but that it, with its splendid retinue of worlds and satellites, is revolving through the realms of space, at the rate of millions of miles in a year, and in obedience to some influence situated precisely in the direction of the star Alcyon, one of the Pleiades. We do not know how far off in the immensities of space that centre of revolving cycles and epicycles may be; nor have our oldest observers or nicest instruments been able to tell us how far off in the skies that beautiful cluster of stars is hung, whose influences man can never bind. In this question alone, and the answer to it, is involved both the recognition and exposition of the whole theory of gravitation.

Science taught that the world was round; but potentates pronounced the belief heretical, notwithstanding the Psalmist, while apostrophizing the works of creation in one of his sublime moods of inspiration, when prophets spake as they were moved, had called the world the "round world," and bade it rejoice.

You recollect when Galileo was in prison, a pump-maker came to him with his difficulties because his pump would not lift water higher than thirty-two feet. The old philosopher thought it was

because the atmosphere would not press the water up any higher; but the hand of persecution was upon him, and he was afraid to say the air had weight. Now had he looked to the science of the Bible, he would have discovered that the "perfect man" of Uz, moved by revelation, had proclaimed the fact thousands of years before. "He maketh the weight for the wind." Job is very learned, and his speeches abound in scientific lore. The persecutors of the old astronomers also would have been wiser, and far more just, had they paid more attention to this wonderful book, for there they would have learned that "He stretcheth out the north over the EMPTY PLACE, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."

Here is another proof that Job was familiar with the laws of gravitation, for he knew how the world was held in its place; and as for the "empty place" in the sky, Sir John Herschel has been sounding the heavens with his powerful telescope, and gauging the stars, and where do you think he finds the most barren part—the empty places—of the sky? In the north, precisely where Job told Bildad, the Shuhite, the empty place was stretched out. It is there where comets most delight to roam, and hide themselves in emptiness.

I pass by the history of creation as it is written on the tablet of the rock and in the book of Revelation, because the question has been discussed so much and so often that you, no doubt, are familiar with the whole subject. In both, the order of creation is the same, first the plants to afford sustenance, and then the animals, the chief point of apparent difference being as to the duration of the period between the "evening and the morning." "A thousand years is as one day," and the Mosaic account affords evidence itself that the term day, as there used, is not that which comprehends our twenty-four hours. It was a day that had its evening and morning before the sun was made.

I will, however, before proceeding farther, ask pardon for mentioning a rule of conduct which I have adopted, in order to make progress with these physical researches which have occupied so much of my time and many of my thoughts, and that rule is never to forget who is the Author of the great volume which nature spreads out before us, and always to remember that the

same Being is also the Author of the book which Revelation holds up to us; and though the two works are entirely different, their records are equally true, and when they bear upon the same point, as now and then they do, it is as impossible that they should contradict each other, as it is that that either should contradict itself. If the two cannot be reconciled, the fault is ours, and is because in our blindness and weakness we have not been able to interpret aright either the one or the other, or both.

Solomon, in a single verse, describes the circulation of the atmosphere as actual observation is now showing it to be. That it has its laws, and is obedient to order as the heavenly host in their movements, we infer from the fact announced by him, and which contains the essence of volumes by other men, "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

To investigate the laws which govern the winds and rule the sea, is one of the most profitable and beautiful occupations that a man, an improving, progressive man, can have. Decked with stars as the sky is, the field of astronomy affords no subjects of contemplation more ennobling, more sublime, or more profitable, than those which we may find in the air and the sea.

When we regard them from certain points of view, they present the appearance of wayward things, obedient to no law, but fickle in their movements, and subject only to chance.

Yet when we go as truth-loving, knowledge-seeking explorers, and knock at their secret chambers, and devoutly ask what are the laws which govern them, we are taught in terms the most impressive, that when the morning stars sang together, the waves also lifted up their voice, and the winds, too, joined in the almighty anthem. And as discovery advances, we find the marks of order in the sea and in the air, that is in tune with the music of the spheres, and the conviction is forced upon us that the laws of all are nothing else but perfect harmony.

Yours respectfully,

M. F. MAURY, Lt. U. S. N.

PARENTAL DUTIES.

It is to be feared that few parents rightly apprehend the nature and extent of their duties; therefore many children grow up without culture, without discipline and restraint. We bespeak attention to this subject, as one connected with every interest of time and eternity.

The first which we mention is parental affection. This, so far as we know, is not usually treated by moral writers as a branch of duty. The reason probably is that it is regarded instinctive, and exercised by man in common with animals. It is admitted that it is an instinct, beautiful and benevolent; but, associated as it is in man, with a moral constitution, it is more: it becomes a moral affection, and in some of its aspects the proper subject of praise or blame. This affection is the foundation and stimulus of every other duty; and it must exist, or the great end of the family constitution is defeated—parental duty, discipline, and restraint are neglected, and a moral waste, cheerless and sad, is presented to the eye. The Apostle, when describing the utter and universal abandonment of the heathen world, mentions the fact of their being “without natural affection,” as one of the saddest marks of their hopelessness and ruin.

This feeling may exist in either of the following states of mind. It may be excessive—it may be defective—it may be correct, or there may be a predominance of the instinctive over the moral impulse. When excessive, it leads to indulgence, short-sighted, and often fatal is the result—when defective, to gross and criminal neglect—when correct, parental treatment is regulated by enlightened principles, and obedience and good order characterize the family circle. When there is a predominance of the instinctive over the moral impulse, you will observe a blind partiality, that defeats the end by the means, that gratifies at the expense of real good, that mismanages the interest of the youthful mind and lays the foundation of its future ruin. How important, then, that this feeling should be correct—that it should exist in its harmony and beauty, impelling the mind on in the appropriate sphere of its

duty, resisting its natural tendencies to selfishness; filling it with sympathy and tenderness, and a feeling of good will, not only for the members of the family, but for others who occupy the nearer and then more remote circles of society !

We mention a competent maintenance of children during their minority, as a second duty of parents. When we consider the helpless and dependent condition of children, their relation to parents, the natural affection which plays between the two, there can be no doubt that God intended the one to be the supporter of the other. The duty of parents to provide for the maintenance of their children is a principle of natural law, an obligation imposed on them, not only by nature itself, but by their own proper act in their existence. One of the darkest features of the Pagan world is the neglect and cruel exposure of children. In Christian countries, where the natural impulses have full play, and are not turned from their proper channel by the unrighteous demands of a false religion, children are generally the object of parental care and solicitude, and are not exiled from the parental roof until they are fully competent to provide for themselves.

The duty of maintenance has of course a limit. It is generally limited to the years of minority ; after this parental obligation ceases. When a child has reached a suitable age, he should be urged into the responsibilities of life and taught to rely upon his own resources. Previous to this, the parent's duty to maintain the child, is either partial or entire ;—entire in the early years of the child's minority, when it is physically and mentally incompetent to do any thing for its own support ; partial when the child is sufficiently matured to do much in providing the means for its own sustenance. As manhood is approached, parental obligation gradually ceases, and children should be taught to co-operate, by their efforts and labor, with their parents, in providing for the family.

If they are permitted to spend the latter period of their minority without engagement in some species of useful and productive labor, they may become an unnecessary burden to their parents, and will probably come into manhood with the habits of idleness, and perhaps of dissipation fixed upon them. They should be taught, as their physical and mental energies develop, to be industrious

and economical. They should be made to feel that labor is no disgrace, and that self-support and self-reliance are honorable, and the surest means to success and distinction in after life.

We mention careful and constant inspection, as a third duty of parents. This is a very important duty, and should extend to the feelings, the dispositions, and the habits of children. The eye of parental watchfulness should be upon them in all their out-goings and in all their incomings, guarding them against the perils to which they are exposed—the evil dispositions which they are liable to cherish, the enemies which ever stand ready to seduce them from the paths of purity and rectitude. This vigilant inspection should extend to every thing connected with the moral and intellectual good of children. It should extend to their amusements, for recreations of some kind they should have—they are indispensable to a proper, healthy, and harmonious development of their powers. But many of the amusements, especially of our larger cities, lie along a dark and fearful ravine, beside a yawning precipice, among dens of moral vipers.

The theatre, where poetry, genius and eloquence, exert their magic spell—the opera and the dance, “where eyes look love to eyes that speak again, and all goes merry as a marriage bell:” these are places of most exhilarating pleasure, but full of moral peril—the heart is open to evil as the flower is to the sun. And yet these places are encouraged and patronized by too many professedly Christian parents. They expose their children to the most fascinating, yet destructive influences, as if it were not a law of the moral kingdom, “that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” It is the duty of parents to watch over their children—to hold them back from those places of amusement, where a deceptive radiance is shed around them, and vice is dressed in the beautiful attire of virtue.

Their reading, too, should be carefully watched; especially in these days, when books of all kinds are thrown indiscriminately from the press and scattered over our wide extended country. Literature of a positively injurious character is flooding our land, and sweeping away the good books of many generations. The taste of the young is liable to be perverted, so as to lead them into an ideal world, where they will be totally unfit to meet the

high duties and trials of subsequent and real life ; let every parent, then, be upon his watch-tower, looking out for the enemy, in whatever form he may approach his domestic citadel.

He should also keep an eye of inspection over the society of his children, remembering that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and that children will conform to the character and habits of the society they keep. If that society be coarse, skeptical or immoral, whatever may be their training at home, they will degenerate: the barriers of virtue will be gradually broken down, and unless the grace of God interpose, they will be thrown out, hideous wrecks, upon society, the grief of their kindred and the curse of mankind. Parents may anticipate and prevent such an end, by a cautious and constant inspection of the habits, the pleasures, the reading, and the society of their children.

E. T. C.



THE STEPMOTHER;

OR,

HOW MRS. LEIGHTON "DID MANAGE THOSE TWO UNRULY BOYS."

THERE was a topic of unusual interest under discussion in Mrs. Harman's sitting-room one afternoon, if one might judge from the animated looks of the speakers, and the volubility of their tongues. And it was indeed so ; for Mr. Leighton, who had been a widower for some years, was about to marry again, and of course it was a matter of interest to the neighbors, for when ever did such an event occur in a country village, that it was not made an object of especial supervision by the whole neighborhood, or a large portion of it ?

Miss Watson, the tailoress, was at work for Mrs. Harman's children that day, and had brought the news of the engagement, and the appointment of the wedding day, for she had worked the day before in Mr. Leighton's house, making new suits for his two boys, and had been informed by the nursery maid when the event would take place.

Miss Watson did not approve of people's meddling with one another's affairs—oh, no! not she; but then it was so natural that she should collect all the news, going as she did from house to house; and so natural that she should retail the said collection wherever she could find listeners, that in its naturalness, the habit lost all its odiousness to her mind.

Mrs. May, a visitor, was also Miss Watson's auditor as well as Mrs. Harman and her husband's sister, Miss Rachel, who were quite as ready to listen as was Miss Watson to relate; not that they desired to know anything about Mr. Leighton's affairs, only they hoped he was going "to make out well," for Miss Rachel had really felt a *motherly* interest in those two children, and Miss Watson had evinced a most marked desire for their welfare, until she heard of Mr. Leighton's engagement, since which her eyes were suddenly opened to their faults.

"I've never said anything," said she, "nor wouldn't, to prevent the poor motherless things getting a good stepmother, but as long as he's to be married on Sunday evening, there's no harm in speaking—and between us three, I think Mary Warner little knows what she is undertaking, in marrying that man, for two such dreadful boys I never did see, and I've had good opportunity to know, I've been there so often."

"True enough," chimed in Miss Rachel, when Miss Watson stopped for breath, "as long as you have spoken out, I may as well speak my mind. It is really dreadful, the conduct of those boys; and to see how they are growing up—and I believe Mr. Leighton begins to think it his duty to have some one besides that Sarah to see after them in his absence, and it's my opinion he ought to have done it before. Miss Warner is a school-mistress, and used to managing bad boys, I suppose; but that she will succeed there, is more than I can tell," and she drew a sigh.

"Ah," said Mrs. Harman, with a doleful shake of the head, "for one I think the poor children are to be pitied instead of the stepmother. I should dread the thought of having *my* children to be ruled over by a school-teacher for a step-mother. I hope their maid will stay with them, and see that they have enough to eat, and shield them from the rod."

"It's my opinion they will get no more of the rod than they

deserve, if it is used pretty freely," replied Miss Watson, rather tartly.

"Are you personally acquainted with Miss Warner?" inquired Mrs. May, who now for the first time got an opportunity to speak.

The ladies only knew her by "hearsay," they said.

"I know nothing of Mr. Leighton or his children," continued Mrs. May, "but I am happy to acknowledge Miss Warner as an acquaintance, and should consider Mr. Leighton particularly fortunate in securing her for his wife and the mother of his children. Two years ago I resided in N——, and Miss Warner was then the teacher of my children, and a more faithful teacher they never had."

Mrs. Harman was glad, for the children's sake, to hear so good an account of her, and Miss Rachel and Miss Watson made no comments, but only resolved to "keep an eye upon her." The subject was therefore dropped for a time, to be resumed at the earliest opportunity in some other neighbor's house, and as it had grown too dark to sew, the ladies laid aside their needles, and thought over the matter upon which their lips had been silenced.

In a quiet little chamber in her boarding-house at N——, at this same twilight hour, the young teacher knelt, humbly imploring of her heavenly Father, grace and strength for her new and untried duties.

* * * * *

"What are you thinking about, Alfred?" asked Willie Leighton of his brother, as they sat together in the shed preparing some sticks for a kite. Alfred had not spoken for fifteen minutes, and it was no wonder Willie inquired the cause of so unusual a silence.

"I am thinking about what Sarah told us this morning when we were at breakfast," replied Alfred.

"Oh! about our having a stepmother very soon! I don't believe it."

"I do, and I thought so before Sarah told us, and I've made up my mind not to have her ordering *me* round. Sarah says stepmothers are always cross, and I heard her talking with Miss Watson about it that day she worked here, and Miss W. said that this Miss Warner was used to bad boys, and would soon teach us our

manners, and Sarah shook her head and said, 'poor things, I pity 'em.'"

"Oh, dear! what shall we do?" sighed Willie. "Charlie Richmond says since he has had a stepmother, he has not had a good time at all. His aunt, when she lived there, let him do just as he was a mind to, and his new mother is real strict. I don't know what we shall do!"

"I'll tell you what we must do," said Alfred—and his bright black eyes showed firm determination—"if she begins to order us and scold us, we must plague her all we can. Perhaps she wont the first few days, for Charlie Richmond's mother didn't at first, but in a little while she'll begin."

"But she'll tell father," said Willie.

"Well, we might as well be punished for *her* stories, as Sarah's—we get whipped most every day now, and the cook is always boxing our ears; and at first she did it because she felt like it, when we hadn't been plaguing her, and now I vex her all I can."

Alas, Alfred! He had not heard the step of the cook as she came behind him; he sat on the step of the door leading from the kitchen into the shed, and had supposed her up stairs; but coming quietly down, she stood and listened to the conversation till her wrath boiled over, and then she dealt him a blow on the ear which nearly stunned him, and taking her broom, she cleared the doorway of *the pine whitlings* and the boys also.

"A WORD or a glance, which we give "without thinking,"

May shadow or lighten some sensitive breast;
And the draught from the well-spring is wine in the drinking,
If quaffed from the brim that affection has blest.

Then be kind when you can in the smallest of duties,
Don't wait for the larger expressions of love;
For the heart depends less for its joys and its beauties,
On the flight of the eagle than coo of the dove."

THE STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LEIGHTON had occupied her new sphere as stepmother three days, and she had in that time carefully studied the characters of her little charge, and though she found much to discourage, the prospect was not all dark. There were tiny germs, scarcely perceptible it is true, yet they were there, which needed but careful management, in those young minds, to be developed into life and beauty. Thus far, however, the boys had resisted and thwarted all her efforts to gain their confidence, and she sat alone in her sitting room at her sewing, revolving in her mind the method by which she should gain their love, and at the same time secure their respect sufficiently to enforce obedience, when looking up she perceived Miss Watson approaching the house.

Mrs. Leighton had seen this disinterested individual, and though scarcely yet acquainted, she had an intuitive perception of her character.

Miss Watson was soon ushered in, and but few words had been exchanged, when the hall door was rudely thrown open, and Alfred and Willie appeared in sight for an instant, and then darting back with a smothered laugh, they ran violently across the hall. Mrs. Leighton, with ill-concealed embarrassment, stepped to the door to speak to them, but they were out of sight. She had closed the door and hardly resumed her seat, when the boys came shouting to the window, and again darted away as before. Miss Watson seemed to enjoy Mrs. Leighton's confusion exceedingly, and after a long call, during which the dreadful state of the rising generation, and that neighborhood in particular, formed the staple of her conversation, she took leave, and called on her friend Mrs. Harman, to relate the incidents of the after-

noon. The boys, in consciousness of deserving punishment, kept out of sight until the tea bell rang. After tea, as they left the table, they discovered some colored engravings lying upon the window-sill, and they lingered hesitatingly near them.

"Look at the pictures, children, if you like," said Mrs. Leighton, pleasantly. "I left them there for you."

The boys exchanged glances, and commenced examining the pictures. Now and then, an exclamation of pleasure or surprise was heard from them, and sometimes a slight discussion as to the subject of a picture. Presently there was whispering, and then a "Let's ask her," from Willie.

Mrs. Leighton overheard Willie's remark, and informed them with regard to the picture, in a cheerful tone—one remark and question led to another, and in ten minutes an animated conversation was going on between the three, which continued until Sarah, the maid, came to put the children to bed.

"Shall I go up with you to-night, instead of Sarah?" asked the stepmother.

"Oh, yes," said Willie, "do go up with us, I should like it very much." Alfred said nothing.

Mrs. Leighton strongly suspected that the children had had little, if any religious culture, since the death of their mother, but she forbore to ask any questions, having seen from the beginning that the nature of her young charge was such that any great reform must be gradually and gently pressed, so as to avoid exciting opposition or disgust; therefore when the little boys had undressed and leaped into bed, though the first thought was to require them to return and repeat their prayers, she repressed the impulse, and sitting down beside the bed, she asked them if they had ever heard any one read or repeat "*Casabianca*." The children both replied that they had not; she then repeated the poem distinctly, and with feeling, and waited at its close in silence for a remark. There was a pause for a moment, and then Willie exclaimed,

"I think that is beautiful, don't you, Alfred?"

"Yes," said Alfred, "*wasn't* he a brave boy?" and the tone in which he said it, gave Mrs. Leighton a glimpse of at least one spring to be played upon in the boy's character.

"Do you know any hymns or poetry?" she asked.

"I don't," replied Alfred.

"I know, 'now I lay me,' " said Willie.

"That isn't poetry," said Alfred, "it's a prayer, a kind of a prayer, isn't it?" he was going to say *mother*, but he checked the word on his lips.

"Yes, it is a kind of prayer," said Mrs. Leighton, "but I suppose you both know 'Our Father.' "

"I used to know it," said Alfred, "but it's so long since I've said it, that I've almost forgotten it."

"I will repeat it," said Mrs. Leighton; and with folded hands and reverential tone, she repeated the familiar words.

"Do you not say this prayer, Alfred?" she asked.

"Not very often," said the little boy. "Sometimes Sarah is in a hurry, and she won't stay to listen, and sometimes when she isn't, she tells us stories."

"What kind of stories."

"Oh! about bears, and giants, and fairies."

"But you know, children, it is to our Father in heaven that we pray, and he will hear us when we are all alone," said Mrs. Leighton, "and he is so good to us as to let us live in this good country, where there are so many things to make us happy, instead of in a savage country, and he protects us every day, and gives us all that we enjoy; don't you think that people who are all the time receiving favors ought to be grateful for them?"

"Yes," said Alfred and Willie, simultaneously.

"Well, if any one is *really* thankful for anything they have, don't you think they will be willing to express their thanks? I think they will, and I think if anybody only thinks how good our Father in heaven is, and how little we do that is pleasing to him, he will wish to thank him for all he has enjoyed, and ask his forgiveness for all the wrong things he has done and said, *every day*, because every day we receive good gifts, and every day we do wrong actions."

"Will you hear us say our prayers to-night?" asked Willie.

"Certainly, dear," replied Mrs. L., and the little boy repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," with childish emphasis, and then added, "please to teach me 'Our Father.' "

When he had finished, Alfred commenced and repeated the same prayers. "If either of you have done anything wrong to-day," said Mrs. Leighton, "I think you had better kneel down after I go down stairs, and ask God to forgive you, and to help you to-morrow to try to do right;" and after a little further conversation, she bade them "good night," and left them.

"I know of one thing we have done wrong to-day," said Willie, "we acted bad when Miss Watson was here."

"I know it," said Alfred, "but I don't like her, and I don't want her to come here."

"I don't either," said Willie, "but I guess our new mother was sorry we made such a noise; don't you love her, Alfred?"

"I guess I shall, if she is so good all the time," was the wary reply, and the little voices were soon lost in a whisper. In her room the stepmother returned thanks to Heaven, for the one ray of encouragement she had gained.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

O LET an infant speak the praise,
Of God who dwells above,
Permit his little tongue to raise
An anthem to his love.

May not a child of tender age
Exalt his feeble voice;
In his Creator's praise engage,
And make God's ways his choice?

Lord, I am sure thy word is true,
That calls me to this task,
Nor more than I can surely do,
Wilt thou of infants ask.

Then teach me, Lord, thy will to know,
While I have life and breath,
And on my heart thy grace bestow,
Before I sink in death.

THE STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT had passed since the incidents occurred which were related in the preceding chapter, and in that time several new steps had been gained by the earnest and hopeful stepmother. She did not expect violent changes to occur at once in characters, which several years, and a diversity of influences, had helped to form, but she did hope and expect a gradual and certain improvement; for that she labored and prayed, and she was not disappointed.

One great point gained, in fact the chief one, had been the affection of the two children; that was established beyond a doubt. Willie called her "mother" constantly, and Alfred, though he used the term less frequently, yet called her "mother" occasionally with real feeling. They had both grown more polite and gentle in their ways about the house, and Alfred, who had formerly taken delight in annoying and irritating Willie, merely for the sake of using his power, had been made to turn his power into another channel, and use it for Willie's instruction and protection, having been shown that it was more *manly* to do so. He had also been shown that it was more Christian, but for that argument he at present cared but little.

Mrs. Harman and Miss Rachel sat sewing in the back chamber. The window overlooked a green meadow, through which at some distance flowed a brook. Miss Rachel had been relating to Mrs. Harman, Miss Watson's account of her call upon Mrs. Leighton, and she proposed that toward night, as it grew cool, they too should call. Mrs. Leighton was a new neighbor, she said, and they ought to show her some attention.

"I declare," continued she, looking out of the window, "I do

believe there are the two Leighton boys, now, down in our meadow playing by the brook. They must be 'playing truant.' Here it is, the middle of a fine summer afternoon; school is in session, and you may depend they have stolen down there in mischief, instead of going to school."

"So much for the stepmother's skillful management," said Mrs. Harman, "perhaps she has let them go off to play. I dare say she is afraid to refuse them anything, for fear of their mischievous pranks. Well, she had better be too indulgent than too severe."

"Not she, too indulgent," said Miss Rachel, "you may depend they are playing truant, and she'll whip 'em within an inch of their lives," and Miss Rachel thought she would go down to the meadow and get a handful of mint, and just see what they were about.

She had scarcely appeared in sight, when Alfred, looking up, discovered their visitor, and intuitively discovered her intention too.

"Scamper, Willie!" he exclaimed, "Miss Rachel is coming!" and scamper they did, through the long grass, and over the wall, and when the discomfited lady arrived at the place she saw a little dam in the brook, but no builders, and forgetting the mint she retraced her steps in vexation.

"I'm sorry we ran, after all," said Alfred, "I wish we'd stayed and braved it out."

That evening, just after tea, Mrs. Leighton received a call from her vigilant neighbors. The little boys were out at play, and not a suspicion of their delinquency had entered the mind of their mother. After some little general conversation, Miss Rachel, who had been all the while watching for an opportunity, blandly remarked,

"Your little boys had a fine play down in our meadow this afternoon, I should think, Mrs. Leighton."

"I think not," replied Mrs. Leighton, "they have been at home ever since school was dismissed."

"Ah!" said Miss Rachel, who could ill-conceal her triumph over her victim, "but it was during school hours that I saw them playing there, building a dam in the brook."

Mrs. Leighton changed color.

"Now, Rachel," said Mrs. Harman, hypocritically, "you shouldn't have said anything about it, and got the little fellows blamed for a little pleasure. It was only a boyish freak, I dare say."

"If the children have been absent from school, without permission, it is best for them and for me that I should know it," replied Mrs. Leighton; but the shadow upon her heart had fallen also upon her countenance, and she was glad when her visitors departed, to be left alone with her children.

When the hour for them to retire had arrived, she called them from their play and accompanied them to their little room, and closing the door she drew them near her.

"Children," she said, kindly, "I have been told that you were both absent from school this afternoon. If this is true I want to know why, and how it happened. Alfred, you are the oldest, and I look to you for an account of it, and I hope you have courage and love of right enough, to tell me 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

Willie's face was crimson, his lip quivered, and he burst into tears.

Alfred's face, too, was crimson, but not with grief. It was partly mortification and partly rage against Miss Rachel, who he well knew was the informer. His clenched hands and nodding head indicated the internal conflict.

"Don't tell me now, dear," said Mrs. Leighton; "wait until you feel better about it;" and Willie, with his head leaning on her shoulder, sobbed bitterly.

At last he stammered out, "I didn't want to play truant, mother, truly I didn't."

"If my little boys have been led into temptation and wrong, and are suffering for it now," said Mrs. Leighton, "the only way to be happy again is to confess all, and truly repent of having done the wrong; to be grieved or angry, because we are found out in a bad deed, you know is not to repent of it."

"But I was sorry all the time," said Willie, "before you had found it out, but I was afraid to tell you."

"I am not afraid to tell," said Alfred, whose proud spirit was touched. "I staid away from school this afternoon because I was real angry with Miss Fitz; she scolded me and made me

angry this morning, because I couldn't get my arithmetic lesson ; it was the hardest lesson in the book, and I failed, and she said I should learn it this afternoon, and if I failed again she would punish me with the ratan. I knew I couldn't learn it, for she would not explain it a bit, and I wasn't going there to be flogged this hot afternoon, *I* know. Then I asked Willie to go with me down the brook in the meadow ; when we came to Mr. Harman's field we began to build a little dam. Pretty soon Miss Rachel saw us and she came down there, and then I suppose she came straight here and told *you*, and she is a mean, old,"——

"Stop ! dear," said Mrs. Leighton, "don't call harsh names, I understand it all, now ; I am indeed *very, very* sorry that it has happened, but very glad that it is all explained. Which, do you think, shows the bravest spirit, children, to dodge a difficulty and shrink away from it, or to boldly meet it, and conquer it ?"

"I could have given a solution to every question in that lesson," said Alfred, with flashing eyes, "if she would only have explained a little at the beginning so that I could get started."

"Whenever you have difficult lessons, after this," said Mrs. Leighton, "bring home the book ; I shall not tell you the answers, but I shall put you in the way to understand it, so that you can find them out. I want you to learn to battle with the difficulties, and conquer them ; it will make you strong minded and manly, and I want to help you too, in a still better cause,— I want to help you to love *the right* and to grow brave enough to *do right*, let who will laugh, or ridicule you, or provoke you ; but my dear children, you know I cannot *make* you good, I can only *help you* to be good. Just in proportion as you try to drive away all evil out of your hearts, so much will the good Father in heaven send you strength to do good, and put good feelings and principles in your hearts."

Under the influence of soothing words the storm in Alfred's heart had subsided, and in softened mood he leaned upon the open window sill. Willie had dried his tears, and put his arm around his mother's neck.

Mrs. Leighton took a little hymn book from the table and read aloud a sweet hymn, and then repeated a short selection from the Bible, which the boys repeated together after her. The

evening prayers were then said, and the children, calm and quiet, lay down in their little bed.

Mrs. Leighton sat beside them a little while, talking of repentance, forgiveness and resolution, and then stooping over them to give Willie a good-night kiss, Alfred suddenly flung his arms around her neck and kissed her again and again, and with quivering lip, exclaimed, "Mother! if everybody had tried as you do to make me a good boy, I should never have been so naughty."

Days, and weeks, passed on, and the stepmother's triumph was complete. Not that she could govern, and remit her vigilance,—no—for it was a work of constant watching, checking, encouraging; line upon line, and precept upon precept, were necessary to retain the ground already gained. The work of reform was slow, but constant,—sometimes it is true there would seem to be an occasional indifference, or an old error would spring out in a new spot or with a new form, but the hopeful mother knew she labored in God's vineyard, and so, undismayed by difficulties, she labored on. The busy neighbors sought in vain for evidences of cruelty, though they strove to discover weakness and laxity of purpose and government, but failing here they were at last silenced; and even Miss Watson was forced to acknowledge that Mrs. Leighton did "manage those two unruly boys."

THREE THINGS TO BE AVOIDED BY THE YOUNG.

BY REV. H. C. FISH.

THE most critical period of human existence is that which elapses between twelve and twenty-one years of age. It is such because *then* the character, to a greater extent than during any other equal term of years, takes its unchanging type, its abiding form. Prior to this the waxen tablet receives impressions more readily, but they are also more readily effaced. Subsequent thereto, the impressions received are comparatively few. In the one case the melted wax is too soft, and marks upon its watery surface are easily lost. In the other it is too indurated to take the mould with readiness. During *this* period it is in the *transition* state; it is then hardening, and whether it be the hand of virtue, or of impiety that would leave its impress there, neither will again behold so favorable a time for success.

Moreover, youth is the season of dangers multiplied and fearful. It is wisdom in the young to be mindful of this, and kindness in those of more experience to point out *the sources whence spring* those evils to which they are most exposed. If we mistake not they are these; bad *associates*—bad *books*—bad *habits*.

1. *Bad associates* prove the ruin of not a few.

MAN is constituted a *sociable* being. He loves company. He deprecates solitude. If he becomes a hermit it is contrary to his nature. He was not designed to be such by his Maker. *God* is not alone—he dwells not without society. In his very *nature* there is a plurality as well as unity; and for “his pleasure” he created, ages upon ages since, *angels* to be his companions; and subsequently *men*, who, though ruined, will, in part, be rescued and made to dwell with God in heaven. Our *Maker* loves society. And then, in distributing the works of his hand, he has arranged them upon the social plan. The stars are not separate and alone in solitude. They are found in clusters, grouped together with matchless skill. The sun, the moon, the earth, the planets, as they roll in space, or travel their long rounds at God’s behest, have their attendants. Each feels

the influence of his fellows. No, God has not deprived even his *material* creatures of companionship, much less those that have the breath of life. The beasts of the forests congregate—so do those domesticated. The birds of heaven, and the fowls of the air and earth, flock together. Bees live in *swarms*, and the myriads of insects that fan the air with their tiny wings, and make music with their glee, float and sport in companies. The tribes of the deep are found in herds, and *wherever* living beings are brought to view, this one law is discoverable, the law of *congregation*; this one feature characterizes them, a fondness for society.

In no race of beings is this propensity stronger than in man, and in no class of mankind so prominent as in the young. This is their *spring-time*. It is in the days of vernal loveliness that the feathered tribes choose their mates, and chirp with merriest notes. So of man. When the foliage of his life is sere, and moaning winds are singing beforehand his requiem around his naked head, if he has not *quite* forgot the days of sunny youth, and lost his love for the companionship of friends, he scarcely deems it confinement to sit alone in "his old armed chair," and bend in solitude upon the top of his staff to watch the decaying embers upon the familiar hearth-stone, fit emblem of the decay of life's fire within. But in youth it is far otherwise. Then, men dread confinement. Then, gay and jubilant, they love to listen to each other's sweet voices, and reciprocate kind words and looks of affection. Then, they are gladdest when most in society; and as naturally are found together as the rain-drops that form the clouds, or the particles of dew upon the tender rose leaf. It is right that it is so—so their Creator designed it. Let them be companionable—it is not good that they should be alone. But this propensity for society, in itself harmless, is oftentimes the occasion of evils exceedingly pernicious. And this, because it is not restrained by prudence, and accompanied in its indulgence by discrimination. The young are inexperienced and unsuspecting, and hence, too ready to become intimate with any and all who may be thrown in their way. Besides this, there is a pride of spirit, which inclines them to seek the good opinion of their equals or superiors, to imitate their example and practice what they practice. The result is, that rather than appear singular or unsociable, and perhaps break friendship with an acquaintance, they are led to do that which their sober judg-

ment condemns. Many a one has made shipwreck of character from this circumstance. He thought to take the social glass, to play the "innocent" game, to join in the harmless amusement *but once*; and having once done it for want of resolution to say "*no*," and courage to appear, if need be, "*awkward and singular*," he was easily led on from one step to another to utter ruin.

Now from these considerations, and others that might be alluded to, the only safety for the young is to avoid bad company altogether. And in this designation we include all who are not virtuous, whose morals are not commendable, who are intemperate, unchaste, or profane. And it should be borne in mind, that all are not virtuous who generally are esteemed such. Besides the openly dissipated, vulgar, and abandoned, there are persons "of decent morals, polished manners, and interesting talents, but who, at the same time, are unprincipled and wicked; who make light of sacred things, and scoff at religion, and deride the suggestions and scruples of a tender conscience as superstitious."

With such, we say, the young, who have the least respect for themselves, and desire to possess a proper character, should not associate; no, not for an hour.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." No one, especially one whose habits are not fixed, can be certain of not being corrupted by evil society. It is contagious. One can scarcely avoid being infected by it. Can a man "take coals of fire in his bosom and not be burned?" Can one become the companion of the impure and remain pure? That is a trite proverb, "Show me a man's company and I will tell you his character." "Decaying fruit corrupts the neighboring fruit." The virus from one fleece infects the whole flock. "One sinner destroyeth much good." A whole family, an entire neighborhood, and, in time, a city may feel in *morals* as well as in *physics*, the contagious influence of a single person.

We are so constituted that we must receive impressions from those about us. The human soul is like the polished tablet in the operation of the daguerreotype, catching impressions from every object that chances to pass before it. Mr. Locke says, "we are all a kind of chameleons who take a tincture from the objects which surround us."

Naturalists tell us that some insects and plants change their color and become like the tree or rock upon which they live. It is so of

man; he assimilates by a law of his nature to those with whom he comes in contact.

A celebrated painter made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience, that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. So a single hour's intercourse with a vicious person may imprint a stain upon one's character for life.

If this tendency to assimilation is a principle of our nature, than which nothing is more true, how can one, voluntarily become the companion of the corrupt? The words of the author of the Proverbs are here in point. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." "Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go, *lest thou learn his ways and get a snare to thy soul.*" Nor less applicable the benediction pronounced upon "the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Let the young, then, as they respect their own characters and regard the feelings of those anxious for their good, avoid intercourse with the immoral. Select, first of all, and only, the *virtuous* for your associates.

THREE THINGS TO BE AVOIDED BY THE YOUNG.

II. BAD BOOKS.

2. *Avoid bad books.* The historian Rollin narrates that the poems of Archilocus, the inventor of the Iambic verse, which possessed an uncommon force of expression, and were full of bold thoughts, notwithstanding their excellences were banished from Sparta, because of being exceedingly biting and licentious, which made them more likely to corrupt the youth than become useful in cultivating their understanding. The writer thus comments on this decree of the Spartans.—"Such a niceness in a heathen people with regard to the quality of the books which they thought young persons should be permitted to read, is highly worthy of our notice, and will rise up in condemnation of many Christians." There can be no doubt of it. It is bad enough that corrupt writings find de-

testable men to publish them; but far worse that parents are so reckless as to the purity and welfare of their sons and daughters as to permit these missiles of Satan to smite and destroy the fairest portion of God's handy-work, and that directly under their own eyes, if not encouraged by their own example. But what are bad books? What names do they bear? Their name is legion, for they are many.

Can one number and name the locusts that invaded Egypt and destroyed every green thing? or the frogs and vermin that came up in swarms into the houses, overrunning their ovens and kneading-troughs; aye, and *entering their bed-chambers*? Then may one tell the names of these modern invaders, that curse our country more bitterly than did the ten plagues the land of the Nile. They are not to be named, but they may, to some extent, be described.

There are some books openly obscene, filled with representations and printed matter, which are, as one says, "scooped out of the very lava of corrupt passions." It is, at the same time, creditable to our country, and a cause of gratitude, that, except in the high places of wickedness, the circulation of such base productions is quite restricted.

Along side of this class of books, and not less exceptionable comes a *second* class, a description of which we shall borrow from the pen of a master hand. "France, where religion, long ago, went out smothered in licentiousness, has flooded the world with a literature redolent of depravity. Novels of the French schools and of English imitators, are the common sewers of society, into which are drained the concentrated filth of the worst passions of the worst creatures of the worst cities." And it is justly added concerning the importing and reprinting of these, "it were a *mercy* to this, to import serpents from Africa, and pour them out on our prairies, lions from Asia, and free them in our forests, lizards, scorpions, and black tarantulas from the Indies, and put them in our gardens."

Many of these productions, it is true, are rendered attractive. They present not vice in such a form as to disgust; they are not entirely destitute of literary merit, and most of them *pretend* to teach human nature; and some morals, and some *religion* even! But, because of these blandishments, their authors are more wicked, because more captivating, and the works themselves the more to be deprecated.

"As are those *apples*, pleasant to the eye,
 But full of smoke within, which used to grow
 Near that strange lake, where God poured from the sky
 Huge showers of flame, worse flame to overthrow;
 Such are their works, that with a glowing show
 Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
 Would color mischief, while within they glow
 With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
 Bad is that angel that erst fell from heaven,
 But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
 Who hides a traitorous mind with smiling face,
 And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven."

As to this class of books, also, we have confidence to believe of those who peruse these pages, that they know little of them by the experience of their baneful effects. Would that it were true of all the youth of our land! It was lately testified in Court by the father of a ruined daughter, that the death of her lover, the disgrace of the family, and her own infamy, were all occasioned by "reading the impure works of Bulwer and Eugene Sue." It was but one illustration of thousands, of the pernicious consequences of a familiarity with writings of these and other like loathsome characters. We warn you against these depositories of the virus of a moral leprosy. Avoid the slightest contact with them—shun them as you would a rabid dog. The only safe course is to *let them alone*. Your modesty once outraged, the imagination once debauched, the appetite once enkindled, it may be like the introduction of a fire-brand into a powder-house.

The third class is made up of our *common novels*: (we employ the word in its usual acceptation.) These books are widely circulated, and have many devotees and defenders. Perhaps the sometimes indiscriminate and unqualified denunciations of works of this kind, have not diminished their number. It ought to be admitted, as it seems to us, that *some novels can* be read by the young without injury. The number, however, of those whose perusal would be safe and profitable is exceedingly small. We would speak with caution; but *this*, we think, will be generally admitted, even by the advocates of such reading, that for the most part, they are, at least, *fruitless of good*, except it be mere pastime or amusement. They do not inform the mind, or purify the heart. The reading of this light literature may be thought, by some, necessary to the accom-

plishments of refined life; but *in what respect* is it a valuable acquisition to one that he is acquainted with the multitude of fictitious productions that teem from the press? He must, necessarily, sadly neglect *other* books. And, to be honest, we mark it as a pitiable "*accomplishment*" in a young lady or gentleman to know the names of *novelists*, better than those of historians, theologians, and scholars—to be able to converse very familiarly of their productions, but remain so profoundly ignorant of the *Bible*, as to blush if interrogated as to the number or names of the books it contains, or whether Judith and the Maccabees belong to the Sacred Canon or the Apocrypha—to possess a familiarity with the stories and exploits of Don Quixotte, or the Arabian Nights, and the silly trash of some "favorite author," and know almost nothing of the acts of prophets and apostles and the story of the cross. Is not such a one, in justice, an object of pity, if not of contempt, rather than of admiration and esteem? *Does this* fit one for the stern duties and solemn responsibilities of life? Does it qualify one to be either happy or useful? O! no. To testify *the least* of such writings, they do not furnish the mind with valuable knowledge or elevate the noblest affections of the soul. But are we not justified in saying more? Are there not, in most instances, positive evils arising from, if not caused by, the perusal of popular fictions? Do they not generally present character in a false light, often causing the vile and detestable to appear attractive, and doing injustice to the truly excellent? Do they not lead the reader to form a false estimate of life; to lose sight of its true objects and aims, and throw a delusive vail over its sober realities, and thus secure one's unpreparedness to meet them? Readers of romances dwell in an imaginative, an *ideal* world, and naturally enough discard the common duties and unexciting labors of every-day-life. They live upon excitement; when this is furnished all is well; when wanting, all is gone, and life is to them a sickening monotony. Moreover, have those who entertain a passion for the perusal of fictitious works, a relish for simple, unvarnished truth? Are such, in the main, deep scholars, careful students of veritable history, and works of solid literature, and useful science! Have they a fondness for reading the Bible,—that book, compared with which, *all* others sink into insignificance!

We believe the well nigh universal history of novel-readers compels us to answer in the negative. God's word becomes insipid; and

with its other truly valuable productions, just in proportion to the interest felt in these works of imagination. Again, the reading of such works oftentimes stifles and dissipates serious and religious feelings. The subjects of such feelings not unfrequently quench their anxiety of mind by recourse to the novel. The cup and the romance are the two common, aye, and but too *fatal* resorts, when an awakened conscience is an unwelcome guest. But beyond this, we inquire, do not popular fictions tend directly to corrupt the young?

It is not intimated that this charge can be brought against *every* work of the imagination. But here is the evil: the reading of *one* often leads to the reading of another. As with intoxicating drinks, (and there is a striking analogy between the two, the one for the body, the other for the mind,) one glass leads to a second, a small to a large one, and so on to ruin. So in the case before us, he who reads one (grant that it is unexceptionable or even, in itself, profitable) is in danger of desiring the excitement of another, and another more highly wrought, progressing from bad to worse, until he can unblushingly peruse the most objectionable books that are published.

That such is the natural result of novel reading is too apparent to admit of a doubt; and hence, it seems to us, that the charge of a tendency to corrupt the mind, may justly be brought against works of fiction, *as a class*.

We have seen it somewhere stated that in one of our cities, three youths, within as many months, were convicted of crimes committed in imitation of the hero of a single novel. There is reason to believe that the expurgation of the country of this kind of books would be a decided advantage on the score of a sound morality.

We have not spoken of the *waste of time* in reading such works. Of *time*,

“That stuff that life is made of;
And which, when lost, is never lost alone,
Because it carries *souls* upon its wings;”

and every moment of which we are under obligation to improve, for some useful end. Nor of the waste of time and intellect in supplying these productions, which is, (*where a great mind is employed in doing it*), as Wilberforce says of Scott, like “a giant spending

his time in cracking nuts ;” and which waste ceases when their productions cease to be patronized. Nor has allusion been made to the *cost* of acquiring them ; which, although it is often trifling to the individual, is, in the aggregate, not inconsiderable, for it is estimated that the pretty sum of from *twelve* to *fifteen millions* has been expended in the United States, upon works of this character within five years.

Of our advice, therefore, to the young, on this subject, this is the sum ; (and we believe the judgment of our respected readers is with us ;) that, on the whole, such books be avoided. The reading of a few might not, in itself, be harmful, but may be the *occasion* of evil results. The *safer* course is *not to commence* the reading of them. In your more mature years, when the habits are rendered more fixed, and the judgment more informed, you may select and read a few of the best, to advantage ; but in youth, abstinence is wisdom. There is enough, full enough, in the real world to be learned. Earth and heaven are full of wonders, and he is wisest who applies himself with greatest diligence to their study. Read Creation’s scroll—read the book of Providence—read the book of Grace. *This* will have a tendency to perfect your moral and intellectual powers, and qualify you for an existence of usefulness, happiness, and peace.

Suffer me farther to remark on this point: avoid infidel and skeptical works ; also, those containing the lives and exploits of *pirates*, *robbers*, and *villains*. These are baneful in their influence. Throw them into the fire—they are fit only to be burned.

THREE THINGS TO BE AVOIDED BY THE YOUNG.

III. BAD HABITS.

3. AVOID *bad habits*. Some one has defined man to be a *bundle of habits*. It is not a bad definition. What has he, what is he, but what he has acquired; and what becomes his but by use, by habit? True he eats and breathes and sleeps, not because he is accustomed to do so, but because it is a law of his nature. But how many actions he performs, how many thoughts of a given character pass through his mind, how many impulses he feels, merely because of their having been indulged in before. It is not too strongly expressed, that old proverb, "*Habit is second nature.*" Now, as has been intimated, character takes its shape, for the most part, in *youth*; and that too, oftentimes from apparently slight causes.

"A pebble on the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever."

True, men of mature years sometimes fall into new habits; but, mainly, their conduct is what it was in youth. Habits of profanity, intemperance, lewdness, or any vice have their origin here.

What we would then, impress particularly on the minds of our young friends, as a matter of vast importance, is this; that they *now* indulge in none of those vices so common to mankind.

On this point the anxiety of virtuous parents and friends chiefly terminates. As they look upon beloved youth, so unconscious of the snares of the adversary by which they are thickly beset, so ready to yield to every impulse or suggestion, and forming meanwhile their characters for eternity, they cannot but inwardly exclaim, "O that I could take you by the hand and lead you safe from danger *now*! O that I could throw around you *some* shield, till you had passed the enchanted ground, till by manhood and womanhood you had become less vulnerable to evil!" Luther used to

say that he was well known in three places ; heaven, earth, and hell. So are *you*, ye young ; and never again will the attention of either place be more intently fixed on you than at present. Satan knew Luther as well when a boy as he did after he became a man. God and angels and good men are all interested in you now ; and the infernal world moves itself to plan and secure the destruction of your future well-doing, by inducing you to early commence the practice of vicious indulgences.

We know the path of evil practices does not present itself to your view as one that is to be altogether evaded. It is pleasing to nature, for the time being, to yield. "The way of vice," as the ancients used to say, "is *down hill*." It is *but to yield* to follow it. But is it the less to be shunned ? Is it the less to be dreaded because its snares and pit-falls are excluded from view under objects and scenes attractive to the senses ? Because sweet voices are singing around you, when tempted to do evil, is it the less certain that they are to allure you to ruin ? Because many an inviting banquet is spread before you at evil's gate, is it the less certain that poison is in every dish ?

Have you forgotten that "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death ?" Be not deceived under a vain show. Enter not the way of evil. Watch *the beginnings* of bad practices. Learn to correct wrong doing before it acquires the force of habit.

"The course of evil

Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stop the breach with clay ;
But, let the stream get deeper, and philosophy,
Aye, and religion too, shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong current."

Do you see that young man of eighteen, taking his first glass ? Run, warn him of his danger. Does he heed your admonitions ? It is well. But he does not. Associations return ; he again and again indulges, till the bowl is his companion. He is now thirty, or forty and five. But O ! how changed ! Look at him now, the veriest *slave* of his appetite. He has lost self-respect, and imagines that he is despised of all. He is sick of life. In his sober moments he weeps in secret over his folly. He promises, he *vows* reformation ! But it is not an easy matter *now*. He is the personification of Southey's picture of a man struggling with his vices.

"Far from his shoulders grew
 Two snakes of monstrous size,
 Which ever at his head
 Aimed their rapacious teeth,
 To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
 He, in the eternal conflict oft would seize,
 Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp
 Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody
 And howl for agony ;
 Feeling the pangs he gave ; for *of himself*,
 Co-sential and inseparable parts,
 The snaky torturers grew."

How different the position of things in the man described at eighteen, and at forty-five ! He *may* yet reform, but how sure that he will not !

It were easy to have destroyed the evil practice in its inception ; but far otherwise now. As Dr. Griffin was wont to say, you may defend the Thermopylæ by which the enemy would penetrate into your country ; but when he has once entered and taken possession of all the strong holds, *who shall dislodge him ?* Take heed, then, as to what habits you form. They are to be your companions for life. If virtuous, they will be your brightest ornaments and richest sources of gratification. If otherwise, they will prove scorpions to your bosom, and plant life's pathway with thorns. Nor forget this ; that regard to the two first mentioned sources of evil (bad associates and bad books) is absolutely requisite in order to ensure success in this particular. You cannot form habits of morality if your associates are evil-minded and immoral, and your books the unholy productions of unsanctified minds. To do all this you will require assistance from above. And this Heaven will vouchsafe to such as heartily desire and early seek to obtain it. "They that seek me early shall find me." *Religion* is youth's safeguard. Moreover, arm yourselves with *firmness of soul*. Learn to resist. Exercise self-denial. Maintain self-control. Surmount temptations. Meet the trials of your moral fortitude courageously ; and every new trial will add to your strength, and exalt your character in the scale of being. It is Godlike to overcome. And let any youth conscious of *the beginnings* of vicious indulgences cease *now*, to do evil and learn to do well. The wax is cooling,—the clay is hardening, and evil habits, if allowed to remain, will soon become fixed, like foot-prints in the sand-stone, or bones petrified in the rock of flint.

